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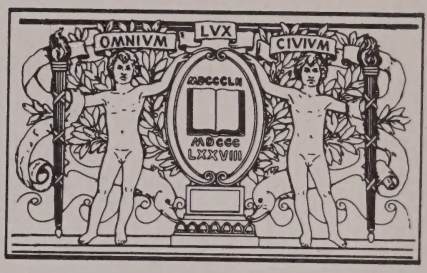

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXVI.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLVIII.

JANUARY, 1853.

ART. I.— *The Life and Letters of* BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR, *with Essays on his Character and Influence.* By the Chevalier BUNSEN, and Professors BRANDIS and LOEBELL. London: Chapman & Hall. 1852. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 424 and 453.

WE talk and hear much about the shortness of human life; and in many of its aspects, it is a dream, a shadow, a vapor. No metaphor can overstate its brevity, as compared with its offices and its issues. There die, every year, thousands of old people, who have been all their days preparing and beginning to live, and who pass away before they are conscious of having approached even their own humble ideal of life, its objects and its uses. But there appear, at intervals, sometimes in stations of eminent influence, oftener in the more retired walks of duty, those who so crowd their two, three, or four score years with acquisition or achievement, as indefinitely to enlarge the reputed capacity, and to enhance the current value, of their term of being. They seem, not indeed absolutely, but relatively, to exhaust the resources of their present condition. They read a portion of the record on every leaf of the great book of nature and of experience, and become so familiar with the aspect of what they have omitted to read, that it has ceased to stimulate their curiosity, so that, as regards their birth-world, they have reached a position from which they can claim "a better inheritance."

Such examples are needed to give us confidence in life, and courage for its work — to make us feel that we need not describe the merest fragments of an orbit, leave only the paltriest memorials of ourselves, and go hence without attaining or accomplishing aught that is worthy or permanent. Never have lessons of this sort been impressed upon us so forcefully as by the volumes named at the head of this article. Were they not minute in dates, and specific in details, we could almost deem them fabulous. They present to us a man who, as a husband, father, neighbor, and friend, left nothing to be regretted; who sustained, from boyhood almost till death, important and onerous posts of public service, and who yet was so universally learned and accomplished, that it is impossible to say in what department there were not, within his easy reach, laurels as noble as those which he won as the historian of Rome. But no more of this, till we have told, in brief, the story of his outward life.

Barthold George Niebuhr was born at Copenhagen, in 1776. His father was Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller, who, in 1778, was appointed by the Danish government secretary to the province of South Dithmarsh, and fixed his residence at Meldorf, its chief town. Here Barthold passed his childhood and early youth. The place had no points of attraction or features of interest. Surrounded by morasses of great extent, remote from all thoroughfares of travel, with little business, a diminishing population, and almost no cultivated society, it furnished for the future scholar few collateral influences to help or mar the processes of home education. Indeed, so little did it present to his regard, that his reflective rapidly outgrew his perceptive faculties, and he was almost born into the book-world, upon which boys are seldom wont to enter without some previous training from nature and society. The consequence was, that he had reached manhood before he became accessible to beauty in the outward universe, though in after life, he was keenly alive to impressions from this source. His parents were persons of great excellence, yet by no means of that versatility of genius or "many-sidedness" of culture, which might have been desired in those who were, for many years, to be almost the sole educators of a child of unusual

capacity and promise. His father was, as to his moral character, pure, upright, and conscientious, but not a man of refined sentiments or enlarged sympathies — as to intellect, well versed in the classics, and profoundly learned in history and topography, but deficient in the elegant literature of modern times, and in the tastes which it presupposes or inspires. His mother was a woman of refinement, and great sweetness and tenderness of spirit, but nervous, excitable, impulsive, and high-tempered. The son succeeded to his father's endowments and supplied his deficiencies; — he inherited his mother's virtues, while infirmities, akin to hers, marked his character sufficiently to cast a frequent cloud over his own happiness, though they were held in such restraint by vigorous self-discipline as never permanently to alienate a friend or to make an enemy.

Until his sixteenth year, his education was conducted in part by his father, in part by such teachers, by no means of the highest order, as the Gymnasium of Meldorf afforded. He had, by this time, become a proficient in the classics, capable of reading the French and English languages as he did his mother tongue, and a prodigy of learning in numerous and recondite branches of historical and geographical knowledge. In 1792, he was sent to a school at Hamburg, the most celebrated of its kind in Europe for instruction in modern languages and commercial science. Here he remained but a few months; for he found himself out of place among associates of his own age, and impeded rather than aided in the departments of knowledge in which he felt the liveliest interest. Another year and a half were spent under his father's roof. Of his attainments, before he had completed his eighteenth year, we may form some idea from a list of the languages with which he had already become conversant; namely, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Danish, English, French, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish, to which he afterwards added the Persian, Arabic, Dutch, Swedish, Russian, Slavonic, Polish, Bohemian, and Illyrian, not to speak of the Icelandic, in which he made but little proficiency.

In 1794, he entered the University of Kiel. Here he found himself admirably situated, both as regarded facilities for

study and an affluence of learned society. With some of his fellow students he formed a close intimacy; but his chief intercourse was with the professors, with whom he seems to have occupied the position of an associate rather than a pupil. Of the maturity of his attainments and the philosophical cast of his speculations at this early epoch, we may judge from the following extract from a letter to his parents, dated June 7, 1794; (we doubt whether another such letter was ever written by a youth of eighteen.)

"I have not as yet fully explained to anybody but Hensler, my ideas about the colonization of Greece, and the whole of Asia Minor, including Armenia, from the West. For the peopling of the rest of Asia, I assume, 1. the Aramaic or Assyrian race, to which belong the Arabs, Jews, Syrians, Assyrians, Chaldees, and Medes, of more or less pure descent; 2. the Indo-Persic; 3. the Tartar; 4. the Mongul; and 5. probably the Chinese race. Taking this as a basis, we can proceed further, and shall obtain everywhere at last the same result, viz., that these great national races have never sprung from the growth of a single family into a nation, but always from the association of several families of human beings, raised above their fellow animals by the nature of their wants, and the gradual invention of a language, each of which families probably had originally formed a language peculiar to itself. This last idea belongs to Reinhold. By this I explain the immense variety of languages among the North American savages, which it is absolutely impossible to refer to any common source, but which, in some cases, have resolved themselves into one language, as in Mexico and Peru, for instance; and also the number of synonyms in the earliest periods of languages. On this account, I maintain that we must make a very cautious use of differences of language as applied to the theory of races, and have more regard to physical conformation, which latter is exactly the same, for instance, in most of the Indian tribes of North America. I believe further that the origin of the human race is not connected with any given place, but is to be sought everywhere over the face of the earth: and that it is an idea more worthy of the power and wisdom of the Creator, to assume that he gave to each zone and each climate its proper inhabitants, to whom that zone and climate would be the most suitable, than to assume that the human species has degenerated in such innumerable instances.*

* Of course, by quoting, we are not regarded as endorsing, this opinion; but the discussion of it would be entirely foreign to the purpose of the present article, especially as we find no reason to suppose that it commanded the assent of his riper years.

Here is one of the most important elements of history still remaining to be examined, — that which is, in truth, the very basis upon which all history must be reared, and the first principle from which it must proceed. This of all subjects should be thoroughly investigated in the first place; and then (to which philosophy is necessary) a universal history ought to be written, which should exhibit all nations from the same point of view. This point of view Reinhold beautifully defines as the relation between reason and sensation. When this universal history is completed, the separate history of each country should follow. This is the way in which I would teach history, if I had Hegewisch's learning and position. But the latter I wish for less and less the more I know of it. H. began to talk to me one day as if he wished to attract me to the academical profession; but withdrew his proposals, when I assured him that I should desire a life of greater activity, and more opportunity to make myself useful, especially in such times as ours. This he quite approved of, and advised me, therefore, zealously to study Roman law, and pitied me for having to devote so much time to other things; but as to this too, every thing depends upon the point of view from which we regard our studies, and the manner in which we pursue them. I have not yet told Hensler of our projects, because they are growing rather problematical to me; but he bids me take courage, whatever happen, for, he says, I should be certain to rise by my own exertion without any occasion for servility. That I voluntarily go to no parties, has his full approbation. They rob me of the evening and the morning hours; and, what is still worse, of the calmness of mind which must be undisturbed by dissipation, if one is to work." Vol. i. pp. 38–40.

At the house of Dr. Hensler, Niebuhr formed an intimacy which, more than any other, shaped the whole destiny of his subsequent life. It was with the widow of Dr. Hensler's son, a woman of superior cultivation, great strength of mind, sound judgment, and lofty principle. She was six years older than Niebuhr, and could, therefore, without assumption on her part or reserve on his, maintain, as she did till the day of his death, the attitude of an experienced adviser and friend. To her most of the letters in the volumes now before us were addressed, and she was the principal editor of the voluminous *Lebensnachrichten*, from which these letters have been translated, and the facts of the accompanying memoir, for the most part, derived.

In 1796, Niebuhr became private secretary to Count Schimmelman, the Danish Minister of Finance, in which capacity, with subsequently an additional office in connection with the Royal Library, he resided at Copenhagen for nearly two years. Here he had free admission to society of the highest rank, and enjoyed superior advantages of education as a financier and a statesman. At the same time, his leisure was devoted to historical, classical, and scientific pursuits, and was made adequate to a larger amount of intellectual labor than would seem credible, had he been nothing else than a student. It is pleasant, also, to see that, in the press of secular engagements and the ardor of successful scholarship, the discipline of his moral nature was not forgotten. In his diary, "distinct consciousness of the rules of my moral being" is named as a part of every day's duty; and about the same time, he put on record "the holy resolve, now more and more to purify his soul, so that it may be ready at all times to return without fear to the Eternal Source from which it sprang,"— a resolve, which may be fairly taken as the formula of his whole being, as the ulterior aim in all his intellectual pursuits, and as the controlling principle in his public trusts, and in the relations of his domestic and social life. During this period, he contracted an engagement of marriage with Amelia Behrens, sister of Madame Hensler, whose blended gentleness and nobleness of nature at once gave repose to his native sensitiveness and irritability, and imparted new vigor to the lofty aims and purposes which he held constantly in view.

His father had long been solicitous that he should seek improvement by foreign travel and residence; and in the summer of 1798, he took passage for England, and remained in Great Britain, the greater part of the time, in attendance upon lectures at the University of Edinburgh, till the autumn of the following year. The subjects to which he chiefly applied himself, during this period, were mathematics and the physical sciences, finance and political philosophy, agriculture and topography; while, *for recreation only*, he had recourse to philology and history. He became deeply impressed with the substantial integrity, good sense, and practical wisdom of the English character, while he manifestly underrated the national

traits of the Scotch, misunderstood the peculiar phases of their religious life, — in its technical rigidness so unlike the less dogmatic and more fervent pietism of the Continent,— and was repelled by the characteristic reserve of their social intercourse and domestic manners.

In the spring of 1800, he was married, and shortly after, entered at Copenhagen upon the double office of Assessor at the Board of Trade for the East India Department, and Secretary of the Board of Direction for the African Consulates. In these and other public trusts, he remained a diligent servant of the state until 1806. During these years, his official duties filled up the business hours of every day; but his nights were devoted to his favorite studies, whenever absolute exhaustion did not compel him to substitute light reading for severer mental task-work. But he had reached a point, at which his mind could not help growing. He had accumulated so large a capital of well-digested knowledge, that it could not fail to become perpetually larger by its own inherent laws of increase, without accessions from books. He had in store materials sufficient for the constant eliciting of new truth by comparison, combination, and successive generalizations. He had attained a stage of progress, at which the present held a torch for the illumination of the past, current experience interpreted the experience of earlier ages, the details of business illustrated and confirmed general principles, and the daily observation of men threw increasing light upon the science of man and the historical developments of the race. Indeed, we cannot but deem it fortunate, as regarded his future eminence, that his official life so early arrested tendencies, which else might have made him an unproductive bookworm, (*helluo librorum*,) and prevented the acquisition of the raw material of knowledge beyond all power of analysis, classification, and those digestive and assimilative processes through which alone knowledge can be transmuted into wisdom. We are the more inclined to express this judgment, from the frequency with which the German mind has been crushed and paralyzed by an excess of erudition,— overlaid and overmastered by crude, compact masses of unarranged facts, theories, and philosophies, — utterly bereft of the capacity of reproduction.

In 1806, Niebuhr accepted an important financial situation under the Prussian government, which, with a brief intermission, he continued to serve, in various financial and administrative posts, till 1815. This period comprised the most straitened and calamitous years of the history of his adopted country. On his first entrance upon its borders, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that he started in pursuit of a fugitive court, without knowing where to find it. It was just at the time of the defeat of the Prussian forces at Jena, and at the commencement of the long series of disturbances and disasters consequent on the successes of Napoleon. The government was dismembered, impoverished, almost powerless, endangered by treacherous counsels no less than by hostility from without, and no pilot, of reliable experience, to take the helm of state. Under these circumstances, Niebuhr made it a point of honor not to desert the public service so long as it demanded no sacrifice of principle; and so evident was his disinterested fidelity and patriotism, that no virulence of party opposition ever dared to assail his integrity, or to hint at the bare possibility of his being capable of intrigue, or a practicable subject for bribery or corruption. He never, for a moment, lost the confidence of his sovereign; and he won the absolutely filial attachment of the Crown Prince, to whom he gave lessons in certain branches of political science. During a portion of the time, he resided in Holland, as a commissioner to negotiate a loan in that country. Berlin, however, was his home. Here he had access to the society of a large number of distinguished scholars, among whom were Schleiermacher, Savigny, Buttmann, and Heindorff. In 1810, he enjoyed an interval of repose from political service, and became, in the same year, a professor in the University. He selected Roman History as the subject for his first course of lectures, and the success which attended their delivery induced him to extend his researches, with a view to their publication. This course was the basis of the first two volumes of his History. A course, delivered the following year, was to have furnished materials for the third volume, the final publication of which was, however, delayed till after his death. The lectures were delivered to audiences in which the most distinguished men of the city

were mingled with the students of the University; and they attracted the strongest interest from the freshness of his treatment, the originality of his theories, and the striking character of the discoveries elicited by the collation of authorities under the strong light of a comprehensive and far-reaching philosophy. His progress in this department of research was arrested by the public events connected with the turning tide of Napoleon's fortunes, and by fresh demands made by the government upon his services.

About this time, too, he was visited by severe domestic calamity. His father died in April, 1815. His wife, whose health had been long declining, during that spring sank with a rapidity which left no hope of her recovery, and died in the following June. She had sympathized with him in all his pursuits, had encouraged him under disheartening circumstances, had often warded off, and always alleviated, the sufferings to which his sensitive nature laid him constantly open, and had received from him almost the confidence and reverence due to a guardian angel. Among her dying charges, she enjoined it upon him that he should finish his History. Though its prosecution was unavoidably delayed for many years, when he returned to it, it was less for fame or from his own independent choice, than as a pious tribute to her memory.

A few weeks before her death, the Prussian government appointed him an ambassador to Rome, to negotiate a concordat with the Pope, for the settlement of the rights and immunities of its Catholic subjects. Madame Hensler was then with him; and on leaving him, after her sister's decease, consented, in compliance with his urgent solicitation, to accompany him to Rome. She accordingly revisited Berlin the following spring; but in her place, another, who became his by a still dearer tie, shared his journey and his long residence in Italy. She brought with her to Berlin her husband's niece and her own adopted daughter, Margaret Hensler, whom he shortly afterwards married. She was a woman of perhaps less mental grasp and vigor than his Amelia, but of rich cultivation, great sweetness of disposition, strong practical sense, and ardent devotedness to his happiness and to her own

domestic duties. His residence in Rome was protracted for seven years. Definite instructions from his government did not reach him till 1820, and even then, negotiations were postponed and impeded by various revolutionary and hostile movements, which usurped the attention and distracted the counsels of the Papal Court. Meanwhile, he discharged his trust as the representative of his nation by a simple, yet generous hospitality to strangers from Prussia and other German states, by the kindest personal intercourse with German artists and the liberal patronage of their works, and by prompt pecuniary aid to all of his fellow-countrymen whose merits and necessities entitled them to his kind offices. His pecuniary appointments were by no means large; and he adopted a rule, which, had the representatives of our republic in foreign courts the moral courage to copy from him, would put a period to the constantly renewed controversy as to the adequacy of their official salaries. He made it a matter of principle to expend the entire income of his office, and so to expend it as best to maintain the dignity, discharge the hospitalities, and disburse the charities, incident to his position; but beyond this he refused to go, on the ground that he should thus assume a place, a state, and an outward show alien to the implied wishes of his government, and adapted to misrepresent the national genius, character, and institutions. He felt, therefore, a certain patriotic independence and pride in living much less sumptuously and extravagantly than his fellow-ambassadors.

Life at Rome possessed many attractions for him, while, on many grounds, it was wearisome and unsatisfying. The climate, (except during a portion of the summer, when he always sought a more invigorating air among the mountains,) was peculiarly delightful to him, especially in contrast with the heavy snows, intense cold, and brief verdure of the North of Europe. The ruins of antiquity, though at first, from their desecration and defacement by the architectural abortions of the modern city, they filled him with pain, subsequently became objects of vivid interest and enjoyment. On the other hand, he found little congenial society, almost none except the attachés of his mission and the members of his household, that sympathized with his peculiar tastes; and the best Italian

society was utterly vapid or worse,—endured, not enjoyed; while his most cherished associates were young artists, with whom his intercourse was endeared by his power of aiding their penury, relieving the irksomeness of their isolated condition, and fortifying them at once against the temptations of the city and the proselyting agencies of the Romish church. His situation was also unfavorable to study. His time was very imperfectly under his own control. The Vatican library was remote from his residence, lent no books, was open only at inconvenient hours, and was so ill arranged, and under custodians of so little intelligence and courtesy, as to tantalize him more than it nourished him by its wealth. Yet under all these disadvantages, he contracted a growing fondness for Rome and Italy, and would probably have never returned to Germany, had not his wife been constantly a sufferer from the climate.

At Rome, he for the first time became a father. Amelia was childless. The birth of his eldest son was welcomed with the deepest emotion, and thenceforward his letters abound in the most touching expressions of parental tenderness. He thus announces the event to Madame Hensler, under date of April 2, 1817.

"The trial is over, and a fine and healthy little boy is born to us; but it has been a terrible trial. . . . . .

"The boy weighs nearly nine German pounds, is fat and large, has red cheeks, yellow hair, and blue eyes. How Gretchen rejoices in the possession of her darling child, after all her sufferings, you can well imagine. She is very much exhausted, but very happy. She sends you a thousand kisses. She received and read your welcome letter during her two-and-thirty hours of suffering. Her patience was indescribable. In my terrible anxiety, I prayed most earnestly, and entreated my Milly, too, for help. I comforted Gretchen with telling her that Milly would send help. When she was at the worst, and she leant her weary head against me, almost dying, she sighed out—'Oh, can not Amelia send me a blessing?'

"I have already told you what our boy's name is to be; but he shall have a Roman one in addition, either Marcus or Lucius, by which he will be called. You have the first claim to be his sponsor; Behrens is one of course, Savigny—his guardian if I die—likewise, and Nicolovius. Should Playfair return, we shall beg him to perform the ceremony of baptism, as he was formerly a clergyman.

"I had so much to say to you on this occasion from the very depths of my heart, but I am not calm enough. Besides, I am quite exhausted by sleepless nights, anxiety, and fatigue. Your heart will tell you all. I cannot say any thing in answer to your letter to-day. You shall have tidings of us punctually." Vol. ii. pp. 100, 101.

Again, April 30, he writes.

"The child is full of health; he looks briskly about him, and already begins to take notice. I can handle it very well; and it becomes quiet with me directly.

"I am thinking a great deal about his education. I told you, a little while ago, how I intended to teach him the ancient languages very early, by practice. I wish the child to believe all that is told him; and I now think you right in an assertion, which I have formerly disputed, that it is better to tell children no tales, but to keep to the poets. But while I shall repeat and read the old poets to him in such a way, that he will undoubtedly take the gods and heroes for historical beings, I shall tell him, at the same time, that the ancients had only an imperfect knowledge of the true God, and that these gods were overthrown when Christ came into the world. He shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him, from his infancy, a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about. He shall learn to perceive and to observe, and thus grow familiar with Nature, and nourish his imagination." Vol. ii. pp. 101, 102.

On Niebuhr's return to Germany, he established his abode in Bonn, though, as a member of the Prussian Council of State, he was obliged to spend a portion of the time at Berlin. He became a professor in the University of Bonn, and delivered several courses of lectures on the History and Antiquities of Greece and Rome, and on Ancient Geography and Ethnography. He now addressed himself to the completion of his great work. He rewrote his first and second volumes, with very numerous additions and modifications, and so far prepared the third volume for the press, that it needed only careful editorial supervision to make it all that it would have been, had he survived till its publication. The following extract from the Memoir describes his style and manner as a lecturer, and presents an interesting picture of his home life.

"At Berlin, Niebuhr delivered his lectures verbatim from written

notes. At Bonn, on the contrary, his only preparation consisted in meditating for a short time on the subject of his lecture, and referring to authorities for their data when he found it necessary, and he brought no written notes with him to the lecture-room. His success in imparting his ideas varied greatly at different times, as it depended almost entirely on his mental and physical condition at the moment. He always felt a certain difficulty in expressing himself. He grasped his subject as a whole, and it was not easy to him to retrace the steps by which he had arrived at his results. Hence his style was harsh and often disjointed; and yet he possessed a species of eloquence whose value is of a high order — that of making the expression the exact reflection of the thought — that of embodying each separate idea in an adequate but not redundant form. The discourse was no dry impersonal statement of facts and arguments, or even opinions; the whole man, with his conceptions, feelings, moral sentiments, nay passions too, was mirrored forth in it. Hence Niebuhr not merely informed and stimulated the minds of his hearers, but attracted their affections. That he did this in an eminent degree, was not indeed owing to his lectures alone, but also to his kind and generous conduct. All who deserved it were sure of his sympathy and assistance, whether oppressed by intellectual difficulties, or pecuniary cares. During the first year he delivered his lectures gratis; afterward, on its being represented to him that this would be injurious to other professors, who could not afford to do the same, he consented to take fees, but employed them in assisting poor scholars and founding prizes. He often, however, still remitted the fee privately, when he perceived that a young man could not well afford it, and never took any from friends.

"But those who were admitted to his domestic circle were the class most deeply indebted to him. His interest in all subjects of scientific or moral importance was always lively; and it was impossible to be in his company without deriving some accession of knowledge and incentive to good. From his associates he only required a warm and pure heart, and a sincere love of knowledge, with a freedom from affectation or arrogance. Where he found these, he willingly adapted himself to the wants and capacities of his companions; would receive objections mildly, and take pains to answer them even when urged by mere youths, and weigh carefully every new idea presented to him. He was fond of society, and while his great irritability not seldom gave rise to misunderstandings and contemporary estrangement in the circle of his acquaintance, there were some friends with whom he always remained on terms of unbroken intimacy; among whom may be named Professors Brandis, Arndt, Nitzsch, Bleek, Näke, Welker, and Hollweg.

He enjoyed wit in others, and in his lighter moods racy and pointed sayings escaped him not unfrequently.

"His intercourse was not confined to the literary circles. In all the civil affairs of the town and neighborhood, he took an active interest from principle as well as inclination, for he considered a man as no good citizen who refused to take his share of the public business of the neighborhood in which he lived. The loss which left so great a blank in the world of letters, was also deeply regretted by his fellow-townsmen of Bonn.

"Niebuhr's mode of life at Bonn was very regular, and his habits simple. He hated show and unnecessary luxury in domestic life. He loved art in her proper place, but could not bear to see her degraded into the mere minister of outward ease. His life in his own family showed the erroneousness of the assertion that a thorough devotion to learning is inconsistent with the claims of family affection. He liked to hear of all the little household occurrences, and his sympathy was as ready for the little sorrows of his children as for the misfortunes of a nation. He was in the habit of rising at seven in the morning, and retiring at eleven. At the simple one o'clock dinner, he generally conversed cheerfully upon the contents of the newspapers which he had just looked through. The conversation was usually continued during the walk which he took immediately afterward. The building of a house, or the planting of a garden had always an attraction for him; and he used to watch the measuring of a wall, or the breaking open of an entrance, with the same species of interest with which he observed the development of a political organization. They drank tea at eight o'clock, when any of his acquaintance was always welcome. But during the hours spent in his library, his whole being was absorbed in his studies, and hence he got through an immense amount of work in an incredibly short time." Vol. ii. pp. 318 – 320.

In 1830, Niebuhr's house was destroyed by fire, and many of his papers and letters were irrecoverably lost, — among them, the greater part of his correspondence with his father. Though he bore this misfortune with cheerfulness, it undoubtedly gave his nervous system a severe shock, and may have contributed to hasten his dissolution. We give the narrative of the closing scenes from the Memoir. The double quotation marks designate the hand of Professor Classen, his intimate friend, and the tutor of his son Marcus.

"'The last political occurrence in which Niebuhr was strongly interested was the trial of the ministers of Charles the Tenth; it was indirectly the cause of his death. He read the reports in the French

journals with eager attention; and as these newspapers were much in request at that time, from the universal interest felt in their contents, he did not in general go to the public reading-rooms, where he was accustomed to see the papers daily, until the evening. On Christmas eve and the following day, he was in better health and spirits than for a long time; but on the evening of the 25th of December, he spent a long time waiting and reading in the hot news-room, without taking off his thick fur cloak, and then returned home through the bitter frosty night air, heated in mind and body. Still full of the impression made on him by the papers, he went straight to Classen's room, and exclaimed, "That is true eloquence! You must read Sauzet's speech; he alone declares the true state of the case; that this is no question of law, but an open battle between hostile powers! Sauzet must be no common man! But," he added immediately, "I have taken a severe chill, I must go to bed." And from the couch which he then sought, he never rose again, except for one hour, two days afterward, when he was forced to return to it quickly, with warning symptoms of his approaching end.

"'His illness lasted a week, and was pronounced, on the fourth day, to be a decided attack of inflammation on the lungs. His hopes sank at first, but rose with his increasing danger and weakness; even on the morning of the last day, he said, "I can still recover." Two days before, his faithful wife, who had exerted herself beyond her strength in nursing him, fell ill and was obliged to leave him. He then turned his face to the wall, and exclaimed, with the most painful presentiment, "Hapless house! To lose father and mother at once!" And to the children he said, "Pray to God, children! He alone can help us!" And his attendants saw that he himself was seeking comfort and strength in silent prayer. But when his hopes of life revived, his active and powerful mind soon demanded its wonted occupation. The studies that had been dearest to him through life, remained so in death; his love to them was proved to be pure and genuine, by its unwavering perseverance to the last. While he was on his sick-bed, Classen read aloud to him for hours the Greek text of the Jewish History of Josephus, and he followed the sense with such ease and attention, that he suggested several emendations in the text at the moment; this may be called an unimportant circumstance, but it always appeared to us one of the most wonderful proofs of his mental powers. The last scientific work in which he was able to testify his interest, was the description of Rome by Bunsen and his friends, which had just been sent to him; the preface to the first volume was read aloud to him, and called forth expressions of pleasure and approbation. He also asked for light reading to pass the time, but our attempts to satisfy him

were unsuccessful. A friend proposed the "Briefe eines Verstorbenen," which was then making a sensation; but he declined it, saying he feared that its levity would jar upon his feelings. One of Cooper's novels was recommended to him, and aroused his ridicule by its extraordinary verbiage: he was much amused by an experiment which he proposed, and which consisted in taking one sentence at hap-hazard on each page, — a mode of reading which did little violence to the connection of the story. The "Kolnische Zeitung" was read aloud to him up to the last day, with extracts from the French and other journals. He asked for them expressly, only twelve hours before his death, and gave his opinion, half in jest, about the change of ministry in Paris. But on the afternoon of the 1st of January, 1831, he sank into a dreamy slumber; once, on awakening, he said that pleasant images floated before him in sleep; now and then, he spoke French in his dreams, probably he felt himself in the presence of his departed friend De Serre. As the night gathered, consciousness gradually disappeared, he woke up once more about midnight, when the last remedy was administered; he recognized in it a medicine of doubtful operation, never resorted to but in extreme cases, and said in a faint voice, "What essential substance is this? Am I so far gone?" These were his last words; he sank back on his pillow, and within an hour his noble heart had ceased to beat.

"'Niebuhr's wife died nine days after him, on the 11th of the same month, about the same hour of the night. She died, in fact, of a broken heart, though her disease was, like his, an inflammation of the chest. She could shed no tears, though she longed for them, and prayed God to send them; once her eyes grew moist, when his picture was brought to her, at her own request, but they dried again, and her heavy heart was not relieved. She had her children often with her, particularly her son, and gave them her parting counsels. And so her loving and pure soul went home to God. Both rest in one grave, over which the present King of Prussia has erected a monument to the memory of his former instructor and counsellor. The children were placed under the care of Madame Hensler, at Kiel.'" Vol. ii. pp. 329 – 332.

As a historian, Niebuhr occupies a solitary eminence. He can be hardly called the founder of a new school; for, though Arnold and others have reproduced the results of his criticism in more artistical (we use this word solely in its rhetorical acceptation) and in more popular forms, hardly one man in a century is qualified to apply his method *de novo* to a remote, involved, or serio-fabulous section of human history. It is like

the cæstus of Entellus, which no other could wield without foolhardiness. We doubt whether any other writer of history ever came to his work from the same direction, or occupied, with regard to it, the same point of view with Niebuhr. He approached his field of labor from an eminence which seemed to overlook the entire realm of things cognizable. He had no peculiar familiarity with the annals and fortunes of Rome; it would be difficult to say with what age or nation he was not equally conversant. His choice of this subject was seemingly accidental. He was strongly urged by his friends to deliver a course of lectures before the University. On the 31st of August, he was in much perplexity in determining what to lecture upon. On the 1st of September, he arrived at a decision; the University term began on the 29th of the same month; he commenced, early in the term, the delivery of two lectures a week; and, before the close of the winter, it was known throughout the learned world that he had recreated a history, the materials of which were within every one's reach, in which it might have been not unfairly imagined that the time for discovery or for essential modifications in the received version of facts had long gone by. But had his choice fallen on Egypt or Assyria, Persia or Greece, the Dark Ages of the European nations, or the still darker of the aboriginal North Americans, his preparation would not have occupied a longer time, or have been attended with less startling or satisfactory results.

Very different is the usual course of a historical writer. He selects his subject while it is still, in its entireness, far above his grasp, and by years of incessant and concentrated toil, gradually ascends towards the comprehension of it, and deems himself prepared to write. But the process of preparation has deranged his mental perspective, magnified beyond all rational limits the peculiar field of his inquiry, and made all other countries or ages dwindle into comparative nothingness. That one country is, in his eye, the centre of the universe; or that one age, the era for which its whole past had been a preparation day, and on which the fortunes of its whole future turn. A historian, thus furnished, may indeed narrate facts in a more graceful form than that in which he read them, may

be eloquent in eulogy or in invective, may excel his predecessors on the same ground in accuracy, conciseness, elegance, or vigor of style; but it is beyond his power to describe events in their causes, relations, and issues, or to depict the true place and office of a nation or an age with reference to the human *cosmos* or the entire course of its history. To Niebuhr, on the other hand, Rome was Rome, and nothing more. It filled, on his mental retina, no larger a proportional space than it occupied in the actual world of antiquity. He could recognize its small beginnings, its slow, and often impeded or retroverted, progress, the greatness of its rivals, the prowess of its enemies, the non-heroic aspects of its doings and endurings.

Yet more; there are two kinds of history, covering the same ground, with no ostensible difference. The one simply compiles its narratives from the authorities nearest the times or in the highest repute; the other calls in the aid of anthropology in all cases of silent or conflicting authority,— determines what was from the knowledge of what must have been. The characteristics of universal human nature, the idiosyncrasies of races, the effects of soil and climate upon man, the observed relations of cause and effect in political economy, the established laws of finance, the unvarying results of experience,— all these are reliable elements in historical reasoning, and may not only settle points of fact where authorities clash, but may even authorize renderings of facts in opposition to any possible array of testimony, unless it be that of eye or ear-witnesses. Especially do these considerations have preponderant weight with reference to ages that have left no written record of themselves; for it is immeasurably more probable that tradition should have been corrupted in its channels of oral transmission, than that the well-ascertained laws of causation of human conduct, or of Providential administration, should at any time have been set aside. Now, it was precisely these criteria of historical truth that Niebuhr was eminently fitted to apply. His life, as a statesman and financier, his extended intercourse with all descriptions of men, his intense interest in the great military and political movements of his own times, effected much toward enabling him to unravel the intricacies and to reconcile the discrepancies of early Roman traditions,

and thus to trace the growth and successive modifications, and to reconstruct the fabric, of the Roman constitution.

Niebuhr has been popularly represented as the coryphæus of historical sceptism. Nothing could be further from the truth. So far from setting aside traditions, it was his prime endeavor to account for them, and to disinter the germs of fact from which they sprang. A large portion of the events recorded in Roman history took place before the birth-time of the earliest historians whose works are extant. The writers, therefore, are valid witnesses, not of facts, but of the current belief, actual or ostensible, of the men of their own times. Actual or ostensible, we say; for, even in modern nations, (and this must have been much oftener the case in ancient times,) there are certain historical fictions adapted to cherish national vanity, exaggerations or extenuations, heroic versions of unheroic incidents, glorified portraits of the meanly or the wickedly great, which are known to be false, but written about as if they were true, and employed as counterpoises to similar historical fictions of rival nations. Thus every people, even the youngest, (our own New England, our republic which has not celebrated its first centennial, constitutes no exception to this statement,) has its heroic age, with its fables and its heightened coloring, — its ancestral images, which no iconoclast is bold enough to dash from their pedestals. Now, in ages that wrote little or no history, and before the canons of historical criticism were applied, or its necessity was recognized, there must needs have been much more room than at subsequent periods, both for the ignorant and the conventional distortion of facts. But tradition has its conditions and laws of development, both general and local. Oral transmission for a series of generations has certain inevitable tendencies. These tendencies are modified by the genius, the environments, and the fortunes of every individual people. Niebuhr's question, then, was: What effect must the admitted character, and the undoubted relations and experiences, of the Roman people have had upon their traditions? What constant formula, what variable coefficients will express the degree and the direction of increment and of change, which facts must have undergone between the age of Romulus, of Numa, of the

Tarquins, of the early commonwealth, and that of the earliest historians extant? That formula, those coefficients, applied to the reduction of history, as it was written, must give us facts as they actually occurred. This, in brief, was Niebuhr's method, and his fame as a historian rests on its rigid, impartial, unsparing, scientific application.

The volumes under review bring to light numerous facts illustrative of Niebuhr's infallible foresight in the prognosis of events, which are adapted to conciliate confidence in his retrospective judgments. Nature endowed him with a power, which it seems hardly sacrilegious to term historical divination. Wonderful stories are related of the manifestations of this faculty in his early boyhood.

"It is said that when the war with Turkey broke out in the year 1787, it so strongly excited the child's mind, that he not only talked of it in his sleep at night, but fancied himself in his dreams reading the newspapers and repeating the intelligence they contained about the war; and his ideas on these subjects were so well arranged, and founded on so accurate a knowledge of the country and the situation of the towns, that the realization of his nightly anticipations generally appeared in the journals a short time afterward. Of course, this is not to be regarded as indicating a miraculous gift of prophecy in the boy, but only as showing with what distinctness all that he heard transferred itself to his imagination, and how capable his understanding was of combining the ideas he had received in their true relation to each other. Partly through his father's narratives, partly through his own geographical studies, those regions were as familiar to him as his native province. He had studied the nations inhabiting them, and their mode of warfare, in history and the accounts of travellers, and had taken great pains to gain accurate conceptions of the character and conduct of the various commanders in the war, from the journals and other sources of information. There are still extant some letters which he wrote at this time to his uncle Eckhardt, containing the grounds and proofs of his predictions.

"This faculty of divination exhibited itself again during the early part of the French Revolution; when, in several instances, he not only anticipated the course of events with reference to the progress of the war, but also the direction which popular movements would take, the plans and objects of the revolutionary leaders, and the results of the measures adopted by the various parties, with so much correctness and precision as to excite the astonishment even of the eminent states-

man Count P. A. Bernstorff, that such a mere youth should have so just and acute an appreciation of men and events. With equal correctness and certainty did he guess the plans of the commanders during the war, from the marches and position of the armies, in which his exact and detailed geographical knowledge served as a guide to his judgment. He retained this faculty to a considerable extent during the whole of his life, but he possessed it in a higher degree in his earlier years, when he could concentrate the whole power of his mind on impressions of this kind. Vol. i. pp. 15, 16.

Though one of the most modest of men, he professes, in repeated instances, in his correspondence, with regard to future events, "that unshakable conviction which results from the immediate intuition of the truth." In 1820, he writes, "All comes to pass just as I had long ago foreseen and foretold, and all that I now foresee will also come to pass;" and again, in 1823, referring to a long and complicated series of transactions, "events in Spain are turning out, step for step, just as I expected;"—"I have foreseen all this." In one of his letters, he goes so far as to say, that not an important political event had taken place from his childhood, otherwise than as he had anticipated.

Perhaps this description of political foresight is not so rare as it seems, or need not be so rare as it is. So easy is it for us, in numerous instances, to see why events, which we had not expected, could not have failed to take place, as to authorize the belief that our ignorance of the future results less from the lack of the elements necessary for calculation, than from a discolored or perturbed medium of vision. Certain it is, that, where there is room for mistake, professed politicians are proverbially liable to be mistaken, and none are more frequently at fault in their vaticinations than those whose place is at the very centre of affairs. On the other hand, retired and unworldly men, who seem to take very slight cognizance of public concerns, and are the very last persons to whom one would resort for the horoscope of the political future, have been often known to utter predictions, which, deemed at the time absurd and baseless, have proved themselves literally and circumstantially true. We well remember, on the appearance of Dr. Channing's Letter to Henry Clay, in 1837, the indignation

expressed in many quarters, and the almost universal regret among his friends, that he should have exposed the soundness of his intellect to suspicion, by predicting a series of transactions and events of which politicians, of all parties, declared that there was not the remotest possibility. But that letter may now be read, with the tenses changed, as history, and would hardly need a qualifying clause. In point of fact, it is a position aside from the arena of selfish rivalry and ambition that enables one to discern in the present the undeveloped germs of the future. Niebuhr, indeed, can hardly be said to have stood aside, but gained even a clearer point of view by rising above, the arena. He was a statesman from his love of political science, and his patriotic devotion to the well-being of Germany; but he had neither selfish nor party ends to serve in his official stations. He never sought office, never merged his own independence in the collective judgment of his colleagues, never failed, in case of his dissent from measures for which he might seem partially accountable, to put on record his own, often his solitary, negative or protest, with the reasons for it. It is an insult to his memory to term him a politician, in the hackneyed sense of that term; nor can we conceive of his intellectual vision as ever having been befogged or distorted by the ophthalmic miasma that is wont to infect the purlieus of courts.

The occasional existence of a prophetic faculty, thus founded on the laws of human nature, and the deductions of experience, suggests hints, which it would be out of place for us to develop here, toward the approximate solution of the most complex of all problems. It was not alone concerning material results, but equally concerning the voluntary acts of free agents, that Niebuhr hazarded his confident and successful predictions. The persons might have acted otherwise than they did; yet, with his knowledge of their characters and of the motives brought to bear upon them, he could foresee, with certainty, how they were going to act. Must not similar elements of calculation exist with reference to the common acts of private men, so that a being who could fully understand their characters and appreciate their motives, might always foreknow their moral decisions, though they all the

while were conscious of perfect freedom? May there not, then, be a necessity perfectly consistent with freedom, — a fixedness in the moral order of the universe appertaining to events that are contingent so far as the consciousness of the actors is concerned? And is it not in this direction that we are to look for the coincidence between human free agency and the divine prescience? Let it not be deemed irreverent that we should thus seek, from the phenomena of human experience, to illustrate the attributes of the Infinite Creator. Our conceptions of him must necessarily be cast in moulds furnished by our consciousness as men; it is under figures derived from the conditions and relations of men that he has revealed himself in the Scriptures; and it is in a human form that he has manifested himself to the world, and offered himself to the faith and worship of mankind.

To return to Niebuhr, it was not alone in Roman history that he won even distinguished fame among the learned men of the Continent. There was hardly a department of archæology to which he did not render essential service. The multitude of his essays, translations, editions of obscure texts from the collation of manuscripts, restorations of palimpsests, and contributions to the literary labors of his friends, was incredibly great. At the same time, he maintained an extensive correspondence with *savans*, not in Germany alone, but in France and England. In travelling, he paused to inspect every library on his route, and seldom failed to collect valuable materials for some work of his own in hand, or in aid of some enterprise in progress under the auspices of others.

At the same time, he was undoubtedly the most accomplished financier in Europe. His financial services, under the Danish government, were of the most arduous and responsible character, and were executed with equal comprehensiveness of plan and minuteness of detail. In Prussia, he found an exhausted exchequer, dilapidated resources, and an impending national bankruptcy; and it was mainly through his administrative energy that the credit of the government was restored, its revenue system reorganized, its currency regulated, and its pecuniary relations established on a safe basis. With the financial system and transactions of Great Britain he was as

familiar as the British ministry; and not infrequently predicted the revenues of a year, foretold deficits, exposed erroneous estimates, as they were laid before parliament, and indicated a much more accurate acquaintance with the contents of the ministerial budget than was possessed by its authors.

In his political theories, he occupied the just mean between radicalism and conservatism. He was enamored with the British constitution, and was solicitous for the introduction of the representative system so fast and so far as nations were prepared to exercise their franchise with intelligence and freedom. But he abhorred revolutionary doctrines and measures. He had no faith in written constitutions or in merely external reforms; but believed that institutions would quietly and gradually adapt themselves to the capacities and just demands of the people. The following passage will show how little he hoped from merely formal changes in the state.

"Our disease is far too deeply seated to be removed by mere changes in the constitution; for, from no change made in these times, and by the men of this generation, can we venture to hope for that legislation, which might bring us into a healthful and progressive condition, by transforming our habits and our entire social circumstances. What we want, is as certain and clear to me as my own existence, and to a great extent I could express it, but it were to talk to the winds, and I do not choose to be dragged through the mire to no purpose. 'They have Moses and the Prophets, and hear them not.' Were I in power, I would act, and with vigor, in God's name, even if it brought danger to myself." Vol. ii. p. 393.

In close connection with this paragraph, we find the recognition of a system analogous to that of our little New England municipalities, each with its separate corps of officials, as the best possible plan for the education of citizens for the enjoyment of political freedom on a more extended scale.

"Constitutional forms are of no use among an enervated or foolish nation. What avails the choice of representatives, when there are no men fit to represent the people? Is it answered, 'Let them learn by practice;' that is, indeed, to sport with the gravest matters. I say; give them free communal institutions, and let them, in the first instance, learn by practice within a sphere with which they are

acquainted. Believe me (but that *you* know already,) I know how to prize a free constitution, and am certainly better acquainted than most with its meaning and worth; but, of all things, the first and most essential is, that a nation should be manly, unselfish, and honorable. If it is that, free laws will grow up of themselves by degrees." Vol. ii. p. 395.

Nearly allied to these ideas was his preference of physical amelioration, for the depressed classes, to the institution of exclusively intellectual and moral measures, for their elevation, which can have little success while their penury and misery remain unabated, but which will be the inevitable consequence of their material prosperity. The following may seem an extreme statement of the case; but is well worthy the careful regard of every friend to humanity.

"If you consider the charge of the physical well-being of the helpless an undignified employment,* I think you are mistaken; and that you attach too much importance altogether to the intellectual part of our nature in the mass of mankind. I believe that on that subject we have a totally false view, in these days, and though I do not think it can mislead you, I should prefer seeing you openly espouse a contrary view, as I do myself on the firmest conviction. Do you not agree with me, that the so-called education which we claim as indispensable for the people, whether it be of a high cast, and consisting of numerous branches of knowledge and modes of applying the understanding and talents, or restricted to the first rudiments, is only valuable in so far as it is a true approximation to that free spiritual life, where the soul dwells in a world of ideas and notions, in which the world of sense is transmuted, and on which it becomes dependent? That it is, therefore, absolutely worthless — indeed, rather injurious — when it disturbs a man destined to every-day life, in his truthful, instinctive mode of perception and action within his own sphere, and only gives him in return notions taken at second-hand, and torn out of their natural connection? And yet that this is unavoidable with all teaching and cultivation which does not go very deep? That, for instance, writing and reading, except for the purposes of business, are to the mass of the people superfluous even as a discipline for the memory, and a dangerous gift when they are used completely at random, as the common people use them, so that they acquire only a multitude of

* "He is here referring to a wish he had expressed, to see Madame Hensler at the head of one of the great charitable institutions of Holland."

distorted notions; because, by this means, the common man is deprived of the truth his senses teach him, which nature has given him for his guidance, and becomes familiarized with another and distorted truth, which takes no firm hold on his mind, and yet robs him of the power of judging for himself? But if it be a moral rather than an intellectual culture which you ask for, this can scarcely be effected with a multitude of orphan children taken in the mass, except by selecting individuals, and by keeping those who are only fit for the usual avocations of their class as simple as possible. And I need not ask you whether this simplicity, which preserves the outlines of good and evil in human nature clear and distinct, even though it cannot choke the evil, be not better than the confused ideas of morality prevailing among the higher classes, which cannot really elevate and make them free, and over which at last a varnish is spread. But it appears to me that pure, uncultivated nature cannot dispense with the satisfaction of all her simple requirements, and that this satisfaction is the best security for the morals of the many, as its want is usually the main source of their degeneracy, except in those who seem utterly bad by nature. A highly cultivated man may dispense with many things voluntarily, because he lives in another world. Thus the charge of physical well-being appears to me as interesting in the cause of morality, as it is in that of humanity; while, on the contrary, it is a characteristic of our age, that, amidst the ever-increasing misery of the lower classes, we are so earnestly busied in establishing schools for them; not to speak of the absurdity of the popular works which we put into their hands." Vol. i. pp. 246 – 248.

Niebuhr's moral nature impresses us with even higher admiration than his genius and his learning. We look through his correspondence in vain for the traces of an ungenerous sentiment. The reputation, the fame, of others was as sacred as his own, in his regard. He seemed more earnest to bestow merited commendation than solicitous to receive it. His vast intellectual resources were freely lavished in aid alike of great literary enterprises, from which he could derive neither credit nor emolument, and of students at the very threshold of their career. He was seldom engaged in controversy; but in these few instances, his conduct toward his opponents was marked by the utmost candor, fairness, and magnanimity. Misrepresentation and detraction he bore with the meekness of conscious strength and rectitude. He unit-

ed humility with a just self-appreciation; and knew how to assume always his own due place, to utter his convictions, and to maintain his rights, without vanity, arrogance, or encroachment. His pecuniary liberality was only and hardly limited by his means. He was profusely charitable. To the sufferers by invasion and pillage, his purse was constantly open; and he denied himself luxuries, and even books, that he might minister to their necessities. In one of his letters, he writes, "During this vacation, I have been reviewing all kinds of books, not without reference to the circumstances of the times. But I have another object, namely, to earn some money for a friend who wants it." In another letter, addressed to his wife, we find the following, which may be taken as a fair *exposé* of his conduct through life, as to his pecuniary concerns.

" . . . . The pay for the attendance in the Council is so large that I do not use it all. It seemed to me dishonorable to take more than I wanted; but I am told it would be considered unbecoming to decline it. So I will apply the surplus to assist those who have suffered in Dithmarsh by the floods. You would, no doubt, approve of my doing so, if I could consult you. I will send the money to Dora, that she may see that it is divided so as to be a real benefit, not among too many.

"If our things have not been shipwrecked in the Texel, I shall buy some more plate; else, the money must go to replace what we have lost." Vol. ii. pp. 310, 311.

We have spoken, incidentally, of the depth of his domestic affections, and the openness of his hospitality. To his character as a husband, father, and friend, we must quote a large portion of these volumes, to do even partial justice. Not only was he pure, true, considerate, and faithful, in the discharge of all outward obligations; but there was in his affections a lofty spirituality, combined with a womanly tenderness, of which Klopstock's correspondence with his Meta furnishes almost the only parallel in modern literature. Irresistibly affecting are his life-long references to his first wife, as a spiritual presence, strengthening him for duty, cheering him in despondency, visiting him in the visions of

the night, and ministering, in every form of heavenly benediction, to his Gretchen and her children.

A character so harmoniously beautiful could hardly have been formed and sustained, except on the basis of a sincere and vital Christian faith. Duty with him was not merely truth to his own nature, but loyalty to its Author. Religious reverence seems to have been a constantly pervading and hallowing sentiment; nor, in his whole correspondence, is there the slightest mention of aught that could claim to be held sacred, except in terms that indicate, on his part, the very spirit of worship. He was a firm believer in historical Christianity, that is, in the Christ of the Evangelists, not in any Straussian effigy of straw, galvanized into life by the fancy of fanatical reformers. When we consider his unparalleled historical acumen, and the unsparing hand with which he manipulated classical tradition and fable, when also we take into the account his early tendencies to scepticism, we know not how to value sufficiently the testimony comprised in the following extract. It is in a letter written in 1812, a date which gives it a peculiar worth, as he had then attained the full maturity of his powers, had laid the foundation for his fame as an historical critic by his Berlin lectures, and had not yet experienced those sad domestic vicissitudes, in which he might have been suspected of resorting to religious faith as a refuge from disappointment and grief.

"Faith, properly so called, in a much wider sense than religious faith, it is either not given to every nature to possess, or the possibility of its taking root and flourishing may be annihilated by an inharmonious intellectual life. The soil may be fertile, but the climate ungenial. My intellect early took a sceptical direction. With my whole attention bent upon the real and the historical, eager to comprehend, and to get to the bottom of every thing, I let my thoughts follow the natural association of ideas, without endeavoring to guide them into any particular channel; and in this respect had neither, properly speaking, a truly creative imagination, nor any strong feeling of the need of something beyond the boundaries of experience to satisfy my heart; or perhaps I let both perish for want of nourishment. Altogether, it was very seldom that the consciousness of a thought vanished from my mind in the contemplation of its import and object. To this,

unquestionably my natural turn of mind, was added the influence of miserable religious instruction, and of the living study of classical antiquity. Thus, it was in riper years, and through the study of history, that I came back for the first time to the sacred books, which I read in a purely critical spirit, and with the purpose of studying their contents as the groundwork of one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of the world. This was not a mood in which real faith could spring up, for it was that of the Protestantism of the present day. I needed no Wolfenbüttel Fragments * to discover the discrepancies of the Gospels, and the impossibility of even drawing the outlines of a tenable history of the life of Jesus by such criticism. In the Messianic allusions to the Old Testament, I could recognize no prophecies, and could explain all the passages adduced with perfect ease. But here, as in every historical subject, when I contemplated the immeasurable gulf between the narrative and the facts narrated, this disturbed me no further. He, whose earthly life and sorrows were depicted, had for me a perfectly real existence, and his whole history had the same reality, even if it were not related with literal exactness in any single point. Hence, also, the fundamental fact of miracles, which, according to my conviction, must be conceded, unless we adopt the not merely incomprehensible, but absurd hypothesis, that the Holiest was a deceiver, and his disciples either dupes or liars; and that deceivers had preached a holy religion, in which self-renunciation is every thing, and in which there is nothing tending toward the erection of a priestly rule — nothing that can be acceptable to vicious inclinations. As regards a miracle in the strictest sense, it really only requires an unprejudiced and penetrating study of nature, to see that those related are as far as possible from absurdity, and a comparison with legends, or the pretended miracles of other religions, to perceive by what a different spirit they are animated." Vol. i. pp. 338 – 340.

On this, as on many other topics, we should be glad to multiply our quotations, and had intended to make much more copious extracts, had not a cheap American republication appeared while these beautifully printed volumes have been in our hands. We would gladly have shown Niebuhr in his relations with his coevals in the world of letters, and especially with his juniors and *protégés*, who have since risen to eminence, such as Bunsen, Brandis, Lieber, and Classen.

* "The anonymous Fragments on the Discrepancies of the Gospel Narratives, edited by Lessing while head librarian at Wolfenbüttel. Lessing was long supposed to have written them himself, but after his death, clear proofs were found among his papers that they were from the pen of Reimarus."

Many of his literary criticisms, also, we should have been glad to place before our readers, had the work continued inaccessible to our public generally. We will confine ouselves, however, to a striking extract from a letter on Goethe, with which we close our imperfect sketch, satisfied if it shall have induced some few to make themselves familiar, at first hand, with the "Life and Letters."

"We are reading Wilhelm Meister at present, as fast as my want of practice in reading aloud will permit. I had never before been able to take any pleasure in this book, and was curious to see if it would be different now, as in middle age we are less one-sided than in youth, and can enjoy relative and separate beauties, even when the whole does not make an agreeable or overpowering impression on us. But it is the same as ever with me. Our language possesses, probably, nothing more elaborate or more perfect in style (excepting Klopstock's 'Republic of Letters'); in clearness of outline and vividness of coloring, there is nothing to compare with it in our literature; it contains a multitude of acute remarks and magnificent passages; the situations are managed with extreme ingenuity, and all the parts are in admirable keeping; all this I can appreciate now better than formerly. But the unnaturalness of the plot, the violence with which what is beautifully sketched and executed in single groups is brought to bear upon the development, and the mysterious conduct of the whole, the impossibilities such a plot involves, and the thorough heartlessness, which even makes one linger with the greater interest by the utterly sensual personages, because they do show something akin to feeling; the villany or meanness of the heroes, whose portraits nevertheless often amuse us — all this still makes the book revolting to me, and I get disgusted with such a menagerie of tame cattle.

"Is it not your feeling, too, that few things leave a more painful impression than for a great spirit to bind its own wings, and seek to excel in the lower regions of art, while renouncing the higher? Goethe is the poet of human passion and human greatness, under all their manifestations, and as such he appears in his early poems. Probably, indeed, he might then have made himself master of the whole sphere, to the furthest limits of which he was often involuntarily borne on the wings of spontaneous inward impulse. He neglected to possess himself of this united realm, which, perhaps, no single intellect had ever ruled with so absolute a sway as might have been his, and the wild and fragmentary character of his youthful productions displeased even himself in his riper years. It was chiefly after he had

studied art, during his travels in Italy, that he strove after unity and completeness. His first attempts in this style, and his productions from 1786 to 1790, are quite unworthy of him. They simply display a thoroughly unpoetical, wearisome reality. But he wished to become a master in this style as well as in others, and to do so, he narrowed his mind. To me this is most melancholy. If you study his writings from this time forward, you find, in nearly all of them, a tameness which is quite unnatural to him. By degrees, there appears some re-awakening of his native and peculiar feelings, particularly with reference to his own inward life, at least in recollection; but the years gone by are lost, and, through them, those also which yet remain to him. I hope that he will find his youth restored by living through his history again in memory." Vol. i. pp. 333, 334.

ART. II.—*The Captains of the Old World, as compared with the great Modern Strategists; their Campaigns, Character, and Conduct, from the Persian to the Punic Wars.* By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. New York: Charles Scribner. 1851. 12mo. pp. 364.

IN this work, we have, once more visibly represented on the military stage, in arms as when they lived, those grand old warriors, whose heads are towering forever into that strongest light of Greek history, which is radiant for forty Olympiads, and illustrates, within that space, the most remarkable military achievements the world ever saw. These great names — Miltiades, Themistocles, Pausanias, Xenophon, Epaminondas, Alexander, and the rest, are very familiar; but we never grow tired of them, seeing that they are identified with our early enthusiasm for battle and liberty; and we are always "ready, aye ready," to follow that famous march from Athens to the sea-shore, with the ten thousand burghers and resident aliens, accompanied by the tears, prayers and vows of those congregated on the roofs and at the windows of houses and on the porches and steps of the temples; or to sit with Xerxes, on the promontory, and see the barbarian armament scattered and sunk, between sea-born Salamis and the shore; or to

assist at the killing of Mardonius, in the midst of his chosen horsemen, in the last vehement charge at Platæa. Mr. Herbert undertakes his task of illustrating the tactics of these famous generals of Greece, with all the military *essor* of a Greek, and a clear understanding of the ancient war strategy, as it has been recorded by the annalists. The trumpet has no "uncertain sound" for him; like the war-horse in Job, he rejoices in the thunder of the captains and the shouting. He writes in that new and truer philosophy of history, which has been systematically founded by Niebuhr, (who counts among his disciples Arnold, Thirlwall, Grote,) and which is irresistibly suggested by the fine romances of Sir Walter Scott, who has been followed in the spirit by Thierry, De Barante, Macaulay, and others. Our author has apparently caught some "Greek fire" from Grote; but he circumscribes his aim to the strategic portions of Greek history, such as embody and illustrate the details of ancient military discipline and armament, as set forth by Eschenberg, Potter, Anthon, and other archæologists. The reader will receive, from Mr. Herbert's pages, a clearer idea than he was in the habit of forming concerning the material of those comparatively small armies of conquering Greeks, (and Romans as well,) their mode of moving and striking in battle, and the disciplined causes of results which we read of with so much admiration. He will have a better comprehension of the famous phalanx, so formidable and yet so vulnerable, and will see plainly why it should have been victorious at Marathon, and broken up wildly at Leuctra and Mantinea.

The work before us professes to consider, particularly, as the basis of military disquisition, the crisis of the Persian invasion of Greece, for its great historic import in the progress of civilization. Mr. Herbert believes, that, along with this period or crisis, the Punic invasion of Italy under Hannibal, and the long irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, for seven hundred years, are also worthy of special illustration, in a military way. He thinks these were turning points and critical periods, on the chances of which depended the most opposite fortunes of human society, — supposing that the repulse of the Persians preserved Greece and Western Europe from

being orientalized; that the defeat at Zama "set the question at rest whether the dominion of the civilized world should belong to the Caucasian or the Semitic race; whether Greek arts and Latin arms should be the inheritance of Europe and America, or the corruption, idolatry, and cruelty of Canaanitish Carthage;" and that Charles Martel and Sobieski, in beating back the Turks, again preserved Europe — and this continent, of course — from the evils of Mohammedan ascendency.

This is a favorite view and line of argument with a great many; — a plausible enough doctrine, at the first glance. But it is an inconsiderate philosophy, after all, and rests on feeble supports. Those who sustain it act like the archer, Hubert, in Ivanhoe, and do not "allow for the wind," in aiming at the mark. They attempt to attach customary sequences to a set of altered premises. It is not to be supposed that, if the Persians overran Greece, the destinies of the latter and of Western Europe would therefore conform to those of Persia, for the future. The destinies of countries are not governed by such sudden and shallow chances as these. They flow in those deep channels of nationality which Nature has taken ages to hollow out. The great purposes of Providence in the progress of events are not to be so sported with, by the violent accidents of the world. The mighty river, flowing in its fixed direction to the sea into which it shall fall, may be broken, divided, and turned aside by opposing obstacles; but, ever following the law of its course, through turbulent windings or tortuous retrogression, it still trends on its predestined way. It is to be believed that the progress of mankind is under a steady law of divine development, though we cannot always very distinctly trace the evidences of it.

In forming a judgment concerning any of the great movements of nations, it should be remembered that Nature will control man himself, when he thinks to control the fate of his fellows. If the Persians had effected a footing in Greece, Nature would have turned them into Hellenes, before they could have transformed the Greeks into Orientals. In the climate of Greece, under influences which could bring forth the sternest hardihood of men, attempered by the finest and

healthiest attributes of intellect, the sunburnt and somewhat lazy sensuality of the Eastern regions would be worn away by degrees from the souls of the new inhabitants of Hellas, who would take another national impress from the genius of the soil and skies. It seems to be a law of nature, to which we remember no exception, that neither the South nor the East can prevail against the North and West. The recognized law of the original movements of the race seems to show, that the North and West impose change, rather than receive it. The Easterns, moving west and north, became Westerns and Boreans. The same rule, in fact, holds good the other way. No race, going from the north or west, in southerly or eastern directions, preserves its old features and character, against the slow-operating law of nature. The Scandinavians, Goths, and Lombards were ultimately lost in the Iberians and Italians, among whom they had migrated. If Darius had overcome the force of Greece, his son or his satrap would have found the difficulty of adapting Persian plans and Persian policy to the severely beautiful climate, and broken surface of sea-girt Hellas. The Western Asiatics would grow too hard for their perspiring kindred of the East, and a powerful rebellion would soon give rise to a Perso-Hellenic government, or several such, in Eastern Europe, which, in time, would lose all those features of Orientalism so inimical, apparently, to civilization, such as it has shown itself among the European families. The Mongolian Asiatics came south-westward into Europe, and swept it with the torch and the sword; but they soon took the hue and stamp of the new locality, and subsided into the Hungarians. The Turks could not orientalize Greece. The Eastern Saracens had possession of "a huge half-moon and monstrous cantle out" of Spain, for centuries. But they could not advance beyond the southern districts. The European genius seemed in some degree to change their character, making them fond of industry and quiet ways. The influences of hostility and persecution kept them, at the same time, Mohammedans. But they were destined to fail and vanish; the spirit of the age exorcised and drove them away. They departed just as European society, in its irrepressible move-

ments, was rescuing a new world from "the giant embrace of the deep." The Moors and that fact were incompatible on the soil of Europe. If Charles the Hammerer had been beaten at Tours, it would by no means have followed, as some persuade themselves, that France and the rest of Europe would have become Mohammedan, and that we, at this moment, would be wearing turbans, with a cross-legged Divan for a Congress, and Mollahs instead of our able editors. Islamism could never take root in the sharper and colder latitudes, any more than the citron and the olive. The more we consider these things, the more shall we admire the beautifully cosmopolite principles of Christianity.

It is not at all likely, therefore, that, even if the troops of Darius had overcome the Greeks, in the 74th Olympiad, or if the Gauls, Iberians, and Numidians had entered Rome in triumph behind Hannibal, or if the Orientals had overthrown the chieftainry of Spain, France, and the rest of Europe, in the eighth century, the civilization of the world would have been much, if any, behind its existing condition. It might have been different, in some respects; but, as regards the great issues of knowledge and human happiness, it would have come down nearly as it is, in general. The fate of the world, indeed, does not seem to hang upon these great deeds and catastrophes — these sporadic explosions of human energy. The progress of things is chiefly vindicated by facts that spring up and spread, without noise, often without certainty. Christianity — the mighty agency — came into the world, as the mustard seed grows, and the world was unaware of it; and Printing, (or Engraving,) and the Compass, offered themselves so quietly that civilization cannot exactly decide how or whence they came. The sword and the trumpet flashed and blazed, and great was the hubbub thereof; but this passed away, and nature reclaimed her order, proving that "there is no true foundation set in blood." No doubt, wars have been part of the great scheme of earthly things, and will still continue to be waged, and waged terribly. But they are not the chief means to the important results of the world; they work subordinately. It is not in the hurricane, the earthquake, or the fire, that change operates most

significantly and greatly; but in "the still, small" principles that grow and vegetate, as it were, in the thought of man, under the overruling law of God, working through the laws of nature.

We cannot, therefore, accept the philosophy offered in this work, as apparently imparting a dignity and interest to these familiar classic details. We prefer to take the themes themselves, simply — seeing that Mr. Herbert has treated them with much spirit, and tells the general reader what he could not learn so well from Goldsmith, Keightley, Gillies, Mitford, and the rest. The great campaign of Miltiades is well depicted. But we do not think he does that renowned soldier justice. Indeed, we have an idea, that, as respects the history of that old period, the author does not strictly observe the moral unities, being too much disposed to judge the men of the Olympiads according to the ideas of the nineteenth century. His estimate of Miltiades is harsh. The morality of that chieftain's day was not very high; and the military trade was never very consistent with the purer virtues; and, furthermore, it may be admitted that, as a *strategos* by profession, it was only to be expected that he should be fond of feints, ambages, and stratagems. The greedy and enterprising Athenians sent him, at his own request, with a large fleet, to gather plunder from their enemies. He accordingly assailed the traitorous Parians, who had assisted the Persians in the late war, and demanded a hundred talents out of their treasury. If he had succeeded in levying this *black-mail*, and bringing it home, he would have been welcome, "and no questions asked." But the Parians beat him off, and sent him wounded and empty-handed to the Piræus. He then received the treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh, after the unlucky expedition to the Spanish settlements. Miltiades was blamed for the attempt to fleece the Parians, condemned to pay the cost of the fleet, and as he could not do so, thrown into prison, where he died. The Athenians were not so scrupulous afterwards, in the time of their "stately Pericles," who, with the money of the Greek confederates, obtained for common purposes, raised their splendid civic edifices, gave them entertainments, and otherwise benefited them.

We copy, in part, our author's description of the battle

which has made the name of Miltiades immortal. After enumerating the various races who made up the motley and multitudinous array of the Persians, he proceeds as follows.

"To confront this army and armament of nations, Miltiades drew out his handful, his ten tribes of Attica, his brave Platæans, and, as light troops, the slaves — on that day, for the first time, trusted with arms in Attica. Steadily, but without delay, he formed his army, which he was compelled to extend, even to the weakening of his centre — where fought Themistokles and Aristides, with the tribes Leontis and Antiochis — in order to avoid being surrounded by the enemy, who overflanked him on both sides; to counteract which peril he had reinforced his wings with double files. Kallimachos, by virtue of his office, led the right wing; the brave Platæans held the next post of honor, in acknowledgment of their prompt rescue, on the left. His little band thus marshalled, the sacrifices proved propitious; and, in a few brief words, he spoke to them as soldiers should be spoken to. His words are not recorded, nor, were they, should I quote them; for it is well known that in ancient history the speeches introduced embody only the author's understanding of the leader's motives; but we may confidently feel how an Athenian must have spoken, when the sacred earth of his country was polluted by such a scum of all barbarous nations; when he was leading forth from the consecrated grove of Herakles; when he was almost under the eyes of Athene on the Acropolis. Nor could he have failed to point out to the sensuous and superstitious Greeks, that, within sight of the battle-field selected by the enemy himself, was the cave of the god Pan, a little higher up the plain, and his baths, and the scattered stones, goat-shaped, which had from immemorial time been known and honored as his flock — the god Pan, who had announced himself their sure ally, and promised them his succor.

"Then, without further pause, he gave the word, and contrary to all previous usage, led them at a run against the enemy, although the distance intervening was eight stadia, a little short of an English mile. The pace could not, of course, have been rapid; since it was absolutely necessary, to the very existence of the phalanx, that it should come in with all its large round shields close serried, and all its pike points in a row; neither could the men, after running a mile at speed, have been in breath to maintain a close struggle. The δρόμος of the Greeks, which is rendered run, was probably somewhat analogous to the French *pas de charge*, or our double quick

time, hurried undoubtedly, within the last few yards, to a headlong and overwhelming rush.

"The object of this movement was threefold; first to precipitate the Athenians into action as rapidly as possible, without giving them time to consider the numbers, or calculate the odds against them; second, to dismay and surprise the barbarians by attacking, instead of waiting to be attacked; lastly, to get hand-to-hand at the earliest, and to avoid the storm of javelins and arrows, which must have been shot and hurled into their ranks like hail; since they had neither horse to make a diversion in their favor, nor archery to cover their advance.

"Down they came, closing their ranks still as they rushed on, and quickening their pace at every stride, 'a long array of helmets bright, a long array of spears,' shouting their pæans, and hymning Enyalios, the war god — for to the Greeks, as to our Anglo-Norman race, the same shout was the charging cry of battle, and the cheer for victory — shouting their pæans, till the craggy heights of Brilessos sent back the prophetic clamor; and clashing their spear-heads against their shields of bronze, till the whole air was alive with the brazen clangor.

"The Persians saw them come, and joyously stood forth to meet them. For, as they saw them charging, as men never charged before, with flanks unguarded either by archery or horse, they believed that some madness, and most destructive madness too, had fallen upon the Greeks, and that the gods had given them into their hands. Thus thought the barbarians, and shot, and slung, and darted, and received them front to front, manfully.

"What Hippias, the renegado and ex-tyrant, thought, what felt, when he heard those pealing pæans, prophetical of triumph, and saw those serried shields come down abreast, with the bright spear points all advanced, in swift unbroken order, history has not told us, could not tell us; but he well knew what was that madness, which swelled the Attic war note.

"'When the Athenians broke down upon the barbarians, in close order,' says Herodotus, 'they fought worthily of mention. But a long time elapsed while they were engaged hand-to-hand.' There is no greater error than to fancy, because they were perpetually beaten by numbers so far inferior, that the Asiatics were pusillanimous or dastards. Inferior in physical strength to the Europeans, to the Greeks, trained athletes all, they were undoubtedly; and in arms, weapons, discipline, most hopelessly behind them. But, in all instances, they fought worthily of their ancient renown, even to striving

to break with their bare hands, or wrest from the grasp of the Greek Hoplitai, the formidable pikes, whose bristling lines they could not penetrate; and now, in the centre, where fought the Persians proper, and the Sacians, they actually forced back the weak lines of the attenuated phalanx, and drove them in confusion toward the upland, broken, but still resisting, and retreating with their faces to the foe. In the mean time, however, on both wings, where the files were doubled, the Attic charge had been irresistible; and, though the enemy fought well, falling where they stood, rank after rank, and giving way only when bodily borne down by the brunt of the unbroken spears, they were now routed utterly and fled toward the sea. Such a resistance only can account for the length of time consumed in an action, which was decided by one charge, without much subsequent manœuvring.

"Still at this moment, the battle, so far from being won, might, like Marengo by the Austrians, have been lost right easily by a single error. Had Miltiades chased with his wings, as was Rupert's wont, his centre would have been annihilated before his return; the barbarians would have renewed the battle on the following day; and, the Greeks disheartened, numbers would probably have carried it. But the Greek captain was too able so to err. Halting both wings simultaneously, and wheeling both inward, this to the spear, that to the shield, he closed them both into a compact body, in an inverse direction to that in which they fought before, with their backs now to the sea, and their faces to the mountains.

"One charge more full on the rear of the victorious Persian centre, Themistokles and Aristides rallying their men stoutly in their front, and the last enemy was broken; and, all but the after slaughter, the day won.

"The Persians fled, not to their camp — that they left with all its pomp and treasures, striking no blow to defend it — but to their ships, slaughtered mercilessly now, not by the phalanx only, but by the light-armed slaves, who butchered them at pleasure. About the ships, the fight again waxed hot and furious; and here it was a melée, each man fighting for himself, so that the Greeks had less advantage either of discipline or weapons. And here was slain the Polemarch Kallimachos, a man of great note on that day; and here, Stesileos, son of Thrasyleos, one of the ten generals; and here, with many other notable Athenians, Kynegeiros, son of Euphorion, but more remarkable as brother of the poet Aischylos, his arm lopped off with a battle-axe, as he grasped the stern-decoration of a Phœnician galley.

"The Greeks took seven triremes, and won gold and silver in heaps, and wealth, in plate and garments, unspeakable. But they won more than this — they won their liberty, and fame immortal, fame, even to this time unforgotten; that men who fight to-day for freedom,

> "Still point to Greece, and turn to tread,
> So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head."

pp. 87–91.

We think Themistocles also has been rather severely judged for the tortuousness and strategy of the means by which he attained his ends. If human greatness is to be estimated by the straight-forwardness and moral purity of men, more than by the force of will and passion, which effects remarkable things without much respect to scruples, we shall have few lofty specimens of humanity to look up to; we shall, perhaps, have to look down for them, in the more overlooked and common walks of life. Themistocles had to deal with the very impulsive, ill-informed Athenian people, attached to old ways and modes of warfare, and extremely distrustful of their officers and one another. He had to combat ignorance and prejudice, in his efforts to keep together the quarrelsome and ill-cemented states of Greece; and he resolved to sway by subtlety those whose obstinacy or stupidity he could not persuade. He begged a fool to strike him if he saw fit, but still to hear him out. The characters of the Greek generals, in fact, were necessarily modified by the characters of their governments. We therefore think our author does this Ulysses of the Persian war but scant justice in the following.

"All other politicians at this period, it would seem, considered that the danger of Oriental invasion was completely at an end — the courage of the Persians having, as they argued, been thoroughly broken, and their hopes of success permanently overthrown, by the check they had encountered from Miltiades. Not so Themistokles. He was by far too good a judge of human nature in general, and of the vainglorious, heaven-reaching ambition of the Persian kings in particular, to believe that the defeat of Marathon would have any other effect than to convert what had been, in the first instance, but a passing scheme of ambition and aggrandizement, into a settled purpose of hatred and revenge.

"It would not, however, have been Themistokles to stand forth

manfully and boldly on the turret-top, like the mariner, who, from the masthead, peers with eager eyes into the gathering gloom of the horizon, where his experienced eye can presage, and his alone, the brooding of the tempest that shall burst anon in wreck and devastation, and cry to all the city, 'Sleep no more! Gird up your loins, and belt your swords upon your thighs, and keep your watch-fires burning; for lo! in the hour that you think not, the Persian cometh.' No! had he been certain that his words would have found ears to hear him and hearts to leap at his warning, that course he would not have taken. To convince men to their good, seemed to his acute, subtle, and casuistical intellect, a poor, homely, and unscientific way of coming to his end. In order to be satisfactory to him, the result, whatever it was, at issue, must be gained by skill, by craft, by playing a deep artificial game. All men, whether friends or foes, must be tricked and cheated — his friends and countrymen cheated to their own good; his antagonists and enemies cheated to their ruin.

"And thus it was, throughout his whole career; he was perpetually playing games of political chess with whomsoever he came in contact; and it was his highest satisfaction, his most exquisite delight, when he could see them squirming and writhing impotently to avoid his imminent checkmate.

"Thus, he induced the impulsive and improvident populace to raise their navy to two hundred admirable triremes, which were the finest class of war-ships then in use, thoroughly manned, in the most effective state of equipment, and with crews in rigid discipline through constant practice. Nay! he even obtained a decree, setting aside the whole revenue of the silver mines on the promontory of Laurion for the expenses of the navy, and for the annual building of twenty new galleys. And all this, without one word concerning Asia, one hint of the danger approaching from Persia, Darios, or Xerxes. There was the crowning rapture! One can fancy, when the Persian actually came, and instead of empty dock-yards, an impoverished treasury, a navy to be hastily knocked together and manned with slaves and merchant sailors, the wily statesman found himself with the finest and best manned fleet on earth in his command, with ample supplies, and with all the sinews of war strung, and as it were case-hardened — one can fancy, not how he rejoiced with a noble and statesmanlike exultation — this is my doing; I it was who forewarned my people of this peril, when it was yet afar off and invisible, and they believed me, and lo! here we are prepared to beat the peril back — oh no! But how he grinned, and chuckled,

and crowed in the secret places of his cunning heart, that he had checkmated his rash and headstrong fellow-citizens — tricked them, sorely against their own will, to their own advantage.

"And so it was. And so he played many political chess-games in his life; and checkmated all who played against him. But, like all men of his stamp, he played one game too many, and checkmated himself at last. For when all was done, there was no man living who could cheat Themistokles, except Themistokles." pp. 103–105.

The Retreat of the Ten Thousand, under the scholarly Xenophon — as dexterous in telling his story, as in dodging his pursuers and obstructors, after that *filibustering* raid of the Greek mercenaries to the Euphrates — is agreeably traced by our author. He also does justice to the character of Epaminondas, who seems to have first adopted, or, at least, remarkably illustrated, the oblique mode of moving into battle, as contradistinguished from the bull-headed, Homeric fashion of rushing straightforward on the enemy. As a careful and courageous general, Epaminondas ranks with the best leaders of ancient times; and his victory at Leuctra, assisted by the fine charge of Pelopidas, as opportune and effective as Kellerman's at Marengo, was glorious in the demonstration that the Spartan phalanx was not unconquerable.

But Mr. Herbert does not seem to do justice to the young king of Macedon, whom he follows only as far as Arbela — summing up and dismissing the rest of his career with a severe brevity unfavorable to the pretensions of that commander. Alexander was, doubtless, the most splendid Captain of antiquity, — "the arm and burgonet" of fighting men; and we do not see why he should not be called the greatest. Our author holds him lightly, because he overran countries, shed blood like water, gained fruitless victories, was prone to anger and jealousy — deeming himself a god; showed foolhardy courage, and founded cities whose names are now forgotten. We repeat, if moral rules are to be applied to the lives of those the world will call great, their dimensions will be wonderfully reduced, and George Washington will have few to keep him company in the Valhalla of Heroes. But seeing that, as yet, the idea of human greatness is connected with

vast achievements performed, and much noise in the world, we must not be entirely guided, in estimating heroes, by the strict codes of utilitarianism and morals. The trade of a man of war is mainly in blood and tears; and the greater the hero, the greater the probability of suffering and bloodshed. The greatness we are, consistently, to consider here, is that of passion and of resolve—

> "That column of true majesty in man."

It has been too much the fashion to speak of "Macedonia's madman" after the fashion of his sententious and waspish namesake, Pope; and to agree that Alexander followed nothing in his career but his military frenzies. This is a thoughtless way of deciding the matter, into which people are led by the difficulty of tracing the conqueror's marches, at times, with certainty, by the falsehood that he died in a drunken debauch, and by the fact that fate

> "Had placed a barren sceptre in his gripe,
> Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,
> No son of his succeeding;"—

that, in fact, his empire fell to pieces when he had drawn his last breath. But surely the latter consideration might very well lead people to form a truer estimate of Alexander's powerful character.

As long as military energy and the audacity of the human will shall be held in heroic esteem, Alexander of Macedon must be placed at the head of the world's children of the sword. His object was as legitimate and justifiable as that of any other great conqueror that ever lived; and his judgment, in all things, was of the clearest and most admirable order. The history of his astonishing military career proves this. At the age of twenty, on ascending a throne from which five of his seven immediate predecessors had been precipitated by assassination, he resolved to carry out the plans of Philip, and march against the Persian king, who, by his emissaries and bribes, was endeavoring to thwart the Macedonian in his effort to attain the supremacy of Greece, and who had suborned, as the young man believed, the murderers of his father. What stronger motives than these need

any kingly young soldier look for? There have been many weaker causes of world-shaking armaments.

The scheme of invading Persia did not originate in Alexander's mind. It was a long-meditated and cherished idea among the Greeks. Aristagoras, wishing to incite the ambition of the king of Sparta, told him, that, in the Persian city of Susa, there was treasure enough to enable him to vie with Jupiter himself in the amount of his riches. It was this national feeling, doubtless, which Aristotle, the tutor of young Alexander, embodied in the expressed opinion that, "if the valiant, energetic, free, and well-governed Greeks were united into one state, they could exercise dominion over all the barbarians." All these considerations urged the young king across the Hellespont. But, in the midst of his Persian plans, he stopped short for a domestic object. His first task was to punish the murderers of his father, and then to win over the jealous and bickering states of Greece, and induce them to submit to what they considered the semibarbarian suzerainty of Macedon. At the age of twenty, then, he began his difficult labors. Holding together, with a firm hand, the loose, federal form of government arranged by Philip, he went into the south of Hellas, and, by a judicious mixture of keen diplomacy and consummate generalship — by dexterity of address and the bloody promptness of the sword, either persuaded or fought the states, Sparta excepted, into adhesion, and an acknowledgment of himself as Captain-General of Greece against Persia. In all this, the discretion with which he accepted wise advisers, and listened to them, was more glorious, at his green years, than the Greek federation, kept obedient at the wafture of his sword.

At the age of twenty-one, he crossed the Hellespont into Asia, to subdue it. The annals of the world do not show another military phenomenon like this. Napoleon was twenty-seven when he marched to conquer Italy. It is a mistake to suppose there was any great desperation or Quixotism in Alexander's undertaking. He knew Asia Minor was full of Greek colonies, subdued for generations under the Persian satrapies, but not forgetful of their origin and former kin-

dred or alliance. Wherever he marched — through Phrygia, Lydia, Pamphylia, Caria, Lycia, Paphlagonia, Cappadocia, — the cities met him with gifts and submission, he, on his part, receiving them into alliance, promising them their more ancient forms of government, and for the rest, treating the whole country after the paternal fashion of a man who looked upon it as his own. In the mean time, storming the banks of the Granicus, and otherwise exhibiting his vehement soldiership, he assailed the Persian satraps everywhere. Thus pushing the Asiatic power before him, he burst, next year, through the Lyrian Gates, and fell upon Darius at Issus, where he overthrew the magnificent armament of the great king, and took prisoners his household gods — that is, his mother, wife, and daughters. Here it is to be observed, that the Persians were no effeminate military rabble, without spirit or discipline, whom it was no honor to beat. In all these Persian armies were thousands of Greek mercenaries, under their own leaders, of approved courage and skill. At Issus, a formidable force of about 30,000 Greeks fought, says Arrian, against the Macedonians. For, though the people of southern Greece did not dare openly to assail the supremacy of Alexander, even in his remote absence, they encouraged their soldiers to go as volunteers into Asia and fight against him, for pay, under Persian banners. This mercenary warfare was an old Greek custom, especially among the somewhat unprincipled and brutal prize-fighters of Sparta; but now, for cause of political animosity, it was more common than heretofore. Thus arduously were the victories of Alexander achieved; not alone against a preponderating multitude of Orientals, with their fierce and splendid cavalry, but against the bravery and firmness of the renowned Hoplitai themselves, drawn up in phalanx.

Mr. Herbert condemns the military conduct of Alexander, inasmuch as, after the battle of Issus, he did not march at once eastward into the heart of the Persian monarchy. But Alexander doubtless felt the danger of leaving the cities and seaports of Phœnicia, either independent or hostile, behind him. He therefore marched from the north-east, downward along the coast of the Mediterranean, took Sidon, Tyre,

(the fall of which resounded through the maritime world,) Gaza, and other places; and then, moving farther south, made himself unresisted master of Egypt. He then returned, and feeling secure as regarded the west, went boldly towards the east.

Crossing Mesopotamia and fording the Tigris, he entered Assyria, where, on a level space of desert, affording room enough for the operations of a numerous cavalry, Darius had gathered the *arrière-ban* of his wide empire, to check the progress of the fiery Greek. Alexander, who always began his operations by leading an oblique horse onset from his own right, broke in upon the Immortals who fought around Darius, and, putting the latter to flight, broke the whole Persian battle. Our author objects that Alexander's courage was foolhardy. But it was the great element of all his victories; and was, moreover, governed by the coolest and soundest judgment. He knew that the vehemence of that sidelong charge of his Companions or peers, was to be the necessary counterpoise of the numerical balance against him; and sought victory with a fierce and well-reasoned impetuosity. He fought like a trooper, that he might have a chance of reigning like an Asian king. Danton's charm of success, "*l'audace, l'audace, l'audace,*" was never more triumphantly relied on and vindicated. It should, however, be remembered, that a great deal of what is termed foolhardiness is doubtless due to the exaggerations of the annalists.

Alexander entered victorious into Babylon, at the age of twenty-five. Here "the prudent young Emir" adored Jupiter Belus, as he did the gods of every country he visited — not excepting Judea, where, by the side of Jaddeus, he had bent his head before the God of Israel. Having conciliated the Babylonians, by his care in providing for the building of the Temple of Belus, he proceeded to Susa. Here he found the bronze statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, carried away from Athens, about a century before, by Xerxes, whose "Conquest of Greece," (saying nothing of the *checks* at Thermopylæ and Salamis,) was doubtless to be found at Susa, too, in arrowhead manuscript. If Xerxes had known these two bronzes represented a pair of regicides, he would

not have brought them so far, probably. They were sent back to Athens by Alexander; who then passed to Persepolis, where the Persian palace and many public buildings, alluded to in Dryden's immortal lyric, were set on fire, in a spirit of revenge, it is said, for the burning of Athens by the great king. Thence Alexander proceeded through Ecbatana, now Ispahan, to the Caspian Gates, where he found the dead body of Darius, who had been killed by the satrap Bessus and others, and left behind in their retreat. In Hyrcania, the perils of savage warfare were aggravated by those of household conspiracy. Alexander discovered a deep and dangerous plot against his life, conducted by Philotas, son of his greatest general, Parmenio. Philotas was condemned to die by a council of Macedonians, and his father, being implicated in the conspiracy, was put to death at Ecbatana, by the officers of the king. The latter now passed on, fighting and skirmishing, crossing rivers and besieging fortresses, through Bactria, Sogdiana, and the country of the nomade Scythians. He spent about two years in these regions, where he founded eight cities, and was forced to put to death several Greek youths, and the philosopher Callisthenes, who were weary of northern Asia and the war, and had formed one more conspiracy to destroy Alexander.

In his twenty-ninth year, the king marched into India. Having crossed the Indus, he led his army to the Hydaspes, now the Chelum, and there met the stately and high-hearted Porus, the ancestor probably, occupying the ground at least, of those Punjaub "Lions" who lately measured scymetars so courageously with the red-coat soldiers and Spahis of Hardinge, Keane, and Gough. Having beaten the "Singhs" of Porus, and, with a better soldiership, won the friendship of that chief, Alexander, still mindful of something more than war, built two cities on the banks of the Chelum, one of them named Bucephala, after his old war-horse, who had just died of old age. When the troops of Alexander had conquered the Punjaub, or country of the Five Rivers, (the Indus, the Hyphasis, or Sutledge, the Hydaspes, or Chelum, the Hydraotes, and the Chenab,) they thought they had gone far enough — had done enough for glory; and forthwith began

to murmur. The king desired to pass on to the Ganges and the Eastern Sea — *ad Auroram et Gangem.* He told his army that there was an ocean at the extremity of Asia, on which they could return in ships, pass round the African peninsula, and finally, sailing in between the Pillars of Hercules, reach Macedonia. But this idea of a bold geographical brain, instead of encouraging, only depressed and bewildered the spirits of his soldiers, who felt like the mariners of Columbus, when the Admiral talked of Zipango, and of reaching the east by going to the west. Alexander therefore made the Hyphasis the eastern boundary of his dominion. A flotilla was then constructed, and a portion of the army, under Nearchus, sailed down the Hydaspes to the Indus, whence, with the rest of the army on board, the ships proceeded to the ocean. Leaving Nearchus to carry the fleet round to the Persian Gulf, Alexander led his army through the Gedrosian desert, where the soldiers suffered dreadfully from heat, drought, and want of food. When he had reached Kirman, in Carmania, he found that Nearchus had reached Harmozia, on the coast, in safety. From Carmania, the Macedonian armament proceeded to Susa and Persepolis.

At this time, seeing the necessity of uniting the Macedonians and Persians as closely as possible, for the security of his new empire, (for Alexander conquered to establish, and not to lay waste,) he celebrated at Susa his own marriage with Stateira, daughter of Darius, and, at the same time, the nuptials of eighty of his officers with Persian brides. He also largely recruited his Companion cavalry, the phalanx, and other squadrons of his army, from the most disciplined of the Persian youth, of whom he formed 30,000 into a band styled the *Epigonoi.* These proofs of his foresight and wisdom excited the jealousy of the Macedonians, and a mutiny was the consequence. This storm soon blew over; but Alexander, who had never bent before it, sent home 10,000 of his war-worn veterans — his *grognards*, or grumblers — well rewarded, under the care of Craterus.

He now fixed on Babylon as the seat of his empire, being geographically in the centre of it. As he approached his burial-place, with a pomp and circumstance unrivalled by

those of any of his Persian predecessors, he received the embassies, gifts, and congratulations of all the states of Greece, and of other European and Asiatic powers. And there, at the summit of his wishes and of his glory, and in the thirty-third year of his age, he died of the pestilent marsh fever of the climate, superinduced by his fatigues and wounds, and aggravated by his festive habits and his neglect of the first symptoms of his illness. The fever of ambition, and the injuries of ten years' travel and warfare, had probably destroyed his constitution, too recklessly exposed to the sternest wear and tear of life.

Alexander was not alone a brave and skilful general. He was a statesman of the ablest order. In his military progresses, through Africa and Asia, he founded nearly seventy cities, and made harbors and canals innumerable; so that, if he had lived, the trade and internal prosperity of Asia would have largely benefited by his enlightened policy. By the force of his energetic genius, he kept together, fed, disciplined, and led to victory, for ten years, an army composed of various tribes of Europeans and Asiatics. His battles were the least difficult duties of Alexander. They were, in fact, his relaxations, his breathing times and rewards, for all the anxieties of conspiracies, insurrections, commissariats, negotiations, embassies, mutinies, and the politic hypocrisy of the daily sacrifices. He was the soul of his armament. It cannot be said that much of his glory was owing to his officers and men. For, many years before his death, these would rather have carried him back to Greece than followed him any farther towards the Caspian and the Indus. They had no stomach for the world-overrunning business, of which he was so much enamored. His will alone, it was, which organized and moved his army, and at the same time, overcame the strength of his enemies and the obstacles of nature. The difficulties of Hannibal's campaign in Spain and Italy were not equal to those of Alexander in the wildernesses and battle-fields of India.

But there was an element of Alexander's character in which he is distinguished above all the other great generals: —the haughty aspiration and will, "the unrivalled royalty of

thought," which sustained him to the height of the great argument of his life, blent, as it was, with the warmth and noble frankness of his passions. He was an imperial genius. He had great faults, because his feelings were strong; the soil which produces the richest vegetation will necessarily nourish rank weeds. The soul of Alexander was capable of the finest emotions of friendship, generosity, and heroism. He loved to sit with his Macedonian peers, and talk cheerfully of camp themes, philosophy, or military glory, in a spirit of festive equality which was a graceful and manly trait of his nature. We do not know that his affectionate, fuddled familiarity with Hephæstion and Clitus did not show the good qualities of his character as much as any thing else. He stabbed Clitus in a moment of intoxication, when the latter, half drunk also, behaved with unwarrantable insolence. In fact, the semi-republican freedom of the Greeks, especially when they were stung with jealousy to see the favors he bestowed on his Persians, was often grossly offensive, and meant to be so. Alexander had an unguarded, fearless frankness, leading him to that impulsive familiarity which breeds contempt in contemptible natures; and this often produced disrespect on one side, and fiery indignation on the other. The etiquette of Alexander's court was very badly managed; in that respect, he was greatly below Napoleon. His Macedonian officers could not understand the policy which led him to wear the loose Median garb — to say nothing of its convenience in a hot climate, — to enlist Persian or other barbarian soldiers, and adopt, in his hours of state, the demeanor of those potentates whom he had succeeded. They were true Greeks, and would have the Asiatics, after the good old fashion, trampled, insulted, and sold as slaves, for their own benefit. Hence many of those tent-quarrels, by which the hot blood of Alexander was chafed, and his hands stained. But he was, in all things, beyond the mere general, the mere Hannibal, or Napoleon, or Wellington. He was a genial being — the man as great as the soldier, — with all the passions and faculties in full blow about him. His mind was not the technical, severe mind of Hannibal, narrowed powerfully on one great argument. He had none of the sullen, cold-blooded

reserve of the atrabilarious Napoleon, who never probably laughed heartily or got fuddled in his life ; and whose silent, ascetic moodiness contained, probably, more sanguinary extravagance than ever flushed the open face of Alexander. There is something inhuman in Napoleon's glory ; something austere in Cæsar's. Alexander, to our ideas, is eminently human and social ; his faults, his philosophy, the hilarious excesses of his festive hours, seem to give him a moral superiority over those other great generals, who approach nearest to him in other respects.

Altogether, we must dissent from the very succinct and severe estimate of his character given by Mr. Herbert. So splendid and rare a specimen of humanity — a character so irregular, so obscured, yet so dazzling, — must not be measured by those rules which answer very well for the age and society we live in. Perhaps it is the hardest thing in the world, at times, to do historical justice, at great distances. In the case of Alexander, the writers of Greece, regarding him as an arbitrary despot, whose glory eclipsed that of Marathon and Salamis, set down and circulated every thing which might detract from the surprising renown of the young hero. They who admired the character and noble eloquence of Demosthenes could hardly feel very favorably towards either Philip or his son.

Mr. Herbert makes Hannibal the first among generals — above all Greek, above all Roman fame — *maestro di lor che pugnano.* Hannibal, indeed, stands up, the most austerely warlike figure in all antiquity — uniting in himself the deliberateness of the Roman " Cunctator," and the thunderbolt attributes of Scipio. But after the battle by Thrasymene's lake, in the defiles fatal to Roman rashness, Alexander would certainly have marched, confiding in his fortunes, full upon Rome, and made either a Cannæ or a Zama on the spot where Hannibal sat on horseback, before the Colline Gate, looking with his stern sole eye upon the undespairing and impregnable city. We give Mr. Herbert's description of the battle of Trebbia.

" It was now mid-winter, for neither of the belligerents had thought of going into winter quarters — Hannibal, from the imminent necessity

of striking quickly and decisively, and the Romans, from the impossibility of suffering him to keep the field unwatched. Even now, the climate of the plains at the foot of the Alps, included in the districts of Lombardy and Piedmont, is severe and inclement in the winter season; but in those times, when the country lay in great part uncleared and covered with primitive forest, it was far more tempestuous and cold than at present.

"The Trebbia, swollen with snow-water, ice-cold from the frozen Apennines, ran now a breast-high torrent, though in the summer droughts its pebbly bed might be crossed almost dry-shod. Across this paralyzing stream Sempronius suffered Hannibal to allure him, on a wild morning, with flying sleet storms and snow gusts, by a false attack and feigned retreat, to his own side of the river; and that, too, without allowing his men to breakfast; while the Carthaginians, expectant of what was to come, had fed heartily, and armed themselves in their tents by blazing fires. In addition to this advantage, an ambuscade of two thousand horse and foot had been concealed, under Mago's command, in an old watercourse covered with brushwood and coppice, which Sempronius, negligently or disdainfully, left in his rear, as he hurried on to attack the enemy, who had drawn out from their camp, and formed line of battle, facing the river, to oppose him.

"The order of battle was simple, and on both sides the same; indeed, it was the only order then in use, the centre being formed of the heavy infantry, covered by their light troops and skirmishers, with the cavalry on either flank. So far as I can observe, this form was rarely deviated from by the ancient military nations; the cavalry were invariably directed against cavalry; and, after an equestrian combat, which generally terminated in the chase of one party for miles, perhaps leagues, from the field by the other, a second engagement followed between the solid infantry, which often led to the occurrence of drawn battle. The same defect of strategy is observable in all Prince Rupert's fighting, during the English civil war, who, in four or five different pitched battles, had he wheeled on the flanks and rear of the Parliamentarian foot, after scattering their horse by his headlong charge, would have terminated the war at a blow. Hannibal, who made more use of his cavalry arm than any other general of antiquity, never appears to have attacked infantry in front with horse, or even in flank, until the enemy's cavalry were in flight; and yet, the Roman foot — as foot, the best undoubtedly in the world — were, from their armature of heavy missile javelins and short stabbing swords, not differing much from the larger bowie knife, peculiarly unfitted to resist the charge of cavalry, which their loose and open order was calculated to invite.

"The result of this battle was as must be foreseen from the preceding events which led to it. In the fight itself, there was little strategy; the great abilities of Hannibal had been displayed in the manœuvres by which he compelled the enemy to deliver battle, and then induced him to deliver it at disadvantage, and on ground selected by his enemy. The rest he left to his soldiers, confident that they would do their work to his satisfaction; nor was his confidence disappointed. He was, moreover, in the open field, greatly superior to his enemy, even without taking the exhaustion and ill plight of the legionaries into consideration, who fought wet to the skin, chilled, and fasting, against men full-fed, fresh, and warm from their recent camp-fires. His cavalry, ten thousand strong, six thousand of whom were incomparable African cuirassiers and Numidians, could not be checked by the feeble legionary cavalry of four thousand, for a single instant. The Balearian slingers and African archery were as much superior to the Roman light troops, who fought only with slender javelins; the Italians never having been famous for the use of the bow. The velites of Sempronius, therefore, were driven in upon the legionaries at the first onset, and passed through the intervals of the Manipules to the rear, while the cavalry were scattered, as by a thunderbolt, on both wings simultaneously, by the Carthaginian elephants and horsemen. The soldierly qualities of the Roman foot did not fail them in this emergency — in fact, never did fail them throughout the war, for when opposed to foot they were never beaten — for they maintained the fight, exhausted as they were, with advantage, until Maharbal, whom Arnold styles, not unjustly, 'the best cavalry officer of the first cavalry service in the world,' leaving the pursuit of the flying horse to his Numidians, unequalled in such operations, thundered on both their flanks with his elephants and cuirassiers, and, to complete the whole, Mago, bursting from his ambush, broke down upon their rear, horse and foot, pell-mell, and pierced them through and through. The legions of the centre, still undismayed and unbroken, cut their way straight through the African foot before them and reached Placentia in safety, though the whole Carthaginian army was interposed; the rest were slaughtered ruthlessly and unremittingly, according to the usages of ancient warfare, until the ice-cold waters of the Trebbia checked the pursuit of the victors, and saved the residue from slaughter. During the same night, Scipio, with the shattered relics of the army, re-crossed the Trebbia, and joined his colleague in Placentia; whence in a few days they retreated separately, Scipio on Rimini, Sempronius across the Apennines into Etruria, leaving Hannibal, at the close of his first short

campaign, the master of all Cisalpine Gaul, or, in other words, of all Italy, north of the Apennines." pp. 343 – 350.

In this work, the Greek orthography of Grote is adopted — an innovation, or restoration, the propriety of which is very questionable. The earliest European knowledge of Greece and her writers was filtered through the more generally known literature of Rome; and, in this way, the *ch*, the *c*, the *us*, and the diphthongs *æ* and *œ*, (not to mention some more important variations,) were substituted for the *k*, the *ai*, and *os* of the Greeks. These Latinized forms, by long use, are now incorporated into the very framework of our language, and cannot be weeded out of our literature. If we discard Hercules for Herakles, the epithet *herculean* must, in consistency, be also given up; and there are many similar cases. Jupiter, Vulcan, Mercury, Minerva, Juno, Ceres, are familiar names to all English readers; while not one in a hundred of these readers knows a syllable of Greek, or has any acquaintance with Zeus, Hephaistos, Hermes, Athene, Here, or Demeter. Must we mangle the verse of Shakspeare and Milton, in a laboriously pedantic effort to make them speak better Greek? Then let us be bravely consistent, and restore the Anglo-Saxon orthography, resolving our noble mother tongue into a piebald jargon, which an Adelung or a Mezzofanti would find it difficult to understand. Many of Mr. Grote's pages are nearly unintelligible to one who has not a very vivid recollection of the little Greek which he picked up in college. As for ordinary readers, after ransacking their English dictionaries in vain for such words as *metic*, *hegemony*, *kleruch*, *dikastery*, *œkist*, *hermokopid*, *autonomy*, and a host of others, they give up in despair the attempt to follow an author who is too learned to write English. If, occasionally, one of these forms be introduced for the sake of brevity, variety, or vivacity, as has been done in this article, let the stranger be stigmatized by Italics as an alien.

The style of the work is very animated, with a certain picturesque power of phrase which gives great effect to the narrative. But in many places, the apparent rapidity of composition has left it somewhat involved and incorrect, obliging

the reader to pause and turn back, which — particularly in the heat and crisis of a military evolution or charge — is, it must be allowed, vexatious enough. One would say, that, at times, the writer thinks he is in a fight, and holds a battle-axe instead of a pen, he enjoys the shock of arms in such a soldierly way! He has a soul for the archaic poetry of war and heroic verse; which is demonstrated in his vigorous and glowing translation of Æschylus, and is not less visible in the engravings, done after his own cunning pencil, which ornament his book, and heighten the effect of the text by the testimony of "the faithful eyes" of the reader.

ART. III. — 1. *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform: — chiefly from the Edinburgh Review, corrected, vindicated, enlarged, in Notes and Appendices.* By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. London: Longmans. 1852. 8vo. pp. 758.

2. *The Works of* THOMAS REID, D. D., *now fully collected, with Selections from his Unpublished Letters. Preface, Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations*, by SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Advocate, Master of Arts (Oxford), etc.; of the Institute of France, the Latin Society of Jena, and many other Literary Bodies, Foreign and British; Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. *Text collated and revised, Useful Distinctions inserted, Leading Words and Propositions marked out, Allusions indicated, Quotations filled up. Prefixed, Stewart's Account of the Life and Writings of Reid, with Notes by the Editor. Copious Indices subjoined.* Edinburgh: Maclachlan, Stewart, & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 914.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, as an author, is not so well known as he should be, out of Scotland, though the list of honors appended to his name on the second title-page here transcribed, is enough to prove that his merits are fully recognized by the learned. With all his marvellous acquirements and

qualifications, he is singularly deficient in the art of making a book. His gifts are, eminently, those of a critic; he either cannot, or will not, expound his own thought, except while commenting on the thoughts of others. As a critic and a controversialist, however, he is, perhaps, the most formidable person in Europe. His erudition is so extensive and profound, as to be somewhat oppressive; but this load of learning, under which a common man would be extinguished as effectually as Goose Gibbie was in the moss-trooper's helmet, seems only to add keenness and force to his offensive weapons. It is used by him, not in Dugald Stewart's manner, to overlay his thought with the pleasant shows of literature, but to buttress his assertions and vindicate his logic. In the forest of citations, with which some of his essays are overgrown, it would be difficult to point out one which is either inappropriate or superfluous, except that, the point being already established, it might be regarded as a needless accumulation of evidence. Some of his articles are as great curiosities in their way as the famous Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris, by Dr. Bentley,— to whom, by the bye, in some striking points of character, Sir William Hamilton bears no small resemblance. He is equally keen and merciless in detecting the blunders of his opponents, and quite as pungent and effective in the epithets with which he brands their short-comings and their errors. We will not say, that, like Bentley, he has a natural liking for these gladiatorial contests, and is ever ready to answer a challenge or provoke a fight on some matter of recondite learning, or some dispute about the management of a college. But, in view of his original and ingenious criticisms upon the leading principles of logic and metaphysics, of his learned contributions to the history of philosophy, and of his admirable essays upon university education, we may be permitted to regret that any thing of merely personal and temporary interest should have been allowed to divert his time and attention from them, so that they now appear only in a form which he would himself designate as fragmentary and incomplete. The editor of Dr. Reid is himself in great need of an editor; or rather, he should have had some person at his elbow to perform for him the

same service which Dumont rendered to Jeremy Bentham. With all his learning and acuteness, with a style almost unrivalled for conciseness, precision, and force, and with wonderful clearness of thought in evolving the gist of other people's ideas or expounding his own, he is wofully deficient in that very low but very necessary art, — the art of book-making. In these days, when the art of book-making seems about the only portion of the trade of authorship which is thoroughly understood, it is ludicrous to meet with a volume like this edition of Reid, — a stout octavo of nearly a thousand pages in double columns and fine print, — bristling with erudition, concise in expression, and rich in thought, and yet so imperfectly put together that one cannot read twenty pages understandingly without painfully ransacking other portions of the volume — the promised "copious indices" being yet unpublished — and which was so hurried through the press that the last page ends, not only in the middle of a paragraph, but absolutely in the midst of a sentence. The very title-page of the book, as we have copied it at length, is a bibliographical curiosity.

No wonder, then, that the professional critics, who are supposed to live only by skimming other people's milk, have not seen fit to meddle with such a publication. It has not been formally reviewed, we believe, in any of the leading journals of Great Britain, though it has been before the public six years. There is no such thing as reading Sir William Hamilton's books superficially; one might as well attempt to skim Euclid, or the *Mécanique Céleste*. The fragmentary form in which his writings have appeared is doubly unfortunate, because his turn of thought is so rigidly logical and systematic. No one is more capable of rounding off his speculations into a system or connected whole; yet no eminent thinker has accomplished less in this respect, so far as the form of his publications is concerned. His own doctrines have been explained and illustrated only while he was engaged in commenting upon the doctrines of others; they are vindicated more by refuting all the opinions with which they come in conflict, than by an array of argument or evidence tending directly to their support. Of course, the validity of

this proceeding depends on the completeness of the previous enumeration and survey of the other systems which have been proposed, or may be conceived as possible. The mathematical process of *exhaustion* is usually held to be exclusively mathematical, because the narrowness and severe method of the science of pure quantity allow all the possible solutions of the problem to be brought together in a single view, and all but one being eliminated by demonstrative reasoning, the truth of that one is established. But Hamilton has successfully applied this form of reasoning to metaphysical subjects, being admirably qualified for it by his immense erudition, and the singular accuracy and neatness with which he states a problem, so that all the suppositions which can be framed respecting it may be confronted with each other, and their relative merit be determined. His statement and definition of the four fundamental forms to which all theories respecting the Absolute and the Infinite can be reduced, of the six "possible and actual" systems of the philosophy of perception, and of the seven hypotheses that have been framed to account for the judgment of causality, are masterpieces of brevity, clearness, and precision. But his own opinion is thus left to stand in juxtaposition and contrast with the opinions of other philosophers, or, in reference to himself, as an isolated doctrine upon one particular subject; it is not seen in connection and harmony with the rest of his philosophy, of which it is but a fragment. All his publications being occasional in origin and critical in form, these parts or fragments, though perfectly consistent, and having indeed a secret tie of connection and interdependence, have never been brought together, and framed into one whole. He has only given us the stones out of which an arch can be framed, without troubling himself to put them together. The Supplementary Dissertations to Reid, as we have said, are unfinished; each of his contributions to the Edinburgh Review upon metaphysical subjects contains the germs of his whole theory; but they are so imperfectly developed, that no hand but his own can expand them into a uniform system.

To the edition of Dr. Reid's writings, which was published in 1846, was appended an advertisement of two works then

"preparing for publication by Sir William Hamilton." The first was an "Essay towards a New Analytic of Logical Forms," intended to be a full exposition of the additions which he claims to have made to Aristotle's doctrine of the syllogism, whereby the theory is simplified and completed; the second was entitled "Contributions towards a true history of Luther and the Lutherans," being essentially a rejoinder to Archdeacon Hare, who had somewhat fiercely attacked Sir William for a few sharp observations, incidentally made in the Edinburgh Review, upon the character of the great Reformer. Even these announcements or promises were probably extorted from him by two controversies in which he was involved, — the one, as indicated, with Dr. Hare, and the other with the distinguished mathematician, Mr. De Morgan, respecting the priority and validity of certain discoveries, claimed by both, in the science of logic. But the announcements have not been fulfilled, and are not likely to be; from a failure of health or inclination, or from an invincible repugnance to the idea of making an independent book, he has been obliged to turn commentator upon his own occasional writings. Portions of the supplemental matter attached to the work first named at the head of this article seem designed to take the place of both the promised publications. Some very learned and truculent notes to the offensive passage originally inserted in the Edinburgh Review is his only reply to Dr. Hare; and an Appendix, "Of syllogism, its kinds, canons, notations, etc.," contains his rejoinder to Professor De Morgan. We shall not meddle with either of these controversies, and have only alluded to them as curious illustrations of the writer's reluctance to make a book, or to publish any of his speculations complete in form and detail. We put aside, also, all that relates to logic, for within our narrow limits, the subject could hardly be made interesting, or even intelligible. A brief consideration of some of his metaphysical doctrines, with a rapid glance at what he has written upon university education, with especial reference to Oxford, is all that we shall attempt.

On the very threshold of psychological or metaphysical inquiry, almost the first question which suggests itself is that

which concerns the existence of an external world, and the means by which we obtain our belief or knowledge that it exists. The phenomena of dreaming, which often exactly repeat or counterfeit our waking experience, are enough to suggest the possibility, at least, that this waking experience, also, may be deceitful, and the objects represented in it may be counterfeit. Perhaps these phenomena, also, first suggested the doctrine which, till the time of Reid, was generally accepted by the philosophers, that the mind does not take cognizance of external things themselves, but only of their images, shadows, or impressions on the brain. The maxim, that nothing can act but where it is, seems almost to compel us to believe, that the thinking being can perceive nothing with which it is not actually in contact, and that, in its narrow seat within the recesses of our mortal frame,— be it in the brain, or elsewhere, — it can *know* only the images or impressions which are brought to it through the senses, and, from these, it can only *infer* the real existence of the outward objects which the ideas or images represent. The system of idealism, or of disbelief in the reality of outward things, which is naturally suggested by these considerations, is neither extravagant nor absurd. It cannot be confuted by the Johnsonian argument of striking one's foot against a stone, and it does not expose the adherent of it to the imputation of inconsistency for turning out of the direct path in order to avoid an obstacle, or for taking good care to avoid a fire or a precipice. The idealist admits that *the ideas* are real, and that we are as intimately concerned with them as if they truly represented outward objects; he believes, also, that they follow each other according to the usual sequences of cause and effect, and are governed throughout by laws as invariable, and as easily ascertained, as those which the realist attributes to the external universe. Admit, that the precipice and the fire do not actually exist; still, if we are sure that the mere imagination of falling over the one or being burned by the other will be followed by the feeling or sensation of exquisite pain, we may reasonably so guard our conduct as to prevent this imagination or idea from coming into our minds. It is not pleasant merely to dream of some great calamity; and he

who is apt to have such dreams may reasonably take what precautions he can against their recurrence, though he knows the calamity to be a mere figment of the brain.

Reasoning in this manner, the idealist further denies that his system is either sceptical in itself, or that it naturally leads to scepticism. It leaves human conduct to be regulated precisely as it would be upon the realist hypothesis. It disturbs neither our memories nor our anticipations; and it elevates and spiritualizes our existence. It cuts up materialism by the roots; and as it does away with the chief difficulties which ordinary minds find in admitting the doctrines of the being of a God and the immortality of the soul, it offers a broad and sure basis for religious truth. It was for these reasons that the most distinguished advocate of idealism in modern times, Bishop Berkeley, espoused the system so warmly, and defended it with so much acuteness. There can be no doubt that he was a thorough convert to it; he accepted it, not merely as ingenious philosophical speculation, but as a fact, — as the only true view of the phenomena of our nature, and the government of God.

But whatever force there may be in the arguments which were so convincing to him, it was found, practically, that the system *did* lead to scepticism. By taking away the grounds of a belief which is both natural and universal, and which cannot, at first, be even doubted without a severe exercise of thought, it shook men's faith in all those primary truths which are at once the basis of their knowledge and the guides of their conduct. It *seemed* to throw distrust on the evidence of the senses, as it really invalidated the spontaneous conclusions which every man inevitably forms from that evidence. If a main pillar of the edifice could be so easily shaken, why might not the whole fabric be thrown down? Hume attempted to answer this question. Beginning where Berkeley began, he proceeded much farther, and left unassailed hardly one article of human faith. He denied the reality, not only of the object perceived, but of the mind perceiving. He reduced all thinking existence to a succession of rapidly fleeting ideas, each one being known only at the instant of its manifestation to consciousness, and then fading away, leaving no

surely recognizable trace of itself on the memory, and affording no ground for an anticipation of the future. We do not even know, he maintains, that any one thing depends upon another in the relation of an effect to its cause. We know no true cause whatever; and our only idea of power is a fiction and a blunder. The conclusion of the whole matter, according to his philosophy, is, not the mere negation of this or that positive belief, but universal distrust of the human faculties, considered as means for the acquisition of truth. They contradict each other, and leave nothing certain except that nothing can be known.

Against scepticism so sweeping as this, a reaction was inevitable, and it speedily came. The Scotch philosophers, with Reid at their head, appealed to common sense, as the only means of rescue from speculative vagaries and delusions. The appeal was successful, but the sceptics denied that the question had been referred to a competent tribunal; they said they had been voted down, but that their arguments had not been confuted. Hume always admitted that the common belief was invincible; but he maintained that it rested on no sure foundation — that it was, in fact, not only baseless, but contradictory. His conclusion was, that human nature compels us to believe what the reason rejects, so that we are necessarily involved in a contradiction, and are slaves to error. It was not so much the truth itself, as the competency of our faculties to discover truth, which he impeached. Philosophical scepticism, therefore, cannot be refuted by an appeal to common sense, until it is proved that this authority has jurisdiction in the case, or is competent to decide the question. Thus the issue was changed, and the Scotch philosophers were compelled to make it their chief object to legitimate the argument from common sense, and to prove that it was strictly philosophical and scientific. One of Sir William Hamilton's Supplementary Dissertations is devoted to this subject, and is certainly the most elaborate and thorough discussion of it which has yet appeared.

The sceptic, as well as the believer, is bound to admit, that there are certain primary truths, on which all reasoning is founded, and to which it can all be traced back; otherwise,

he has no starting-point for his argument, and his whole proceeding is null. Foremost among these truths are the facts of consciousness, which we cannot doubt, because that doubt itself, being an affection of mind, can be known only so far as we are conscious of it. It would be suicidal, on the part of any philosophy, to call in question the real existence of those sensations, emotions, and thoughts, of which at each instant the philosopher himself is conscious, and on which he builds his system, whatever it may be. Hume, therefore, who doubted every thing else, admitted the reality of these mental states, limiting each, however, to the instant of its manifestation. The testimony of consciousness is to be strictly confined to what occurs within its own province; it is good evidence as to the reality and the character of the mental phenomenon, but not to any outward fact which that phenomenon is supposed to represent. It evinces, for instance, *the reality* of our belief in the existence of an external universe; but it does not prove the *correctness* of that belief. With this exception, however, it is a good witness as to the character or nature of that belief; it comprehends the whole psychological phenomenon, but nothing beyond it.

What, then, is its testimony respecting our perception of outward things? It is, that *this perception is immediate*, or, in other words, that we take cognizance of the external object itself, and not merely of an idea, image, or mental representation of that object. How such a perception is possible — how the mind can, as it seems, go beyond itself, and acquire immediate knowledge of what is foreign to its own being, without the intervention of something else, we cannot understand; this problem is beyond the reach of the human faculties. But it would be the grossest presumption to argue that a thing is not, because we do not see *how* it is — to deny the fact, because we cannot comprehend the mode, of its existence. Of the fact, we are certain, for it is a phenomenon within the sphere of consciousness, and that faculty testifies distinctly as to its existence, and as to its character, — namely, that it is immediate, or that we perceive the thing itself, and not merely its representative. The sceptic cannot reject the evidence of consciousness in this case, because he is obliged to

admit it in every other, and to discredit it in a single instance would be to stultify his whole argument. He may still argue, it is true, that, for all we know, the object of which we have this immediate perception is an illusion and cheat; for it is not pretended that consciousness takes any note of the object itself, but only of the manner in which it is made known to us. It testifies not that the object is real, but that the perception of it is immediate, or that it does not take place by means of a representative image. The distinct exposition of this truth, — the immediateness of our knowledge of external things, — and the consequent refutation of the ideal or representative theory, is the great service which Dr. Reid has rendered to philosophy.

How far this fact goes towards establishing the correctness of our belief of the existence of an outward universe, is very clearly and forcibly shown by Sir William Hamilton.

"In the act of sensible perception, I am conscious of two things; — of *myself* as the *perceiving subject*, and of an *external reality*, in relation with my sense, as the *object perceived*. Of the existence of both these things I am convinced: because I am conscious of knowing each of them, not mediately, in something else, *as represented*, but immediately, in itself, *as existing*. Of their mutual independence I am no less convinced; because each is apprehended equally, and at once, in the same indivisible energy, the one not preceding or determining, the other not following or determined; and because each is apprehended out of, and in direct contrast to, the other." p. 747.

This is a brief exposition of what is usually called the argument from common sense for the existence of things without us. The substance of the argument is Reid's; the limitations of it, the nice distinctions which it involves, and the carefully guarded and precise manner in which it is stated, are Hamilton's. In its present form, it is certainly very far from an appeal to popular prejudice; nothing more rigidly scientific and exact can be found in the whole compass of metaphysical reasoning. That it is susceptible of abuse must be admitted; it is an appeal to the common understanding, the universal consciousness, of mankind, in order to clear a question of the needless subtleties with which it had been perplexed. Reid himself stated it very loosely; Brown

misconceived it altogether. But when kept within its proper limits, it is authoritative and legitimate. We do not say, that, properly speaking, it is a *proof*, or demonstration, that the outward world exists; for such proof the human faculties are not competent to give. No matter of fact can be demonstrated; only the relations of ideas, and abstract propositions — things which can be perfectly apprehended in themselves — are susceptible of this kind of reasoning. But the reality of outward nature is sufficiently established when our immediate knowledge of it is placed upon the same basis with our consciousness of our own existence. Then, it cannot be *dis*proved; and this is all, in our dealings with the sceptic, that we require. "The argument from common sense," says Sir William, "is of principal importance in reference to the class of contingent truths. The others, from their converse being absolutely incogitable, sufficiently guard themselves."

The question, whether any thing really exists out of the mind which perceives it, is here taken, it should be observed, only as a capital instance, or instructive example, of the application of the argument from common sense. Our author's chief purpose is to vindicate the legitimacy of this argument as one means for the discovery of truth; to show how far, and under what conditions, it is applicable; to point out its essential characteristics; and to prove, "by a chronological series of testimonies, from the dawn of speculation to the present day," that it has been generally recognized by philosophers both in reality and in name. We cannot follow him in the consideration of this broad subject; most of his conclusions may be anticipated, or deduced, from the example that has been given. The common objection, that this argument takes away the decision of a scientific question from the judgment of philosophers, and accords it to the verdict of the vulgar, is thus admirably answered.

"The first problem of Philosophy — and it is one of no easy accomplishment — being to seek out, purify, and establish, by intellectual analysis and criticism, the elementary feelings or beliefs, in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession; and the argument from common sense being the allegation of these feelings or beliefs as explicated and ascertained, in proof of the relative truths and

their necessary consequences; — this argument is manifestly dependent on philosophy, as an art, as an acquired dexterity, and cannot, notwithstanding the errors which they have so frequently committed, be taken out of the hands of the philosophers. Common Sense is like Common Law. Each may be laid down as the general rule of decision; but in the one case it must be left to the jurist, in the other to the philosopher, to ascertain what are the contents of the rule; and though in both instances the common man may be cited as a witness, for the custom or the fact, in neither can he be allowed to officiate as advocate or as judge." p. 752.

The argument from common sense, or the testimony of consciousness, (for they mean the same thing,) must be universally accepted, or universally rejected. If competent to prove any thing, it must be competent to prove every thing that comes within its scope. For the truths or facts which depend upon it are simple and primitive; and they depend upon nothing else. They cannot be proved by reasoning, and they rest upon no other evidence. When there is but one witness, his testimony must be unimpeachable in every respect, and upon all particulars; *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.* For this reason, Hamilton maintains that Dr. Thomas Brown's theory of perception is contradictory and absurd, inasmuch as it denies that we have any *immediate* perception of external things, herein rejecting the testimony of consciousness, and still bases the fact of their existence upon the universal belief of mankind, such belief resting on no other ground than what he has just refused to accept. For this reason, also, there is peculiar pertinency in our author's attempt to bring together the various appellations by which the principles of common sense have been designated, and in the series of quotations from the philosophers of all ages, in which the paramount authority of these principles is directly recognized. This work is performed with astonishing erudition and acuteness, the authors cited being the highest names in the history of philosophy, the quotations being apposite, and the commentary which accompanies them, though concise, is singularly complete and instructive. It is well to know, that the most profound philosophy is, in some of its most important results, identical with the plainest common sense, and that this has

always been acknowledged by the philosophers in general terms, however the interests of their respective theories may have led them to question it in a particular case.

It is an obvious corollary from the doctrine already stated, that all our knowledge must be either immediate and intuitive, or mediate and representative. We know either an object itself, or its image and representative, — the action of the mind in the former case being single and direct, while in the latter it is complex and indirect. Sir William Hamilton's second Supplementary Dissertation is intended to illustrate this distinction. Consciousness is the medium through which all knowledge is presented to us. If we are studying the phenomena of our own minds, with regard only to their actual condition and present existence, and without reference to any other object or idea which they are believed to represent, then our knowledge of them is intuitive, or, as our author prefers to say, presentative. But if the mental phenomenon be an act of memory or imagination, then it is considered mainly with reference to something past, or to something merely possible, but not real, which it represents. Even in this case, however, we have an intuitive knowledge of the mental phenomenon itself, and of its representative character, — the latter being as strongly marked and distinct as the former. The conclusion is, that cognitions which are intuitive are as clearly distinguished by consciousness from those which are merely representative, as feelings are from judgments, or sensations from volitions. Consequently, the assumption that mediate or representative knowledge can simulate an intuitive character, is perfectly gratuitous; the testimony of consciousness, which is the highest ground of certainty, is impeached by a blank hypothesis. It is no more reasonable to deny the immediateness of our perception of outward things, than to affirm that acts of memory are not even believed to represent some past occurrence or thought.

It is not pretended that our intuitive knowledge of the object of perception is a complete knowledge. We know it directly, but imperfectly. Nay, in one important respect, we do not know it at all; matter, or substance itself, is not cognizable by us, except as the unknown seat of certain qualities

or attributes, which are manifested to sense. Any particular body appears to us only as *something* which is extended, figured, colored, movable, hard or soft; what that something is, we cannot tell. And further, a distinction must be made among its sensible qualities, some of them being merely names for certain sensations, which exist only as they are felt, though they are referred to the body that causes them; while others are conceived to belong necessarily to the constitution of the body which is perceived, without reference to our mode of viewing it. The latter may be called the *essential*, the former are only the *accidental*, qualities of matter; but they have been commonly designated as Primary and Secondary qualities. Any given substance is capable of exciting in us a variety of sensations, some of which are so clearly referable to the constitution of the person receiving them that we never think of considering them as qualities of the outward object; they vary with different individuals, and with the same individual at different times. They are effects produced on our nervous organization by certain properties of the outward body which we know but imperfectly, or not at all. Others *seem* to belong to the object, inasmuch as we find it difficult or impossible to represent or image that object without them; but a little reflection satisfies us, that, at least in the form in which they are manifested to us, they are affections of the senses and the percipient mind, proceeding from some peculiarities of the thing perceived, the operations of which we can but obscurely conjecture. Others, again, necessarily belong to the object, as we are convinced both from the mode in which they are perceived, and from the fact that they are essential to our notion of any material substance, for, being abstracted, nothing is left.

This distinction of the real from the apparent, or of the objective from the subjective, properties of matter, was recognized by philosophers at an early day, though Descartes and Locke usually have the credit of having first expounded it at length, and with considerable precision. Most subsequent writers have simply borrowed it from them, without attempting to explain the distinction any farther, or to render the classification complete, so that all the properties of matter

should be arranged under one head or the other. Some attributes have remained in dispute, whether they should be considered as primary or secondary, the principle of distinction not being clearly defined. This omission to complete the work is the more remarkable on the part of Reid and his followers, since, upon their doctrine of immediate perception, outward things are known to us as they really exist, and therefore we ought to be able sharply to distinguish those qualities which are really inherent in them from those which are merely reflected back upon them by the effects produced on our senses. Hamilton has attempted to supply this defect; and the classification which he offers is certainly more precise and complete, whatever may be thought of its correctness, than any which preceded it.

He differs from other philosophers, first, by proposing three classes instead of two, calling them respectively Primary, Secundo-primary, and Secondary. Under the first head are ranked those qualities which are *essential* to our notion of body, any one of which being abstracted, the notion itself disappears, or body becomes incogitable. These may all be deduced from the single property of *occupying space*, or rather from the two elements which this notion includes, — first, of *geometrical solidity*, or a threefold extension in length, breadth, and depth, and second, of *physical solidity*, or impenetrability, the property of excluding any other body from the space thus occupied. As these two qualities are viewed in different aspects or relations, six others may be deduced from them *a priori*, by a necessity of thought, or without any further empirical knowledge of the object. Thus, geometrical extension, if limited or definite, as it must be in the case of any particular body, obviously implies *divisibility*, *size*, and *shape* or *figure;* and the physical quality of solidity or impenetrability implies *mobility* and *position*. From *size* again, (if we think of the quantity of space occupied in relation with the quantity of matter occupying,) we have the additional attribute of *density* or *rarity*. We have eight qualities, then, which are rightly called Primary, since they must belong to the object as it exists, and not merely as it is perceived.

The Secundo-primary qualities may all be comprised under

the single category of *resistance*, or *pressure;* they are only forms of measurable or superable resistance to displacement. They may be deduced from the three leading properties of *attraction* (comprising gravitation and cohesion,) *repulsion*, and *inertia*. According as bodies are compared with each other in these three respects, they are distinguished as heavy or light, hard or soft, brittle or tough, elastic or inelastic, movable or immovable, &c.; — a complete list would evidently be a long one. They are not Primary qualities, because they are not essential to our notion of body, which can evidently be conceived without them. On the other hand, they are not Secondary, because they suppose the Primary qualities, and are therefore objective attributes, or real properties of the thing as it exists; they are not imputed sensations, or qualities reflected from mind upon external nature. As accidental, and yet objective, they are termed Secundo-primary.

But Secondary qualities are true subjective affections, and are no farther inherent in the external object than as this is so constituted as to affect our nervous organization in one way rather than another. Certain cutaneous sensations are produced when a foreign body is brought in contact with the skin, such as sneezing, titillation, and shuddering, which we never think of attributing to the body, except as contact with it is the cause of them. In like manner, pleasure and pain are properly limited to the percipient subject affected by them, and are not projected, as it were, beyond consciousness. A little reflection shows that the case is precisely similar with the proper affections of the several senses, such as colors, sounds, tastes, and smells. The nervous organization of the eye, ear, or nose, — not the specific qualities of the stimulus which is applied to it, — determines the character of the sensation. Any kind of stimulus, if powerful enough, calls forth from the affected nerve its one peculiar sensation, — sometimes momentary, sometimes continuing long after the object or cause is withdrawn. A blow on the eye, or even on the back part of the head, may give as vivid a sensation of light as sudden exposure to the sun. Diseased nerves may call up many of these sensations, without the presence of any external stimulus. These Secondary qualities being very nu-

merous, and most of those which belong to the same class being shaded into each other by imperceptible degrees, an enumeration of them is unnecessary.

We cannot dwell longer on these Dissertations supplementary to Reid. Our sketch of them, though exceedingly imperfect, is enough to show that they form a curious and important addition both to the history and the theory of mental science. They relate almost exclusively to the philosophy of perception, a Dissertation upon the doctrine of mental suggestion or association being left unfinished. For the author's views upon the other great questions in philosophy, we must look to the republication of his articles from the Edinburgh Review, with its copious appendices and notes, the new matter being about half as much as the old. These articles, on their first appearance, attracted much notice, especially on the Continent of Europe, where they were translated into French, German, and Italian, and made the subject of considerable commentary. In this country, also, they have not passed without remark by the few who have given any attention to metaphysical science. This notice was the more complimentary, inasmuch as Sir William had not courted it by arraying his speculations in any attractive garb. His style is vigorous and expressive, but void of ornament; the sentences are packed with meaning, and the argument expressed almost with algebraic conciseness, so that a painful effort of attention is needed to follow the train of thought. The numerous divisions of the theme often reduce it to the dryness of a catalogue, and the frequent use of technicalities gives the page a forbidding appearance. But in spite of this rugged manner, the writer's strong grasp of the subject, and comprehensive exposition of it, united with his clearness of thought and vigor of reasoning, enforce the attention of the reader, though they may not always command his assent.

Of the sixteen essays here reprinted, six are devoted to philosophy, eight to education, and only two to general literature. The first appendix, or Supplementary Dissertation, now first published, gives a very brief sketch of the fundamental points of the writer's system of philosophy, which he calls the philosophy of the Conditioned, in distinction from that of the Ab-

solute. The scheme is a very bold one, as it professes to give an alphabet of thought, or a complete list of the conditions under which alone thought is possible. Its conclusion is an avowal, not of scepticism, but of ignorance and impotency. We *must* believe what we cannot understand, and cannot represent in thought, even as possible. But a sharp distinction is taken between what is impossible in itself, or from the nature of things, and what is impossible only to thought. The latter we may be compelled to accept as a fact, without finding ourselves thereby involved in a contradiction. Thus, there may be two contradictory propositions, one of which, under the rule of excluded middle, must be true; yet the truth of either is absolutely inconceivable, because they both transcend the conditions under which alone thought is possible. Of pure space, for instance, we cannot represent to ourselves either the absolute limitation or the infinite extension. Place the boundary of space where we may, even in thought, we cannot help recognizing the possibility of extending it farther. On the other hand, the infinite in extension equally passes the bounds of our faculties; if we attempt to construe it in thought, it becomes either the indefinite or the finite. Yet, of these two contradictory propositions, one must be true, either that space has a limit, or it has not. One of them must be accepted, though both are incogitable.

Without attempting to follow Sir William Hamilton in his attempted enumeration of all the conditions of thought, which could not be done without borrowing his language, we will consider only, as an illustration of his doctrine, the application which he has himself made of it, to the problem respecting the principle of causation. The problem may be thus stated: Every change, every phenomenon which begins to exist, compels us to believe it had a cause, — some agency or power in action which determined it to be. This is not a particular judgment, or one founded on experience; — in fact, experience, (so far, at least, as the outer world is concerned,) does not make known to us a single true cause. It shows only a succession of events, but nowhere reveals the link which binds them together, or their necessary dependence, one upon another. Yet we unhesitatingly affirm of every event, that

it must have a cause, or that it could not take place without some determining agency. Why do we so affirm? What is the ground for this judgment, thus imposed upon us by the very constitution of our nature, that nothing can begin to be without a cause?

According to our author, seven different answers may be, and actually have been, proposed to this question. Four of these are based on experience, or affirm that the causal judgment is acquired, being derived from observation, either of outward events, or of the phenomena of our own minds; the other three regard it as an *a priori* cognition, or law of thought. The *first* opinion, that we are able to detect the efficient causes which govern the succession of events, even in the outer world, the true *nexus* or bond of union between the phenomenon and its cause being exposed to our observation, though it continues to be the belief of the vulgar, is now generally abandoned by the learned. It was rejected even in our statement of the problem, so that we need not dwell upon it here. The *second* opinion, which refers the judgment of causation to our mental experience, or to consciousness of the power of volition over our acts, is rejected by Sir William Hamilton, but, as we maintain, for insufficient reasons. The discussion may be postponed, however, till we have considered the other theories, one of which he adopts. The *third* explanation of the phenomenon refers it to induction, and affirms that we obtain our knowledge of causation in the same way by which we trace out other recondite laws of nature. We have repeatedly observed that two events happen in immediate connection with each other; we have never observed the one except in its union with the other. We infer, then, that they are necessarily connected with each other; and farther observation bringing to view a multitude of such instances, we generalize the fact into a law of nature. But this theory is logically absurd, because more is collected in the conclusion than was distributed in the premises. We cannot affirm, on any occasion, that *all must be*, because *some are*. On this theory, it would be perfectly competent for us to say, that an event which happens to have remained as yet unobserved by us, *may* take place without a cause. But our judgment of

causality denies this; it affirms that every phenomenon *must* have a cause. The *fourth* theory, which seeks to resolve the whole difficulty into the influence of custom or habit, amounts nearly to the same thing, and is equally unsatisfactory. "The customary never reaches, never even approaches, to the necessary. Association may explain a strong and special, but it can never explain a universal and absolutely irresistible, belief. On this theory, also, when association is recent, the causal judgment should be weak, and rise only gradually into full force, as custom becomes inveterate. But we do not find that this judgment is feebler in the young, and stronger in the old."

All the theories which are based on experience being thus adjudged insufficient, let us examine those which give an *a priori* origin to our idea of cause, or resolve it into a law of our mental constitution. The first of these, or the *fifth* theory in the full series, considers the causal judgment as a primary revelation to the intellect, or an ultimate principle, the genesis of which does not admit of explanation. This opinion is adopted by Reid, Kant, Stewart, and Cousin; and it is now more generally received than any other. But as ultimate principles are not to be multiplied without necessity, this theory cannot be accepted till all modes of explaining the phenomenon are proved to be unsound. We speak of *all* explanations, because, in truth, this theory is no explanation at all. It only states the fact, that the causal judgment is necessary, and asserts that it is also primitive, only because we cannot explain its origin. This opinion, moreover, is sceptical; and, in so far as it is sceptical, it is insufficient. The question is, *How* do we know that a cause is necessary for every event? and the answer, according to this theory, is, that *we do not know it*, but by a necessity of our nature, we are compelled to believe it. Whether this belief has any objective validity, whether one event is really caused by another in the way in which we are compelled to believe, is what the theory not only does not attempt to prove, but asserts to be incapable of proof. We need not dwell upon the *sixth* system, as it is only an endeavor to demonstrate by abstract reasoning, or upon the principle of contradiction, what is asserted in the causal

judgment. The attempt is vain, because our knowledge of causation is not involved or implied in any higher act of judgment or self-evident proposition, from which it can be deduced by analysis. The reasoning which would trace it to any higher principle is now universally admitted to be inconsequent.

We come, then, to Sir William Hamilton's own theory, as the *seventh* opinion that can be formed upon this difficult subject. He resolves our positive affirmation, that every event must have a cause, into a mere negation, or a result of the incompetency of the thinking faculty. We cannot conceive, we cannot even think, an absolute commencement of existence. The causal judgment is but one form of the universal maxim, *e nihilo nihil fit.* Because we cannot imagine, or in any way construe to thought, that something should be created out of nothing, whenever a new phenomenon appears, we are constrained to believe that it did really exist, prior to this manifestation of it, under other forms. "But to say that a thing previously existed under different forms, is only to say, in other words, that a thing had causes." If the event be an isolated one, — that is, if it be not observed in immediate connection with another event, or in a line of successive phenomena, — we are still compelled to imagine that it did not then really begin to be, but that it previously existed under some unknown form; that it had an occult cause. But if two events are observed in direct succession, as antecedent and consequent, we conceive that the latter is but a repetition, or in other words, an effect, of the former.

But this is only one pole of the doctrine to which we are led by the mere impotence of the thinking faculty. Not only are we unable to conceive an absolute commencement, but we cannot think out an absolute *non-commencement*, or a succession of causes and effects stretching back to infinity. The doctrine of fatalism — in the rigid form in which alone it is presented by consistent thinkers, like Spinoza and Fichte — is just as inconceivable, just as impossible to thought, as the doctrine of free-will. We are alike unable to think that the world ever had an absolute beginning, or that it never began to be.

"What is our thought of creation? It is not a thought of the mere springing of nothing into something. On the contrary, creation is conceived, and is by us conceivable, only as the evolution of existence from possibility into actuality, by the fiat of the deity. Let us place ourselves in imagination at its very crisis. Now, can we construe it to thought, that the moment after the universe flashed into material reality, into manifested being, that there was a larger complement of existence in the universe and its author together, than, the moment before, there subsisted in the deity alone? This we are unable to imagine. And what is true of our concept of creation, holds of our concept of annihilation. We can think no real annihilation, — no absolute sinking of something into nothing. But, as creation is cogitable by us, only as a putting forth of divine power, so is annihilation by us only conceivable, as a withdrawal of that same power. All that is now *actually* existent in the universe, this we think and must think, as having, prior to creation, *virtually* existed in the creator; and in imagining the universe to be annihilated, we can only conceive this, as the retractation by the deity of an overt energy into latent power. In short, it is impossible for the human mind to think what it thinks existent, lapsing into non-existence, either in time past or in time future." *Discussions.* pp. 592 – 593.

The material universe is conceived as existent in space; events take place, or exist, in time. The equal impossibility of conceiving, and of denying, the infinity of space and time, gives rise to the contradictions which Kant calls "the antinomies of pure reason." There are four such antinomies stated by Kant; each consists of two propositions contradictory of each other; and he demonstrates both. Of course, the proof of one is a demonstration of the falsity of the other; yet the other is also demonstrated to be true. Thus far, then, Hamilton's doctrine is only a repetition of Kant's; the former only changes the order of the proofs. Kant demonstrates that the contradictory propositions are both true; Hamilton demonstrates that they are both, in our apprehension of them, false, — borrowing, for this purpose, Kant's proof of the opposite doctrine. The example, which we have just given, of the application of his system to the opposite doctrines of fatalism and free-will, is one of the antinomies of the German philosopher; and the reasoning in the two cases is the same. But here the two systems diverge. These contradictions drive

Kant into sheer scepticism; he affirms that no metaphysical science is possible, and that the doctrines of ontology and speculative theology are self-contradictory and absurd. Hamilton tries to struggle out of the abyss, by converting a real negation into an apparent affirmative; by evoking a substantive *power* out of a mere *incompetency* of the intellect; by resolving our positive affirmation of a cause into our inability to conceive of any absolute beginning of existence. The two contradictory propositions are not false, but they are impossible to thought. Because they are contradictory, one of them *must* be true; but the reasoning faculty alone cannot decide *which* is true, or *how* it can be true. Some things may be possible in themselves, or may be real existences, though they are impossible to thought; in other words, what is incogitable is not necessarily non-existent. Going back to the problem or causation, he maintains that our mere consciousness of moral liberty cannot be allowed to contradict the positive law of intelligence, that nothing can absolutely begin to be, and consequently, that there can be no independent cause — no cause which is not at the same time an effect of something else. The one consciousness being just as strong as the other, there is no reason for subordinating one to the other; and if consciousness be allowed to contradict itself, all its affirmations are discredited, and we have no refuge against complete scepticism.

"But the doctrine which I propose is not obnoxious to these objections. It does not maintain that the judgment of causality is dependent on a *power* of the mind, imposing, as necessary in thought, what is necessary in the universe of existence. On the contrary, it resolves this judgment into a mere mental *impotence*, — an impotence to conceive either of two contradictories. And as the one or the other of contradictories must be true, whilst both cannot; it proves, that there is no ground for inferring a certain fact to be impossible, merely from *our inability to conceive it possible*. At the same time, if the causal judgment be not an express affirmation of mind, but only an incapacity of thinking the opposite; it follows, that *such a negative judgment cannot counterbalance the express affirmative, the unconditional testimony of consciousness, — that we are, though we know not how, the true and responsible authors of our actions*, not merely the worthless links in

an adamantine series of effects and causes. It appears to me that it is only on such a doctrine that we can philosophically vindicate the liberty of the human will, — that we can rationally assert to man — 'fatis avolsa voluntas.' *How* the will can possibly be free, must remain to us, under the present limitation of our faculties, wholly incomprehensible. We are unable to conceive an absolute commencement; we cannot, therefore, conceive a free volition. A determination by motives cannot, to our understanding, escape from necessitation. Nay, were we even to admit as true, what we cannot think as possible, still the doctrine of a motiveless volition would be only casualism; and the free acts of an indifferent, are, morally and rationally, as worthless as the pre-ordered passions of a determined, will. *How*, therefore, I repeat, moral liberty is possible in man or God, we are utterly unable speculatively to understand. But practically, the *fact*, that we are free, is given to us in the consciousness of an uncompromising law of duty, in the consciousness of our moral accountability; and this fact of liberty cannot be redargued on the ground that it is incomprehensible, for the philosophy of the conditioned proves, against the necessitarian, that things there are, which *may*, nay *must* be true, of which the understanding is wholly unable to construe to itself the possibility."

Discussions. pp. 596–597.

This system is certainly an ingenious one, and it is supported with great subtlety of reasoning, — to say nothing of the long string of authorities, from Democritus to Scaliger, which, *more suo*, Hamilton cites to prove that the consummation of knowledge is a confession of ignorance, and that "the grand result of human wisdom is only a consciousness that what we know is as nothing to what we know not." But we cannot admit that the system is satisfactorily made out, or that it differs very widely from the scepticism which it professes to shun. We object to the first step in its application to our judgment of causality. Our philosopher seems to confound *being* with *doing*, or existence with causation. But can we not easily conceive of passive or inert existence? And is not this precisely our notion of matter, as opposed to mind? He resolves our necessity of thinking that every event has a cause, into our inability to believe that something can be created out of nothing. It would be better to reverse the process; the causal judgment is the more comprehensive one of the two, and the maxim, *e nihilo nihil fit*, is but an inference

from it, or an application of it to a particular case. It is surely more natural to say, that *something* (i. e. some being) cannot be created out of nothing, because *every* thing (i. e. beings and events) must have a cause, than to make the premise and the conclusion change places with each other. And we cannot see that much progress is made towards the solution of the problem by this reasoning, however stated. The two propositions being equally undeniable, the question of logical or chronological priority between them is one of no importance.

The system is faulty, again, because, instead of explaining the connection of cause and effect, it boldly identifies the cause with the effect, and thus falsifies the conditions of the problem. If we believe the phenomenon must have a cause, only in order to avoid believing that the sum of existence is actually increased, then the cause and the phenomenon are really the same existence, — and no change, no event, has taken place. Sir William's doctrine explains only continuity of existence, not causation. Even his language shows hesitation and uncertainty here. Unwilling explicitly to say, that the cause is precisely the same thing with the phenomenon, he affirms only that "the elements of its existence" are the same, that the cause is only the phenomenon itself, which "did really exist prior to [its manifestation] *under other forms.*" But this will not help him any; for a change *in appearance* is just as inexplicable as a change *in reality*. It is still a change, an event, and as such, it must have a cause. "The elements of its existence" are now differently combined; or, the same existence now appears "under other forms;" or, at any rate, the phenomenon *now first* manifests itself *as such*, or in its proper shape. What was it, which combined the elements anew — or gave them a different form — or allowed the former occult existence to become manifest? The theory is evidently at fault here, and just where it is most wanted.

But the great vice of the theory is, that it ignores altogether the notion of *power* or *force*, though this is a necessary element of our idea of causation. The impossibility of thinking the sum of existence to be either absolutely increased, or absolutely diminished, can explain, at the utmost, only the *juxtaposition* (so to speak) of causes and effects. It cannot

prove more than the necessity of thinking that the succession of phenomena is continuous — without break before or after — each one being only a disguised repetition of its predecessor — and not one either really beginning to be, or really ceasing to exist. It cannot prove or explain (what we are still obliged to believe) that each phenomenon is really produced or evolved by some exertion of force — some power in action. If causation is any thing more than invariable succession — and Sir William sharply criticises Dr. Thomas Brown for maintaining that it can all be reduced to this, thus "quietly eviscerating the problem of its sole difficulty" — then the phenomenon not only apparently *begins to be*, but we necessarily assume that *force* was exerted, which determined it to be what it is, and not something else. Otherwise, how came we by our notion of *power*, or active agency? Will our author avowedly resolve this notion, also, into an *impotency* of thought?

Finally, we cannot accept this theory, because we find no valid objection to the *second* opinion stated in our author's list, which refers the origin of our causal judgment to a distinct self-consciousness of the efficiency of our own volitions. This is the theory the consideration of which we postponed, in order to bring it up here in more immediate contrast with Sir William Hamilton's system. That we may not understate the objections which have been made to it, we will give them in his words.

"There are many philosophers who still adhere to the second opinion; — a theory which has been best stated and most strenuously supported by the late M. Maine de Biran, one of the acutest metaphysicians of France. I will to move my arm, and I move it. When we analyze this phenomenon, says De Biran, the following are the results: — 1°, the consciousness of an act of will; 2°, the consciousness of a motion produced; 3°, the consciousness of a relation of the motion to the volition. And what is this relation? Not one of simple succession. The will is not for us an act without efficiency; it is a productive energy; so that, in a volition, there is given to us the notion of cause; and this notion we subsequently project out from our internal activities into the changes of the external world. But the empirical fact, here asserted, is incorrect. For between the overt fact of corpo-

real movement, which we perceive, and the internal act of the will to move, of which we are self-conscious, there intervenes a series of intermediate agencies, of which we are wholly unaware; consequently, we *can* have no consciousness, as this hypothesis maintains, of any causal connection between the extreme links of this chain, that is, between the volition to move and the arm moving. (See Dissertations on Reid, p. 866.)

"But independently of this, the second objection is fatal to the theory which would found the judgment of causality on any empirical apprehension, whether of the phenomena of mind or of the phenomena of matter. Admitting the causal efficiency to be cognizable, and perception with self-consciousness to be competent for its apprehension, still as these faculties can inform us only of individual causations, the quality of necessity and consequent universality by which this judgment is characterized, remains wholly unexplained." *Id.* pp. 587 – 588.

The passage referred to in the Dissertations on Reid is the following.

"Volition to move a limb, and the actual moving of it, are the first and last in a series of more than two successive events; and cannot, therefore, stand to each other, immediately, in the relation of cause and effect. They may, however, stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect, mediately. But, then, if they can be known in consciousness as thus mediately related, it is a necessary condition of such knowledge, that the intervening series of causes and effects, through which the final movement of the limb is supposed to be mediately dependent on the primary volition to move, should be known to consciousness immediately under that relation. But this intermediate, this connecting series is, confessedly, unknown to consciousness at all, far less as a series of causes and effects. It follows, therefore, a fortiori, that the dependency of the last on the first of these events, as of an effect upon its cause, must be to consciousness unknown. In other words, — having no consciousness that the volition to move is the efficacious force (power) by which even the event immediately consequent on it (say the transmission of the nervous influence from brain to muscle) is produced, such event being in fact itself to consciousness occult; *multo minus* can we have a consciousness of that volition being the efficacious force by which the ultimate movement of the limb is mediately determined." Reid's *Works*. pp. 866 – 867, note.

We admit the facts as here stated, and still deny that the doctrine of M. de Biran, when properly stated, is at all affected

by them. Hamilton assumes that the efficiency of the volition is recognized only because the effect — the movement of the limb — actually follows. Our position is, that the efficiency of the volition is immediately recognized, because we are directly conscious that the volition tends toward the movement — exerts an effort, or expends power for it — and, therefore, accomplishes *something*, though it may not accomplish *all*, that we intended. The limb may refuse to move, either from a paralysis of the nerves, or from the weakness of the muscles. But this does not prove that *no* power was exerted, but only that the particular modicum of power was insufficient for the whole end in view, and was, therefore, apparently, spent in vain. It was not *really* wasted. If a laborer, who is capable of lifting only six hundred pounds, strives to raise a rock weighing a thousand, no effect seems to follow; the rock does not move. But he is conscious of having put forth a great effort to move it; and, *as power in action is necessarily causal or causative*, an effect was truly produced, — as would be seen if a power in aid were exerted, for the rock would then rise under an additional force equal to only four hundred pounds. Mr. Mill justly remarks, that, "in those sciences of causation which have an accurate nomenclature, there are special words which signify a *tendency* to the particular effect with which the science is conversant. Thus, *pressure*, in mechanics, is synonymous with tendency to motion, and forces are not reasoned upon as causing actual motion, but as exerting pressure."

Sir William Hamilton's own analysis of the action of the will in determining motion might have convinced him of his error. In this action, he rightly distinguishes three things.

"1°. The still immanent or purely mental act of will: what for distinction's sake I would call the *hyperorganic* volition to move; — the *actio elicita* of the schools. Of this volition we are conscious, even though it do not go out into overt action.

"2°. If this volition become transeunt, be carried into effect, it passes into the mental effort or *nisus* to move. This I would call the *enorganic volition*, or, by an extension of the scholastic language, the *actio imperans*. *Of this we are immediately conscious. For we are conscious of it, though by a narcosis or stupor of the sensitive nerves we*

lose all feeling of the movement of the limb; — though by a paralysis of the motive nerves, no movement in the limb follows the mental effort to move; — though by an abnormal stimulus of the muscular fibres, a contraction in them is caused even in opposition to our will.

"3°. Determined by the enorganic volition, the cerebral influence is transmitted by the motive nerves; the muscles contract or endeavor to contract, so that the limb moves or endeavors to move. This motion or effort to move I would call the *organic movement*, the *organic nisus;* by a limitation of the scholastic term, it might be denominated the *actio imperata.* pp. 864, 865, note.

It is in this *third* element — the *organic* nisus and the *organic* movement — that Sir William seeks for evidence of the efficiency of the will, and rightly declares that it cannot be found. We agree with him. "Between the extreme links of *this* chain, — that is, between the volition to move, and the arm moving," he says, "there intervenes a series of intermediate agencies, of which we are wholly unawares." How mind operates upon matter, — even upon the matter of our own bodies, with which we are so intimately connected, — we do not know. How the action of the will is communicated to the muscles, — whether by one, two, or three intermediate steps, — we do not know.

But we find proof of the efficiency of volition in the *second* of our author's three elements, where his language, which we have italicized, is so explicit that it seems strange the conclusion could have escaped him. By the "*enorganic volition*," we understand neither "the still immanent or purely mental act," nor yet the organic *nisus* or movement which is wholly exterior to the mind, but the transeunt act from one to the other, *the command*, whether it is obeyed or not; — and of this enorganic movement, "we are immediately conscious," though the limb may be paralyzed. It is *action*, of which we are here conscious; otherwise, the "purely mental act of will" could not have "become transeunt." We are conscious of an *effort* in this act — conscious of *putting forth power* — conscious of *attempting* to move the muscles, whether they obey or not. The laborer is not more clearly conscious that he has *tried* to raise the rock. It is certain, also, that power in action is necessarily causative; it forms our only idea of causation.

It *must* produce an effect, though perhaps not the whole effect which we desire. The pressure is not lost, though the rock does not move. We have, then, the direct evidence of consciousness, — of that faculty not one of whose dictates can be impeached, — that the will is a true cause — an efficient cause, not a mere antecedent — a *limited* cause, indeed, but supreme within its proper domain — not always *suf*ficient for the end proposed, but always *ef*ficient, or expending force, which is real, though often inadequate. It was from overlooking this distinction, and confounding sufficiency with efficiency, that the question has been so much perplexed. We have here all the marks or tests, by which efficient causation is distinguished from mere antecedence. In the case of material phenomena, the result can be ascertained only by experience; we learn only by trial, that one substance is soluble, and another not, — that iron expands, and clay contracts, in the fire. But in the case of mental exertion, the result to be accomplished is *preconsidered*, or meditated, and is therefore known *a priori*, or before experience; the volition succeeds, which is a true effort, or power in action; and this is necessarily followed by an effect, partial or complete.

The first of Sir William Hamilton's objections to this theory, (the second on his list,) seems then to be completely obviated. His only remaining argument is more easily disposed of. He objects, secondly, that as the faculties of perception and self-consciousness "can inform us only of *individual* causations, the quality of *necessity* and consequent *universality*, by which this [causal] judgment is characterized, remains wholly unexplained." But we trace this quality of necessity to our intuitive appreciation of the fundamental and essential distinction between matter and mind, — to the first act of self-consciousness by which the *me* is distinguished from the *not-me*. In that primitive cognition, we are directly conscious of the *me* as essentially active, and the *not-me* as essentially inert or passive. This is the necessary antithesis which the thinking being establishes between himself and the outward world, just as soon as he arrives at a consciousness of either. He necessarily attributes power and activity to himself, for he cannot even imagine, he cannot even think, himself deprived

of power, or, what is the same thing, of will; for in our analysis, the two things are identical. Imagine yourself, if you can, deprived even of the power to will; you cannot do it. Outward restraint is nothing; bars and fetters cannot bind the soul. Paralysis is nothing; we can yet *will* to move the limb, though it remains fixed. The effort may be powerless, but it is still an effort, and can always be made. You cannot cease to be conscious of a power to will, without ceasing to be conscious of yourself.

Now, the outward world first manifests itself to us as an obstacle, a limitation, a resistance to be overcome. Our first consciousness of its existence is a perception of its inertness, or want of power, — its essential passivity. We cannot cease to be conscious of this quality in it, without losing consciousness also of that which renders it different from ourselves. Every thing which is foreign to the perceiving mind is perceived to be in antagonism with it; as the one is known only under the conditions of life and activity, the other is recognized only as dead and motionless. It is essential to the one to move, and to the other to be moved. Because matter is perceived, through its antagonism with mind, to be essentially inert, we say that every change in its state must have a cause, or that mind, the only true energy or source of power with which we are acquainted, must be acting upon it, either from within or without. Because incapable of acting itself, it must be acted upon. We never attribute action to matter, except figuratively; for we cannot even conceive of force or energy, as inherent in it. The fatalist himself is obliged to admit this, and consequently to ignore the idea of power altogether. His favorite metaphor of a chain of causes and effects is, in truth, only a succession of effects. Upon his system, every thing is caused, nothing causes; every thing is moved, nothing moves; power is transmitted, as it were, from one event to another, each one being compelled or necessitated by that which preceded it, and in its turn compelling its consequent; and yet this power, thus transmitted, and thus enforcing the law of necessity, has its origin nowhere. We pursue its fleeting shadow through a series of events, but can never overtake it, for the series is infinite.

As all actual and all imaginable existence must be either identified with the *me*, that is, with *mind*, or considered as foreign to it, that is, as *matter*, it must also be conceived either as essentially active, or essentially inert. Here, then, we find a firm basis for the universal and necessary character of the causal judgment; and our author's second objection proves as baseless as his first.

But our readers are probably anxious, by this time, to get out of the wilderness of metaphysics; and we have no wish to detain them there longer than is necessary to form a tolerably fair estimate of the value of Sir William Hamilton's contributions to philosophy. Though we differ from him in opinion on many subjects, and have ventured to express and defend this disagreement, we cannot think of what he has done to maintain among his countrymen that interest in the study of philosophy, which they have always manifested, without a strong feeling of respect and gratitude. He has done much for the refutation of many hurtful errors, and the general character of his speculations has been favorable to morality and truth.

We must pass hurriedly over his writings upon education, as they relate almost exclusively to the constitution of the English and Scotch Universities, and therefore touch upon many topics with which, in this country, we are but little concerned. Yet he has treated the history and the theory of University education in Europe, but especially in England, with his usual affluence of learning, keenness of criticism, and boldness of remark; and the favorers of liberal studies everywhere may find something to interest them in the results of his researches, and the measures which he commends. The controversy which he evoked, though it seemed for many years to have produced little fruit, was not without effect upon public opinion, and has probably added force and given direction to the present movement in England in favor of University reform. The republication of his Essays, therefore, just as the Commission of inquiry into the state of the University at Oxford had finished its labors, was seasonable; and the long Appendix, which he has added to them, upon "Oxford as it is, and Oxford as it might be," was probably in-

tended to influence the action of the Crown and of Parliament upon that Report. Less antagonistic and minatory in tone than the articles to which it is appended, it still lays bare many abuses and defects, and advocates the most sweeping measures to remedy them. The general views contained in it respecting the management of University education deserve attention and study in every land where liberal studies are held in honor.

In one respect, Sir William Hamilton's position as a reformer is a remarkable one. He appears as the advocate, not so much of innovation, as of restoration. To demonstrate that the actual system pursued at both the English Universities, but especially at Oxford, was a usurpation and an abuse, seemed to him the most probable means of effecting its improvement. Accordingly, the doctrine maintained in his earlier articles upon the subject in the Review, and maintained with great earnestness and an imposing display of curious learning and historical research, was, that the present academical system existed in defiance of the statutes and the intentions of the founders, having been surreptitiously introduced into the University for private ends, though virtually acknowledged to be inadequate to accomplish the purposes of the institution. In its origin it was illegal, and it had been perpetuated by constant perjury and breach of trust. The continuance of the system was incompatible with good faith or any regard for moral obligation; for it made the University a snare for tender consciences, and a school to harden one in the practice of equivocation and false swearing. Such charges, deliberately made, and enforced with a formidable show of arguments and authorities that seemed scarcely questionable, of course, excited great commotion at these venerable seats of learning. The controversy that followed their publication, though not of great length, was of unusual bitterness. Sir William's language was as defiant and contemptuous, as his accusations were severe. We will not say that the occasion did not justify it; but, if he looked only to the beneficial effect to be produced within the University itself, where any reform, to be truly effectual, must originate, it should have been more temperate and conciliatory. As it

was, probably, so much indignation was excited that the facts could not be fairly weighed, and the suggestions were unheeded. Perhaps the writer despaired of convincing the authorities directly of the necessity of a change which would be prejudicial at first to their private interests, and therefore aimed at bringing upon them a pressure from without which should enforce reform. If such was his purpose, the success which he obtained was not flattering. The fever of innovation, which seemed to animate the English people about the time of the passage of the Reform Bill, when Sir William's articles first appeared, and which appeared for a season to menace even the security of the Church, passed away without materially troubling the peace of the Universities. Improvements in details were quietly made, as occasion and the progress of opinion rendered them necessary; but the broad features of the system remain unchanged to this day. It now remains to be seen, whether the great authority of a Commission from the Crown can triumph over the prodigious *vis inertiæ* of these time-honored establishments, and overcome the repugnance to change which has always characterized them.

It may be freely admitted, that institutions endowed partly by the state and partly by private individuals, for the support of education and the encouragement of learning, have an irresistible proclivity to fall behind the demands of the age, — a tendency which necessarily increases with the lapse of years. This is no impeachment at all of the ability and integrity of those who have the immediate direction of them; it is a necessity imposed by the original limitations of their trust, and by the changing circumstances of the times. Donors are not aware of the responsibility which they assume, when they affix permanent conditions to the enjoyment of their gift; and even when time has demonstrated the necessity of a change, it is a delicate proceeding in morals to decree that the money shall be appropriated to other uses, not contemplated by those who gave it. It becomes a serious question, whether restrictions ought not to be put by law upon the power of bequeathing property to be held in mortmain, in order to prevent it from being tied up by directions so specific and minute, that the change of circumstances, in a century or two, will probably

render compliance with them impracticable, or reduce the advantages expected from the gift to a minimum. In England, the omnipotence of Parliament, to say nothing of the large powers vested in the courts of chancery, opens a way for revoking the injudicious provisions of a will or a deed of gift, and turning the endowment from a useless or injurious, to a beneficial, purpose. But in this country, the constitutional provision for the faithful observance of contracts, and the very limited grant of chancery powers to the courts, render it nearly impossible to alter the conditions under which a gift is enjoyed. If one would know to what strange purposes money may thus come to be devoted, or the shifts to which institutions may be driven in order to keep their funds in use, he has only to look at some of the endowments of the colleges at Oxford. Oaths are still taken by lay Fellows which record the ecclesiastical intentions of the founders, and which include a provision that the juror, who is often a student at law, will make theology the end of his studies, and "will never seek for any dispensation from this his oath, nor will accept it, if sought by others, and offered him." Professors, as well as students, still swear faithfully to observe statutes which they have never read, though a compliance with many of them, even if it were practicable, would be forbidden by the college authorities. If the wills of the founders and benefactors of the institution were observed, more masses for the dead would be repeated in a Protestant college than in any Catholic church. Where such things are done, or left undone, it is little to call a University a school for perjury; and we are not surprised to find that the officers and teachers in it consider the oaths which they have taken as a very slight impediment to any alteration or omission which, not necessity, but convenience or indolence, may require. Sir William Hamilton quotes Butler against them, —

> "They swore so many lies before,
> That now, without remorse,
> They take all oaths that can be made,
> As only things of course."

There is another reason why endowed seats of learning generally fail to answer the impatient demands of those who

delight to talk about "the progress of the age." Experiments must not lightly be tried in them; if unsuccessful, the evil done to at least one generation of students is irreparable. The institution itself, considered as an aggregation of instructors and means of learning, has a continuous existence, and may at any time, without great loss, return to a position which it had injudiciously quitted. But a generation of undergraduates continues only four years, so that the introduction of a new system is, for them, a final and decisive measure, less time than this being insufficient to test the merits of the system by experience. There is an old adage about the *experimentum in corpore vili*, which many strenuous innovators might well keep in view.

Yet this plea, and all others which can be urged, are insufficient to justify that blind and indolent adherence to the past which has always characterized the English Universities. They are insufficient, because, to adopt Lord Bacon's phrase, time innovates for the worse, if men do not innovate for the better. An absolutely stationary position cannot be maintained; either progress or retrogression is inevitable. What is illegal and corrupt in the present system at Oxford, as Sir William Hamilton has pointed out, is the silent growth, or rather the silent deterioration, of centuries. What was abandoned was often necessarily abandoned, because a change of circumstances had rendered it no longer practicable; but no exertion being made to fill up the blank which was thus created, the institution was gradually shorn of its ancient means of usefulness, its sphere of effort was contracted, and its influence diminished. One unhappy change, thus silently made, created a necessity for others. An oath to observe the whole body of the statutes was still exacted, though compliance with them in one particular had become impossible; and a habit of careless or false swearing being once formed, the oath ceased to be any barrier to numerous departures from the old system. The Colleges having illegally supplanted the University, as our author maintains, the Professorships became sinecures almost as a matter of course. All instruction falling into the hands of the Colleges, which possessed only very incompetent means of instruction, the sphere

of tuition was necessarily contracted. The University continued to grant degrees in all the Faculties, when it no longer taught in any, and when no public instruction was offered anywhere, except for the lowest degree, or in the Faculty of Arts. So many changes for the worse could not all be made at once, or even in the course of a single century; but one silently and unavoidably brought on another. Abuses were linked together, and perpetuated, not by innovation, but by inaction.

Recognizing these facts, though our author stoutly maintains that the ancient and statutory constitution of the University was far superior to the mutilated fragment of it which now exists, he admits "it would be a rash inference to conclude, that what is old and even statutory is all good, or that what is new and even illegal is all vicious." As his articles first published in the Review were devoted chiefly to historical statements and arguments, to prove that the present University is a vicious and illegal innovation, so, in the Appendix to them, now first published, he endeavors to point out what is desirable for a reform, and how it may be effected; in other words, to show what Oxford is, and what it might be. Before following him, in this discussion, a brief notice of the facts which he professes to have established, by historical evidence, is essential. We review them the more willingly, as they throw much light upon the origin and progress of the European system of University education.

The name *University* does not import, what many falsely suppose, a place where all the sciences are professedly taught, but one to which all persons may be admitted to learn. *Studium generale* was the designation first in use. *University* first signified the whole number of a company or corporation of individuals, united for some common end; as applied to a seminary of learning, it denoted the whole body of teachers and learners. The language, cited by our author, of a great jurist of the sixteenth century, who was Dean of the Law Faculty in three Universities, is decisive on this point.

"Potest dici *studium generale* et *universitas* ratione eâdem, quòd studia quæ ibi tractantur *universis proposita sint*, et sint publica, et

gratis, *volentibus discere*, proponantur ab institutis præceptoribus, sintque privilegia universis studentibus concessa. *Neque ideo minus studia generalia dicentur aut universitates, quod non omnes scientiæ ibi, sed certæ tantùm, tractentur et doceantur. Nam generalitas ad universitatem non pertinet scientiarum, sed ad publicam causam docendi.*"

Tholosanus *de Republicâ.*

We may remark, in passing, that those who are anxious to assimilate our American Colleges to European Universities may be convinced, by this statement, that they cannot obtain their end by simply enlarging the course of studies. Some of these Colleges already profess to give instruction in as wide a range of sciences and languages as was ever taught in an English or Scotch University, either of ancient or modern times. The University, as first constituted, did not give instruction, or grant degrees, even in all the Faculties. It was limited to that which is the foundation of all, — the Faculty of Arts or Philosophy. Professional learning lay beyond its purpose. The Faculties of Theology, Law, and Medicine were added subsequently, and so added as not to appear component parts of the original institution, but rather as convenient appendages to it, and connected with it by only a slender tie. "The University of Paris, like those of Oxford and Cambridge, at first existed only in the lay Faculty of Arts. On this Faculty these great Universities are founded, as in it alone they once existed; and in the two latter, the higher Faculties never were separated, as in the Continental schools, into independent corporations." And because the instruction given was meant to be liberal or general, not professional or specific, — a common foundation, or general training of the mind, preparatory for the special studies appropriate to different pursuits in life, — the instruction given in the Faculty of Arts did not claim to be universal, or to include all the sciences. The censure thrown upon the ancient Universities for their limited courses of study, and for selecting studies which were not practically useful, is, therefore, unfounded. As well might the ancient Greeks be censured for their scheme of physical training, because they sent their youth to the palæstra, where all the muscles of the body were developed by exercises devised for that end alone, instead of putting

them into workshops, where their manual toil would conduce to some useful end, though, in each case, but one arm, or one set of muscles, would come into use. What the Greeks accomplished for the body, the ancient Universities attempted to accomplish for the mind. The subjects taught in them, as well as the exercises prescribed, including disputation and tuition, — for all were obliged to teach, in order to learn, — looked chiefly, if not exclusively, to the general training of mind, not to imparting useful information. They "considered their function of *prelection* as in importance greatly inferior to their function of *exercise;* and among the exercises which they sedulously enforced, that of *disputation*, regular and frequent, was the principal." In this respect, our author strenuously contends, their system was better than the modern one.

"Strange to say, the whole function of a University is now, for the most part, concentrated in the useless office of communicating information; that is, the academical teacher or professor reads to his auditors a course of lectures upon subjects which they, with far greater convenience, might study for themselves in books, — lectures, too, which, were they ever printed, no one would probably ever dream of reading; whilst disputation, (if not every other exercise,) which public seminaries alone can realize, is utterly abandoned, and even unknown. Thus, the Universities of old ably and faithfully discharged their higher and their lower duties; whereas, of late, they attempt, too frequently, only what is of least importance, and attempt this minor duty only through inefficient means. But could disputation, the practical exercise of reasoning, be again restored, (of course in the vernacular of the disputants, and perhaps less limited, than of old, to mere logical form,) I have no doubt that it would constitute an era in academical efficiency. Lord Bacon has indeed recommended this. For whilst testifying that the practice of disputation renders the mind prompt and all-sided, he proposes the establishment of what he calls a College of Controversies. . . . .

"As it is, indeed, and out of school, all profitable study is a silent disputation — an intellectual gymnastic; and the most improving books are precisely those which most excite the reader — to understand the author, to supply what he has omitted, and to canvass his facts and reasonings. To read passively, to learn, is, in reality, not to learn at all. In study, implicit faith, belief upon authority, is worse even than, for a time, erroneous speculation. To read profitably, we

should read the authors, not most in unison with, but most adverse to, our opinions; for, whatever may be the case in the cure of bodies, *enantiopathy*, and not *homœopathy*, is the true medicine of minds. Accordingly, such sciences and such authors as present only unquestionable truths, determining a minimum of self-activity in the student, are, in a rational education, subjectively, naught. Those sciences and authors, on the contrary, which constrain the student to independent thought, are, whatever be their objective certainty, subjectively, educationally, best." *Discussions.* pp. 681, 682.

As Sir William Hamilton's authority, both from his long academical experience, and his high standing as a scholar and a philosopher, is very weighty in this matter, we gladly borrow other portions of his remarks upon the same subject. The prevalent opinion in this country, and the practice in our Colleges, are just the opposite of what he recommends.

"A University in ordinary, and in ordinary acceptation, involves two very different things: — involving 1°, what is properly the University, a school, to wit, for liberal or general knowledge; and 2°, a collection of special schools, for one, two, three, or more of the learned professions. In the former respect, the student *is considered, as an end unto himself;* his perfection, as a man simply, being the aim of his education. This is the end proposed in what is academically known as the Faculty of Arts or of Philosophy. In the latter respect, the learner *is not viewed as himself an end*, that end being now something *out of himself;* for not his perfection as a man, but his dexterity as a professional man, — in a word, his usefulness as an instrument, has become the aim of his scientific preparation. This end is that proposed in, what are academically known as, the Faculties of Theology, Law, Medicine, &c.; and in this relation, a University is, in fact, only a supplemental and contingent aggregation of special schools, the only connection that these have with each other, or with the University, being, that they all hold out to be *liberal*, that is, they all hold out to educate to professions which presuppose always a liberal accomplishment, if not always an education in the liberal faculty, or faculty of arts. In certain universities, indeed, and in certain of their professional faculties, a degree is now given without a liberal education; but in these cases, the profession has ceased to be liberal or learned, and the instruction by the academical faculty is really that of a mere special school. . . . . .

"As knowledge (man being now considered as an end to himself) is only valuable as it exercises, and by exercise develops and invigor-

ates the mind, so a University, in its liberal faculty, should specially prefer those objects of study which call forth the strongest and most unexclusive energy of thought, and so teach them, too, that this energy shall be most fully elicited in the student. For speculative knowledge, of whatever kind, is only profitable to the student, in his liberal cultivation, inasmuch as it supplies him with the object and the occasion of exerting his faculties; since powers are only developed in proportion as they are exercised, that is, put forth into energy. The mere possession of scientific truths is, for its own sake, valueless; and education is only education, inasmuch as it at once determines and enables the student to educate himself. Nor is there time to lose. In fact, it is now or never; for, as Rousseau truly says, — "L'inhabitude de penser dans la jeunesse en ôte la faculté durant le reste de la vie." The objects of knowledge, which combine more entirely this end with the first, ought thus to be the principal branches of primary academical education." *Id.* pp. 672, 673, 677.

A University, as originally constituted, was a *national* establishment, and even something more; it was open to all the world. It did not profess to teach all sciences, but it did profess to teach all students, the teachers and the taught being united into one corporation, and frequently interchanging their respective functions. It was a place of great resort, especially during the Middle Ages, when books were scarce and dear, when the learned had a common language, and nearly all instruction was necessarily oral. In the middle of the thirteenth century, it is said, there were thirty thousand scholars at Oxford; and though this statement has been doubted, there is good evidence that the number at times exceeded fifteen thousand. The University probably dispensed about all the formal education that was given in the kingdom; students certainly entered it at an earlier age, and remained there much longer, than is common in later times. These numerous students taught each other, there being no separate body of salaried teachers or professors. A degree was a formal permission to teach, the sphere of tuition corresponding to the rank of the degree. Evidence of this fact has come down to the present day, in the form of graduation, the Bachelor or Master receiving a book, "together with the power of publicly expounding it." The Bachelors, indeed, read lectures,

under the supervision of a Master or Doctor, mainly as an exercise useful to himself, but partially because it was advantageous to others. "The Master, Doctor, or perfect graduate, was obliged immediately to *commence* (*incipere*), and to continue for a certain period, publicly to teach (*regere*) some, at least, of the subjects appertaining to his Faculty." But the period of necessary regency was soon abridged, and dispensations were commonly allowed to those who were unwilling to lecture. As the body of graduates gave all the tuition, they also had the government or management of the University, and, to a certain extent, at Oxford and Cambridge, have retained it to this day. They assemble in a Senate, or House of Convocation, to confirm the laws that are proposed, or to approve the degrees which are to be given; a distinction between *regent* and *non-regent*, now applied to "resident" or "non-resident" Masters and Doctors, marks a difference in their privileges. The teaching graduates, receiving a fee from every one who attended their lectures, were engaged in active competition with each other; according as their teaching became more popular and effective, the number of their students and their emoluments increased.

Such, in reference to its plan and means of instruction, was an ancient University, — a disorderly and often tumultuous body, but instinct with life and activity, and efficient for the end proposed. The great concourse of students occasioned a scarcity of lodgings and exorbitant demands for rent. To protect them from undue exaction, and also to guard their manners and their morals, as many of them were of tender years, a regulation was adopted compelling them to live together in licensed Halls or Hostelries, under a Principal or Rector, elected by themselves, and subject, at all times, to the discipline and supervision of the University. The buildings were generally hired for the purpose, and the establishments differed but little from licensed boarding-houses. Five centuries ago, there were over three hundred such Halls at Oxford.

The poverty of the greater part of the students, and the disposition of pious and benevolent persons to take measures for their relief, gradually brought about a series of changes. Seats of learning have abounded with "poor scholars" in

every age; those students who are now living upon a pittance may console themselves with the reflection that they are no worse off than their predecessors. First, to relieve them from the charges for tuition, funds were contributed to pay fixed salaries to a number of lecturers, who then taught gratuitously. These salaried teachers soon received the title of Professors, and attendance on their lectures was made essential for obtaining a degree. Their services enabled the University to relieve the great body of the graduates from the obligation to teach; and though the right of every graduate to lecture remained entire, its exercise was generally abandoned. Yet the continuance of the right was not without good effects; it exposed the Professors to be met at any time by formidable competition, and they were thus prevented from slumbering at their posts.

Thus far, the condition of the poor students was considerably ameliorated; but food, clothes, and lodging expenses remained to be provided for, and as the University was a nursery of the Church, the piety of the faithful was stimulated to procure farther relief for them. Colleges were established, or eleemosynary foundations for the express purpose of maintaining indigent scholars at their studies. In each of these establishments, a certain number of students, depending on the amount of funds, received board and lodging gratis, and a small stipend to defray their other expenses. The benefaction was not confined to undergraduates. According to the practice of those days, the first, or Bachelor's, degree marked only the earliest stage of a University education; Bachelors, Masters, and Doctors still continued in residence, both to teach and to learn. The *Fellows*, so called because they participated equally in the endowment, were the graduates who were supported by the College; stipendiaries who had not yet passed their first degree, were usually denominated *Scholars*, though they were also known under other names. The College existed only for the support of these beneficiaries; it was not obliged to receive any other members than those "on the foundation." All Souls College, at Oxford, remains in this condition to the present day; it has no undergraduates, all its members being Fellows. But the

other Colleges, for their own convenience, and to increase their funds, gradually opened their doors to paying students, or independent members. In view of the youthfulness of the Scholars, they were placed under the domestic superintendance and private discipline of one of the Fellows, who was appointed their Tutor, and required to teach them the rudiments of religion and the Thirty-nine Articles, and to see that their boots and hair were properly cared for. In the nature of his office, he resembled the ancient pedagogue much more than the modern teacher.

The Colleges, being independent and extraneous foundations, were not under the control of the University. Established by the liberality of individuals, they were only bound to obey the statutes of their founders, which were generally minute, formal, and intolerant. They were not, in any sense, national establishments; they were private property, and, by the caprice of their founders, the benefits which they held out were often limited to the founders' kin, to the graduates of a particular public school, or to the inhabitants of a certain city, county, or district. Their endowments, consisting chiefly of real estate, rose immensely in value during the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts; and the income being shared by statute among only a certain number of Fellows and Scholars, the portion of each one rose, from the little pittance originally deemed sufficient for the support of a poor student, to the handsome revenues which now surround their fortunate possessors with the comforts and luxuries of life. The number of the Colleges increased, as that of the Halls diminished. Soon after 1300, there were but three of the former, to three hundred of the latter. A century afterwards, the number of the former had risen to seven, and in 1516, to twelve, the number of the Halls having fallen, meantime, to fifty-five. At present, there are nineteen Colleges at Oxford, and, nominally, five Halls, the latter, however, now differing from the former only in name, and by the fact that, not being incorporated, their property, if they have any, is held for them in trust.

It is evident, from this account, that the Colleges were not originally either seats of learning or places of education, but

private charitable establishments, endowed for the beneficent purpose of supporting poor students while they were engaged in their studies at the University. The great and illegal change which Sir William Hamilton complains of, took place when these private institutions gradually supplanted the public University, which was a national establishment, usurped its functions, deprived it of all efficiency, and reduced it in fact to the shadow which it now is. The civil wars of the Roses, the decline of the scholastic philosopy, and the disturbances produced by the Reformation, greatly diminished the concourse of students, and Oxford, for a time, was nearly deserted. The Halls, which, as unendowed establishments, were entirely dependent upon the number of their inmates, consequently fell into decay, and were abandoned. The land and buildings which they once occupied became greatly depreciated in value, and were generally purchased at a low price by the Colleges, whose endowments carried them safely through this period of adversity. These institutions were now enabled to monopolize the ground, and most of them having greatly enlarged their borders and opened their doors for independent members, they became desirous of drawing the whole academical population within their walls, and assuming the entire control of the University. To prevent the reëstablishment of the Halls, the Chancellor obtained the exclusive privilege of nominating their Principals, or in other words, of preventing their institution, if he saw fit. The government of the University by all the Masters or Doctors, in Convocation assembled, was practically rendered null by instituting, in the reign of Charles I., a new Board, composed of the Heads of the Colleges, at whose "Hebdomadal Meeting" every proposal, intended to be made either to the Congregation or Convocation, must be previously discussed and sanctioned. Thus the Colleges, hitherto not recognized at all in the government of the University, now obtained the exclusive management of it.

Their next proceeding was to monopolize the instruction also. The statutory condition for obtaining a degree was attendance on the lectures of the Professors. The Heads of Houses ceased to enforce this condition, the lecture-rooms

consequently were deserted, and many of the Professors therefore ceased to lecture at all. Mere residence at the University for a prescribed period became the only necessary qualification for graduating in either of the Faculties. One exercise after another was dispensed with, or allowed to fall into disuse, till the system was so reduced, that a student became ultimately a Doctor of Laws, Medicine, or Theology, in the same manner in which a calf grows to be an ox. All the tuition actually afforded was in the lowest Faculty, that of Arts, and was given by one College Tutor, — an officer now elevated from the very humble position of a *pædagogus* into the very high and honorable one of dispensing all the education which the University afforded. The stipends of the Professors, fixed in ancient times, when the value of money was great and the expenses of living were inconsiderable, became quite inadequate to their support in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This evil was remedied in other Universities by allowing them to exact moderate fees from those who attended their lectures, though their instruction was originally designed to be gratuitous. But the Heads of Colleges at Oxford refused to sanction this expedient, and the Professorships were therefore given either to very incompetent persons, or to those who, as the salaries had become almost nominal, did not scruple to hold them as sinecures. But the most important consequence of the usurpation of the Colleges was the loss of the public or national character of the University; the former, as private corporations, having a right to limit their privileges to any class of persons whom they preferred, exacted subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles; and all who were not members of the Church of England were thus, for a long period, deprived of the benefits of a University education, and are still excluded from Oxford and Cambridge.

These are the alterations, silently and gradually effected in the course of many years, to which our author attributes the decadence of the English Universities, both in reputation and efficiency. The measures that he proposes for their renovation are too numerous and complicated to be fully considered here, though a few of them may be specified. He asks, first, that the study of philosophy, so long preëminent in the

old University system, and still zealously cultivated, as a means of education, in France and Germany, may be again required at Oxford and Cambridge. Before this step can be taken, however, it is necessary that the standard of instruction should be raised; for it is remarked that "Philosophy, in Oxford, as in Cambridge, was only left untaught when the ordinary instructor had become incapable of teaching it." This seems strong language; but it is not more decided than that of Mr. F. W. Newman, a distinguished Fellow of Balliol College, and the editor of Huber's learned and elaborate work on the English Universities. Speaking of Theology, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Roman Law, and History, Mr. Newman says, "I appeal to any Oxonian, whether there is any one of these subjects for which Oxford is even a third-rate school." Hamilton maintains that philosophy ought again to be made an independent study — not a mere incident to the reading of certain classical authors — both for its own sake, and for its tendency to render the philological teaching there more philosophical. He holds the balance between Professorial and Tutorial instruction very evenly, giving no exclusive preference to either, but showing that both ought to have place in any complete scheme of University education. The function of a Professor he defines to be, the delivery, from his own resources, of a course of lectures on some department of knowledge, to the whole body of learners in the institution; that of a Tutor, is to teach certain books or codes of doctrine to a class of pupils, who constitute but one section of the whole academic population. The necessary condition of any improvement of Professorial tuition is a radical change in the mode of appointment, or in the system of patronage, which, as it exists at present, both in England and Scotland, he holds to be vicious and absurd. Despairing of the probability of any such change, he relies chiefly on the improvements that may be effected in the plan of Tutorial tuition. One is reconciled to this system by the consideration, that, in the character of the books which are authorized to be taught, some guaranty can be taken for the character of the instruction which is to be given; but the opinions of a Professor are those of an individual only, and whatever may have been his

reputation for learning, ability, and didactic skill, we can have no assurance of the soundness or wisdom of the doctrines he may inculcate. "How few academical courses have been thought worthy of the press, even by self-love or the partiality of friendship; and of those which have actually been published, how few have the public thought worthy of perusal!"

But to make the Tutorial system efficient, many modifications of it, as it now exists at Oxford, are essential. Mr. Newman rightly states, that it is both a great evil and a great injustice, first, to compel University students to enrol themselves in some College, — and as most of the Colleges at Oxford are crowded, the applicant must go to any one in which he can find a vacancy, — and then, to force upon them the Tutor of that College, "though a notoriously abler instructer may be on the other side of the street." Sir William Hamilton proposes, that, instead of being restricted each to his particular College, the Tutors should become University officers, and a number of them should be employed jointly in teaching each of the public or University classes into which the Collegians should be distributed. Thus brought into direct public comparison with each other, the spirit of competition would soon render them energetic and faithful in their work. None should be appointed to the office but those who have graduated with First Class Honors in the department in which they are to teach. A few College Tutors should be retained, to combine the advantages of private preparatory discipline with those of public instruction in the University class. The selection of books and studies should be made by a Board specially constituted for this very purpose; and it is insisted that, in making the selection, the studies should be viewed, not in their *objective* relation, as leading to useful knowledge for future application in life, but "in their *subjective* relation, as a means of cultivating the capacity itself of thought."

But we cannot follow any farther Sir William Hamilton's plan of University Reform, especially as it goes much into detail, and this article is already extended to an unreasonable length. It is a satisfaction to find, that, in some of its principal features, this plan is a near approximation to the system actually pursued in our American Colleges. With the unfor-

tunate exception, that studies here are almost universally estimated according to the usefulness of the information acquired in them, and to the directness of their bearing upon the student's future pursuits in life, it may be said that our Colleges already occupy the position which the English Universities are striving to attain. Of course, we do not allude to the amount of scholarship, the means and appliances of learning, or even the thoroughness of the tuition which is actually afforded. We refer only to the plan of operation, or the general arrangement of the machinery of a liberal education. Here, we are less fettered by precedents and positive institutions; we have not the collected abuses of six centuries to sweep away. Experiments are rashly tried in American Colleges, it is true; but even these experiments prove that we have a capacity for reform, and their unfortunate result supplies wisdom for the future. We lack the strong incitements to study, the prodigious stimulus to exertion, which the large population and magnificent endowments of the English Universities afford. But it is consoling to learn that so much is accomplished without them; and it is reasonable to hope that the proverbial liberality of our countrymen will soon supply the defect. If any are inclined to complain of the management of our higher seminaries of learning, and of the meagreness and inferiority of the work actually accomplished in them, when compared with the measure of a liberal education at the time-honored Colleges of our mother land, we commend them to an attentive perusal of Sir William Hamilton's strictures upon the history and present condition of the University of Oxford.

ART. IV. — 1. *The Wide, Wide World.* By ELIZABETH WETHERELL. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1851. 2 vols. 12mo.
2. *Queechy.* By ELIZABETH WETHERELL. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1852. 2 vols. 12mo.
3. *Dollars and Cents.* By AMY LOTHROP. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1852. 2 vols. 12mo.

WHAT would be the astonishment of Mrs. Anne Radcliffe and Mrs. Charlotte Smith, if they could revisit the glimpses of the moon they were so fond of, and remain long enough among us of the nineteenth century to read a fair specimen of the literature of the day! How would the exalted imaginations, which conceived The Mysteries of Udolpho and The Orphan of the Castle, accept the information that elegant sorrows no longer command sympathy; that the tender trials of Lord Algernon and Lady Helena are voted "flat," while pecuniary hinderances to the union of John and Sarah alone touch the feelings of a discerning public? Of all the fictions now in favor with that public, which would they find most tolerable or least intolerable, — the philosophical, political, sectarian, or philanthropic novels; or those of unstinted bloodshed, or those which are essentially essays on the condition of the poor, with hardly a film of fiction to soften the sharp outline?

We can form some notion of the perplexity and vexation of these excellent ladies, by recurring to a private experience still fresh in our memory. We were returning northward from a survey of the galleries of Italy, where Art has been the handmaid of beauty, elegance, and grandeur, till it seems to the delighted traveller vexing and vulgar to be obliged to devote part of every precious day to eating and sleeping, — into Holland, where the exquisite skill of Teniers and his compeers has been expended upon objects so mean and unpleasing that, if they came in our way in real life, the first thought would be a speedy retreat. To exchange the Transfiguration for Boors drinking — the Madonna della Seggiola for Paul Potter's Bull — the Apollo for the Subject for Dissection, — what perfection of execution could console us? Nay, the very perfection with which these mean and graceless things are

rendered, added to our vexation in contemplating them, for it was just so much deducted from the illustration of the true and ennobling realm of Art.

We would, by no means, be understood to say that there is no other side from which to approach this subject; but only that we must own to a good deal of sympathy with such feelings as we have ventured to ascribe to the illustrious *revenants* aforesaid. In their day, it had not yet become the fashion to draw conclusions as to national character from popular literature. Novels were not then supposed to express the spirit of the age. Their aim was to please the reader, insinuating a little instruction in morals meantime, and sometimes venturing upon satire, either general or particular, prompted by public ills or private resentment. Low life in them was either picturesque or brutal; poverty made angels or demons; and riches were the proper and certain reward of virtue, as well as the crowning grace of beauty. The romance proper dealt only with an ideal world; which, though it borrowed terrors and motives from this lower, every-day sphere, yet made them all its own by a judicious mixture of elegance and absurdity. One returned from its illusions to humdrum, common-sense life and duty, as we come out of a panorama exhibited by gas-light, to the sunny street and jostling crowd, — uncertain at first which is the false and which the true. To have let in the cool daylight upon the show, would have been to kill it completely — an ungrateful recompense for so much pleasure. Nowadays, every thing that will not bear this disenchanting light is ranked as meretricious; there is no truth but literal truth; heroines are no longer "mad in white satin"; troubles, to touch our hearts, must be every-day troubles; heroes, who do not interest themselves in political economy and the condition of the masses, are unworthy of good fortune. Instead of dealing with thrilling adventures, delicate shades of character, and love deferred by incredibly fiendish machinations, fiction now attacks the factory system; the Herodian schools, — as some wit has denominated those which murder, or even half murder, the "Innocents"; — the governess grievance, or the Court of Chancery; — using individual character and for-

tunes as mere machinery for the development of the leading idea. The novel has become a *quatrième état*; something considerable in government; a power formidable to evil-doers; but not particularly lovely or cheering to those who resort to it merely to delight or to exalt the imagination, — as suggestive of possibilities of happiness, or as counter-agent to the disenchanting tendencies of our wayward, blundering experience.

How far back shall we date this revolution? Miss Burney was a phœnix in her way, a marvel of adventurous naturalness for those times; but she called in the aid of rank and wealth, and depended not a little on the dazzle of high life. She was carefully genteel, and handled her low characters as with a pair of tongs, — as a fashionable physician of somewhere near her era is said to have felt the pulses of his poor patients with his cane. Mrs. Opie had a more comprehensive view of human nature, and a more general interest in it. She was a Quaker, and had never been a Maid of Honor. Religion and worldly wisdom were aptly blended in her agreeable novels; stylish follies were hit off, and many a social fallacy shown up by side-lights. Her Illustrations of Lying held "the mirror up to nature" to some purpose, and many were the conscious blushes it reflected. But we can hardly consider those easy, pleasant stories as ancestors of the trenchant novel of to-day.

Miss Edgeworth, in her half-didactic fictions, pictured high life as at home and low life as from above — a birds-eye or celestial view; and with her potent educational instincts, drew after her a mighty audience of parents and children, with a moderate following of young men and maidens. But the great public was not, could not be, hers. She held a ferule; she carefully maintained an aristocratic bearing, that warned the reader to remember the distinction between the writer and her more natural characters. She wrote to instruct the docile public in certain things, and not for the humble purpose of pleasing; yet she scorned not the aid of romance, and often made rather awkward efforts in that direction. But there was a fatal defect in her wing. She owned (in her books) no deity but Common Sense,

and Common Sense never yet touched the affections of mankind, or warmed the common heart into a sweet and holy forgetfulness of self. Honor to Miss Edgeworth for what she did! what she did not do, she did not try to do. Her novels were almost as much school-books, as those excellent lessons entitled Frank and Rosamond. Her teachings were direct and specific. She let the heart wholly alone, and contented herself with prescribing for the conduct. With Life, as a problem, she had nothing to do; it had not then begun to be called a problem. Its particular emergencies were to be dealt with by particular expedients, within the domain and potency of Common Sense; it was to be conquered, like Captain Bobadil's army, in detail. For want of a whiter or drier light than worldly experience or worldly wisdom can lend, even Miss Edgeworth's sagacity did not make the discovery that it cannot be so conquered. She did not perceive, that, if every one of her excellent precepts and hints had been adopted and acted upon, there would still have remained a world of evils untouched, of deadly faults uncared for. A social fabric built upon her plan might not have fallen to pieces before the blasts of fortune, or sunk by the slow undermining of folly or fraud. It might be fair to look upon, and available for most purposes of convenience; but it must ever lack the breath of life from heaven, and the direct, creative, vivifying beams of that Sun of Righteousness, without whose influence the heart of erring man is cold and hard as polar ice. How different that glorious edifice, all whose parts and dependencies, from polished corner-stone to dazzling pinnacle, are fitly joined together, each with each and all, "whose builder and maker is God!"

The illusions of old romance were, for a time, revived, while the splendid magic of Scott ruled the hour. Pageant and tournament, presence-chamber and battle-field, dizzy turret and fell *oubliette*, imprisoned the willing imagination in turn, while over all alike, hovered the sweet spirit of Humanity, and, not far in the background, beamed the hallowed face of Religion, consecrating our pleasure. O, those were happy days for readers! But the wondrous potentate resigned the throne, and left no successor. In the collapse of fancy that

followed that period of enchantment, Miss Ferrier and Miss Austen tried the power of every-day life and every-day character to interest the general heart. The sensible and amusing novels of these ladies are the product of much knowledge of society, and sharp, though not ill-natured, observations of its motives and pretences. They show up ordinary human nature under the modification of silk and broadcloth, ermine and epaulettes; and they do it well. We laugh at foibles or frown at meannesses; perhaps, resolve to beware of the one and the other. So far, well enough. But what is our feeling toward the social world thus exhibited? Is our love of kind increased? Are the Christian desire and duty of remedying the ills we see, quickened by these pictures of prevalent heartlessness and folly? Causes are no more indicated than remedies are suggested. The worldly view of corrupt and hollow social life is, simply, that such things are, and being so, must so remain, — the work of the satirist, and the legitimate object of ridicule, certainly, but a subject of effort to none but the inveterate Utopian. This remark applies generally to what are called novels of real life, the scene of which is laid in England. We have called this class of novels amusing, and so they are, if we do not look at them too seriously. They quicken the worldly discernment, help us to self-knowledge, and suggest toleration of things as they are. But it is a philosophic and Epicurean, not a religious, toleration. This would be no subject of complaint, if the novel limited its pretensions to amusing the reader. It is only when it undertakes the office of a moral engine, that we begin to test the springs or inquire into the principle. A puppet-show is safe enough; but a locomotive —

Bulwer we must consider as belonging to the school of romance, with its glories, its sweetening influences, its soft illusions. As far as he is distinctive and individual, it is in this direction. And because of this, we should have looked on him as a benefactor to his age, if he had been as pure as he was graceful and attractive in his fictions. But, until the Caxtons, almost every one of his numerous romances had some plague-spot about it, and should have been banished to the moral Lazaretto. Now that he seems to have found

some root of healing, we gladly accord him an honorable place among those who have increased "the public stock of harmless pleasure."

We are not about to run a tilt as the advocates of the religious novel, especially in its old, sectarian form — a form which, unhappily, is not wholly disused in our own day. But pictures, however attractive, of life disjoined from the influence of that religion which is its salt and savor, or forgetful of the great fact that human virtue can possess neither consistency nor stability without it, are like the crude efforts of the tyro on canvas, who, being endowed with a certain amount of observation and an eye for color, produces glowing and even fascinating figures and groups which, on examination, prove to be monsters — inasmuch as, under all their life-like hues and effects of beauty, they have bones and muscles placed according to fancy, rather than in agreement with nature and science. Such pictures may indeed please the youthful eye, but they would terribly mislead the student who should depend on them as models. Better, far, the angels of Art's early day, with lovely heads but empty drapery — terminating *in aria*, from a pious dread of ascribing human proportions to superhuman beings; or the equally ideal heroines of the old romances, strong only in beauty, yet subject to no weakness but love; — moral monsters, indeed, but having at least such religion as can be incorporated with such natures.

It were folly to deny that the novel has become more *respectable* in its modern form; we say only that it is less *pleasing*. It has not attempted to stem the utilitarian current of the time, like painting and sculpture, and music — (would we could add poetry, but that, alas! has become didactic, in order that it may be read) — Painting, Sculpture, and Music — blessings on them for standing proudly up, unmodified by all the press of world-tendencies — unaccommodated to the encroachments of vulgarity, however specious or popular — faithful witnesses to the high uses of Beauty! Fiction has confessed its inferiority as an art; it has sought not to lead, but to follow; not to inspire, but to persuade. It no longer claims to have an end within itself; it labors, and to an ultimate purpose. It has not only become a schoolmaster, but a

treacherous one; one who puts on a forced, cruel smile, to entice his victim, while he holds the rod behind his back, only waiting an unguarded moment to assume his natural look and his favorite office. But this office is very *respectable*, both in the book and in the schoolmaster, if we believe the "moral-pocket-handkerchief"-makers of the day. They insist that it is a "dooty" to mix the medicine with the syrup which our simpler fathers used to reserve to sweeten the imagination and brighten up the face of the imp, who had taken the less palatable potion without resistance. For, say they, people grow more and more unwilling to swallow instruction, and will hardly take it at all, unless it is cunningly disguised. It were a grave question to ask, how has instruction become so unpalatable?

It is but carrying our thought a step further to say that, although a very large proportion of the novels of the day are written by women, yet the novel feminine is nearly extinct. Not to speak of Jane Eyre and Shirley, of whose heroines a certain piquant ferocity, which now and then touches "the brink of all we hate," forms the principal charm, — where do we meet a novel of the first class that bears a decided and intentional feminine aspect, if we except some of the many volumes of the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," and the picturesque platitudes of Mr. James? Mrs. Gore's innumerable progeny all raise the suspicion of a maternal beard. The qualifications of our most popular lady-novelists are, not tenderness, piety, imagination, fancy; but keen observation, powerful satire, knowledge of the world, strong common sense, and — though last not least — democratic principles, of which women seem destined to be the instinctive apostles, as indeed they can well afford to be, occupying, as they do, a fixed aristocratic position in the world; born judges of a turmoil that can never reach them. Mrs. Inchbald set all the men in England weeping over her "Simple Story," a story so simple that our school-chits, nowadays, scorn to be moved by it; Miss Bronte puts all the reviewers to their trumps by a novel of morality so questionable, that good mothers are not a little in doubt whether it ought to have a place on the drawing-room table, while the light of its better part is like

steel-glints, and the music of its love like the clang of armor. Have the hearts of men, — and women, — grown harder than of old?

Novels of American life have thus far been rather picturesque than moral or "knowing." The new circumstances of our position, and the feeling that our country is too little known to other countries, have prompted a descriptive tone — both as to scenery and manners — an appearance of the attempt to give information — which has almost put them out of the pale of fiction and within that of travels. When Scott describes manners and customs, scenery, or historic characters, he does so because they are in themselves worth describing; they are curious, or quaint, or striking, or they have the points which fit them to be the components of a great picture in which the imagination shall find delight; when Mr. Cooper or Miss Sedgwick brings them forward, it is because they are American — new, unknown beyond our own borders, and because they *ought* to be interesting; — Indians, for instance, which writers *will* occasionally fancy they can *make* interesting, the true Indian, truly depicted, being about as interesting as the Patagonian or New Zealander. To teach morals has been no very direct aim of our indigenous novels. They have breathed a high and pure tone, but it has been an under-tone. Mr. Cooper, in his latter days, wrote some hard, blunt satires, under the guise of novels; but there is many a deposition that deserves the name better. Miss Sedgwick's minor fictions are parables, excellent ones, adorned with all the humane graces, and distinctly American; beaming all over with the earnest goodness of the author — her truth, her courage, her religious spirit; but hardly novels.

As our space will not allow a *catalogue raisonnée* of American novels, we must content ourselves with this mere reference to them. It is more to our present purpose to say that they have been accepted and admired at home, and not a little noticed abroad; though, on every fresh venture, there is a cry of "American! we want something American! something distinctive; something that would not be at home anywhere else; grand as your rivers; rugged as your mountains; expansive, like your great lakes," &c. There has

been, at times, a perfect hubbub of this sort — a very "Omnibus row," if we may credit the critic managers of British taste:

> "Folks of all sorts and of every degree;
> Snob and Snip and haughty grandee;
> Duchesses, Countesses, fresh from their tea;
> And Shopmen, who only read books for a spree,
> Halloo'd and hooted and roar'd 'cross the sea,
> 'Be grand! be grand!
> Let your lines expand!
> We 'll take nothing small from so monstrous a land!'"

(We hope the ghost of the lamented Ingoldsby will not haunt us for the liberty here taken with his rhymes.) Yet the bigger we tried to write, the more they said we stole their thunder. So, by general consent, and in happy hour, we gave up trying to write to please or instruct any body but ourselves; and lo and behold, an American literature!

If we may accept as testimony the rapturous welcome of our British neighbors, Uncle Tom's Cabin is in itself quite sufficient to establish our claim in that quarter — an incidental obligation which we owe to Mrs. Stowe, in addition to the great one of having flung the heaviest stone at Slavery in the United States. But besides the glory of this unique production, the past year has witnessed another triumph, in the welcome given to a new venture in the new path; a welcome less enthusiastic, of course, than that accorded to the striking and masterly delineation of a social state about which the whole curiosity of the world was a-tiptoe; but most hearty, smiling, tearful; spontaneous, national, and untinctured by the poor pride which is unsatisfied without the recognition of outsiders. The Wide, Wide World struck a chord that was still vibrating when Queechy came to prolong the thrill; and later in the day, a modest, younger sister, bearing the unlovely name of Dollars and Cents, touched the same note, though with a less potent finger. In treating of these three books, we must notice the third only incidentally, yet its merit is undeniable. It has the disadvantage of being third and not first, or even second; and also of having appeared too soon after its elders, which it resembles too closely to hope to excite a fresh interest.

As far as we know the early history of the Wide, Wide

World, it was, for some time, bought to be presented to nice little girls, by parents and friends who desired to set a pleasant example of docility and self-command before those happy beginners. Elder sisters were soon found poring over the volumes, and it was very natural that mothers next should try the spell which could so enchain the more volatile spirits of the household. After this, papas were not very difficult to convert, for papas like to feel their eyes moisten, sometimes, with emotions more generous than those usually excited at the stock exchange or in the counting-room. Whether any elder brothers read, we must doubt, in the absence of direct testimony; for that class proverbially despises any thing so "slow" as pictures of domestic life; but we are much mistaken if the Wide, Wide World, and Queechy, have not been found under the pillows of sober bachelors, — pillows not unsprinkled with the sympathetic tears of those who, in broad day, manfully exult in "freedom" from the effeminate fetters of wife and children.

All this while nobody talked very loud about these simple stories. They were found on everybody's table, and lent from house to house, but they made no great figure in the newspapers or show-bills. By and by, the deliberate people who look at title-pages, noticed the magic words, "Tenth Thousand," "Twelfth Thousand," and so on; and as the publishing house was not one of those who think politic fibs profitable, inevitable conclusions began to be drawn as to the popularity of the books — conclusions to which the publisher had come long before, perhaps not without a certain surprise.

With our intuitive respect for the public fiat, we scarce feel like criticizing, in the usual terms, works which have received the unbought stamp of its hearty approval. All critical rules worth using are deduced from works thus stamped; that is to say, from works of genius; for the universal heart leaps up to none other. And as each of these must be to a certain extent original, we ought, perhaps, to consider it as instituting some new rules, of which it should itself first enjoy the advantage. We should certainly be much at a loss for any single book to which we might profitably compare these truly indigenous novels, unless we take the liberty of supposing that the Vicar

of Wakefield may have seemed to English readers of Goldsmith's time somewhat as these do to us — a simple transcript of country life and character, depending for interest partly on the ordinary joys and sorrows of our common humanity, partly on life-like pictures of individual loveliness and virtue, which sweeten what is homely in the accessories, and brighten scenes and fortunes that might otherwise leave on the mind a too oppressive sadness. As far as we can analyze the elements of literary popularity, that of the Vicar and that of these world-wide stories of ours rest on a somewhat similar basis, though we are far from claiming for the American tales an equality of merit. In plot they are deficient, certainly; may almost be said to have none; and in variety they fall immeasurably behind, as every picture of common life drawn by a woman necessarily must, for want of the wide experience open only to the other sex. But, even of the Vicar of Wakefield, Dr. Johnson said, "I myself did not think it would have had much success;" so difficult is it at first to discern the true merit of a life-like portrait by a master of the art. A daub strikes or disgusts at once; it is only the exquisite painter who keeps us long hovering in doubt through the subtle delicacy of his handling.

Miss Warner — who can no longer expect to find shelter under her pseudonyme of "Elizabeth Wetherell," — sets out on her task with a religious intention — as who should not? under the injunction, "WHATEVER ye do" — yet she does not write what we have been accustomed to contemplate under the title of a religious novel. Attempting, as her main point, the development of a female character from mere childhood upward, she makes religion the decisive element, as whoever would draw from nature must do, spite of convention, fortune, amiable dispositions, happy circumstances, or strange reverses. Whosoever looks below the mere surface of things, finds that when virtue, happiness, or even prosperity is in question, religion is the ultimate disposer, though the world is slow to recognize its power over "the life that now is." In our view, Miss Warner allows it no higher than its due place, and ascribes to it no wider than its real influence. She makes her young girl passionate, though amiable, in her

temper; fond of admiration, although withheld by innate delicacy from seeking it unduly. She places her in circumstances of peculiar trial to her peculiar traits, and brings her, by careful gradations, to the state of self-governed and stable virtue which fits woman for her great office in the world; a fitness which would be impaired by the sacrifice of a single grace, or the loss of one sentiment of tenderness. To build such a character on any basis other than a religious one, would have been to fix a palace upon the shifting sands; and we have no quarrel with Miss Warner that she has not taken pains to hide her foundations, as some poor architects do. Let us see that the base is sufficient, that we may not be disturbed by fears as to the permanence of an edifice we are compelled to admire. Ellen and Fleda are reared, by their truly feminine and natural experiences, into any thing but "strong-minded women," at least if we accept Mr. Dickens's notion of that dreadful order. They are both of velvet softness; of delicate, downcast beauty; of flitting but abundant smiles, and of even too many and ready tears.

> "Not learned, save in gracious household ways;
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants."

They live in the affections, as the true woman must; yet they cultivate and prize the understanding, and feel it to be the appointed guardian of goodness, as all wise women should. Without a touch of the Corinna, we feel that neither could ever sink to the level of Priscilla. They are conscious of having a power and place in the world, and they claim it without assumption or affectation, and fill it with a quiet self-respect, not inconsistent with modesty and due humility. Such is the ideal presented, and with such skill that we seem at times to be reading a biography. There is a sweetness in the conception and execution that makes the heart and the temper better as we read. A little gentle monitor puts our pride off its guard, and we are led away captive by goodness — even religious goodness — without resistance.

So much for the *charm* of the books. As a matter of pure judgment, we must place their pictures of American country life and character above all their other merits, since we know not where, in any language, we shall find their graphic truth

excelled. When after times would seek a specimen of our Doric of this date, Aunt Fortune will stand them in stead; and no Theocritus of our time will draw a bucolical swain more true to the life than Mr. Van Brunt. Even the shadow of Didenhover is a portrait; we see him, though he never appears in the flesh, and we feel him, too, though we have never let out a farm "on shares." Captain Montgomery is another of those invisible persons with whom we are perfectly well acquainted, although not a line is given to describing him; and the "hateful" clerk who wreaks his petty spite upon Ellen's horse, is a character whose truth to nature little girls bear witness to, by the hearty indignation with which they read the scene. Nancy Vawse is a white Topsy; Barby a perfect type of the American serving-girl, at once selfish and tender, coarse and delicate; and we might swell our list of life-like characters a good deal further, if their very number did not warn us against being too particular.

But, on the other hand, we are compelled to say that such magisterial lovers as Mr. Carleton and John Humphreys are not at all to our taste, nor do we believe they would in actual presence be very fascinating to most young ladies. It is true that youthful pupils have fallen in love with their schoolmasters ere now, but if we were condemned to go masquerading after a wife, we should, relying upon observation, choose almost any other *rôle* sooner. It is hard to imagine Ellen slipping into the equality of wifehood, from the childish reverence which she is represented as feeling, to the last moment, for him who has been for years her stern and almost gloomy teacher. As for Carleton, he carries his pretentiousness into the region of melodrama — awing people with looks; entering the drawing-rooms of ladies unnoticed, so as to be present when nobody is thinking of him, and scarce descending from his stilts even to his honored mamma, though he is

"All adoration, duty, and observance"

to the child Fleda, and on the point of fighting a duel about her, when she is scarce a dozen years old. This contrast between a man's natural or habitual character and manner, and that which he exhibits when in love, may be what novel-reading young ladies call "interesting;" but it is one scarcely

befitting a pattern man — a Christianized hero — one to whom humility is strength, and self-renunciation the only dignity. The least *soupçon* of strut spoils such a figure. We like the hero of Dollars and Cents — evidently a brother of the order, Rodney Collingwood by name — much better, though he walks under such a veil of dimness in the story, as told by a little girl, that we are hardly sure we know him fully.

In each and all of the three books we are thinking of, pecuniary difficulties are made the chief means of the development of character; in real life, as it seems to us, they are more certainly the means of developing talent. Is it not assigning to money an office higher than that which really belongs to it, to make the possession or lack of it so influential in that high region where the affections, the conscience, the hope for another life, are the acknowledged arbiters? Character must spring from the heart; conduct may be, in part, the result of circumstances. The possession of riches does, indeed, sometimes seem to harden the heart and deaden the sympathies; mean and shallow minds it makes self-forgetful and irreligious, sometimes. But, on the other hand, has not the struggle with poverty its mischiefs? Even the effort to escape, not from poverty, but from mediocrity, to the dazzling heights of wealth, — that strife which we of this "happy land" see around us every day, — may well remind a looker-on of the fate of those wretched prisoners, who, after agreeing to march in procession past the only breathing place, that each might have his share of the chance for life, soon forgot, in their frantic selfishness, that the good of all was the good of each, and trod one upon another, filling the air with poison and death. Only the philosopher, and, above all, the Christian, whose philosophy has possession and command of the entire man, heart as well as intellect, finds poverty favorable to the cultivation of all the virtues. Angry discontent, if not open murmuring against Providence; if not absolute and conscious envy, at least so much of it as prevents a hearty rejoicing at the prosperity of others; such a yielding to sordid cares as shall make the imagination a mere caterer to Mammon, and so stifle the affections that our eye shall be evil to the

son of our bosom as being another consumer of the diminishing store; these are some of the too common and natural evils of poverty; evils against which strength of mind offers no adequate defence, because the intellect alone makes poor and wavering battle against the passions and propensities.

Poverty is not, therefore, the ordeal to which we should choose to subject an ordinary mind and heart, with a view to their highest improvement. The trials of temper to which the little Ellen is exposed, under the iron hand of Aunt Fortune, are training indeed, and tests indeed. To profit by such blows, the heart must have had the annealing of heavenly fires, for none other would serve; to bear them without absolute injury would be above the moral strength of most children, as our painful interest in the struggles and slips of the dear little girl bears witness. Another sort of trial is the persecution of Fleda by Mr. Thorn, and the petty annoyance she experiences among the Evelyns. The entire picture of her conduct in these cases is excellently done, and offers some most salutary hints of united modesty and firmness, in positions which most young ladies would find difficult. The amiable amusement called "teazing" is well characterized; we have always felt it to be akin to that of pulling off the legs and wings of flies.

"Fleda had the greatest difficulty not to cry. The lady did not seem to see her disturbed brow; but recovering herself after a little, though not readily, she bent forward and touched her lips to it in kind fashion. Fleda did not look up, and, saying again — 'I will tell him, dear Fleda!' — Mrs. Evelyn left the room. Constance, after a little laughing and condoling, neither of which Fleda attempted to answer, ran off too, to dress herself; and Fleda, after finishing her own toilette, sat down and cried heartily. She thought Mrs. Evelyn had been, perhaps unconsciously, very unkind; and to say that unkindness has not been meant, is but to shift the charge from one to another vital point in the character of a friend, and one perhaps not less grave. A moment's passionate wrong may consist with the endurance of a friendship worth having, better than the thoughtlessness of obtuse wits that can never know how to be kind. Fleda's whole frame was in a tremor from disagreeable excitement, and she had serious causes of sorrow to cry for. She was sorry she had lost what would have been a great pleasure in the ride — and her great pleasures were not often — but

nothing would have been more impossible than for her to go after what Mrs. Evelyn had said; she was sorry Mr. Carleton should have asked her twice in vain; what must he think? She was exceedingly sorry that a thought should have been put into her head that never before had visited the most distant dreams of her imagination — so needlessly, so gratuitously; — she was very sorry, for she could not be free of it again, and she felt it would make her miserably hampered and constrained in mind and manner both, in any future intercourse with the person in question. And then, again, what would he think of that? Poor Fleda came to the conclusion that her best place was at home, and made up her mind to take the first good opportunity of getting there.

"She went down to dinner with no traces either of tears or of unkindness on her sweet face, but her nerves were quivering all the afternoon; she could not tell whether Mrs. Evelyn and her daughters found it out. And it was impossible for her to get back even her old degree of freedom of manner before either Mr. Carleton or Mr. Thorn. All the more because Mrs. Evelyn was every now and then bringing out some sly allusion which afforded herself intense delight, and wrought Fleda to the last degree of unquietness. Unkind — Fleda thought now it was but half from ignorance of the mischief she was doing, the other half from the mere desire of selfish gratification. The times and ways in which Lot and Abraham were walked into the conversation were incalculable — and unintelligible except to the person who understood it only too well."

Many of the social ills and errors called "petty," are touched upon with equal acuteness and courage — we say courage, because that is a quality required for touching on American social faults. One is proved a traitor, and will go nigh to be thought one shortly, who allows, even in the rarest paroxysms of candor, that our manners might be improved. But our authoress is on impregnable ground when she takes the golden rule as her standard of manners, and she makes us feel, in various instances, that convention is a far more arbitrary and fluctuating one. As good republicans, we ought to thank her for indicating the basis whereon we may build, even in this land of equality and fluctuation, a politeness more gentle, delicate, and consistent, than ever prevailed in the court of the Grand Monarque, or any other selfish King of Diamonds whatever.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary, after what we have already said, to state formally that we think the new American novels no whit too religious. If we were inclined to cavil at all in this direction, it would be at a too minute and rather feeble mode of presenting the great subject in certain conversations, where the effort has evidently been to simplify the whole matter, and clear it of the mystical dimness and dignity which persons of more intellectual pride than self-knowledge are apt to allege against it. We do not at all agree with the critic who objects to the attempt to "make people religious by quotations from Dr. Watts's hymns;" for a hymn is sometimes to a sermon what the smooth stone of the shepherd-warrior was to the ponderous spear of the heathen giant; or the scymetar of Saladin, that would divide a flying feather, to the broadsword of Sir Kenneth, made to hack and hew by the aid of main strength. "The Word"! who shall measure its potency, or prescribe the vehicle in which it shall find its appointed mark soonest? If any thing is taught equally by Scripture and experience, it is that in spiritual matters it is impossible to say "whether shall prosper, either this or that." To use an illustration called to mind by the rural pictures in the books before us;—a mass of hay not wholly dried may long be conscious of a rising heat, yet never reaching the point of combustion, grow cold again. But, while the temperature of the heap is thus raised, it takes but an electric flash from a passing cloud to wake it into flame. Poetry is electric, and oftentimes the dull, smouldering soul, long inaccessible to influences seeming stronger, finds its tiniest spark irresistible.

We cannot so confidently defend the long arguments which here and there dilute the richer current of natural thought and lively description that flows through Miss Warner's books. We tolerate interruptions to the leading interest only when they are recommended by peculiar felicities of style; importance of subject is not sufficient passport for such interpolations. Nor can we, by any glamour of *bonhommie*, be brought to look with complacency upon certain specimens of homeliness in diction carried further than the necessities of the case demand. Colloquialisms are racy; bad grammar and coarse expressions, however true to nature

in the delineations of certain characters, are sad blemishes when they creep into the writer's own style, or into the talk of people whom she represents as well-educated and accustomed to refined society. An old country gentleman may be made to say, "Suppose you and me was to have some roast apples;" but it grates on the ear sadly when Mr. Rossitur, who has spent his life in Paris and New York, says "I will not interrupt you but a minute," and the heroine herself falls into the same inelegance. Barby may talk of "hauling" a table up to the fire, or a gentleman's "feeling about his jaws and chin," as he stands before the fire; but when the author uses such expressions in her own person, or describes an elegant young lady "reaching over after a sausage," we must be allowed to feel slightly shocked. It is easy to perceive that these errors are the result of a deliberate determination on the author's part, to be true to nature at all hazards; but we submit, that, in fiction, truth must always acknowledge the dominion of taste. There is, indeed, a large class among us, lifted by sudden fortune into positions which render their lack of early advantages painfully obvious; but we protest against the insinuation that it is common to hear, among our better classes, cacophony as salient as Lord Dubuley's, or that English people alone speak correctly our native tongue. There seems a slight lurking of prejudice, hardly consistent with the general patriotism of Miss Warner's books, in this setting up of English people as models of virtue and good-breeding, and almost a solecism in sending across the water for an immensely wealthy English husband for the sturdy little American Fleda, whose breeding of hap and hazard certainly have fitted her so admirably for making some indigenous swain happy. But this choosing of husbands for themselves, or their heroines, is a matter in which ladies have always the privilege of being a little wilful, if not whimsical.

Where, then, let us ask, in conclusion, shall we class these American novels of ours? There is very little romance about them; they have nothing of the Edgworthian didactic tone; they are not devoted to showing up the vices and weaknesses of society; nor do they take up any particular grievance, in

order to probe the sluggish consciences of those who practise or tolerate it. They have no evident aim at the picturesque or grotesque newness of our green land. May we not, then, consider them as having a character of their own — humane, religious, *piquant*, natural, national? They paint human nature in its American type; they appeal to universal human sympathy, but with a special reference to the fellow-feeling of those whose peculiar social circumstances and trials fit them to be judges of the life-picture in whose background may be discerned so many familiar objects. They recognize the heart as the strong-hold of character, and religion as the ruling element of life; religion — no *ism*, however specious or popular — being "of one mind with Christ;" the "faith that worketh by love;" whose fruit is obedience, and whose reward, a peace that can be attained by no other method. We know of no prototype of such books, unless we venture to claim a family likeness to the world-wide favorite mentioned some time since — a claim, however, which must not imply the relinquishment of that of originality, since there is no room for suspicion of imitation. Nothing could be easier, to be sure, than to show, that, by the side of Goldsmith's, our author's literary style is "nowhere," to use a recently popular phrase; yet we insist there is a resemblance that lies deeper than mere style. Let us hope, that, encouraged in all future efforts by the gratifying welcome accorded to these comparatively crude ventures, she may catch the style, as well as the spirit, of the great master of English prose narrative.

To us, there is something very pleasing in this welcome. Such a spontaneous popularity is interesting as an index of national character. Not that we would draw too broad conclusions from a single instance, but that we must consider so striking a fact to have some general meaning. When a story of real life — American rural life, of the homeliest — unheralded at home, unstamped by foreign approval — lacking the tempting bait of national flattery — and wholly deficient in the flash and flippancy that might attract the vulgar mind, springs at once to a currency which few books ever reach — cried to the skies by the "most sweet voices," of old and young, gentle and simple, — we cannot help feeling the verdict to be significant.

To borrow a Swedenborgianism, we are what our loves are; and, although nations are perhaps as subject as individuals to be led away by clamor or sympathy into demonstrations of that which has no true vitality, there are expressions whose heartiness is their warrant. What are the grounds of the admiration, or rather love, excited by these books? The interest of both lies in a most life-like picture of the character and fate of a little girl — for we feel Ellen and Fleda to be one and the same; — a little girl such as any of our daughters may be; unfortunate in some respects, happy in others; dependent, as all little girls, whatever their station or fortune, must be, on the virtue and affection of those about them; but showing, what all little girls cannot show, a degree of character, a firmness of principle, a sweetness of disposition, by no means impossible under the circumstances, yet far enough raised above common experience and expectation, to excite the imagination and stimulate the sympathy. This little figure, set in a frame-work of homely circumstances, coarse dress, domestic drudgery, and uncongenial companionship, is the light of the book. All else, however excellently sketched in, is subordinate. It is of the little heart, beating at once with timidity and courage, that we think. The sweet childish face and loving ways make "a sunshine in the shady place," under the most humiliating circumstances. We care for all else only as this little piece of tender, budding womanhood is affected or influenced. When she is abused, we burn with indignation; when she is exalted, we feel that only justice is done her. When saucy and teasing things are said to her by envious people, we long to hear what she will say in reply, and when she answers well, (as she always does,) our eyes sparkle as if she were our very own. From all this, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the author is very able, and that we are — very amiable! And in this comfortable frame of mind, we take our leave for the present.

ART. V.—*Outlines of Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the Present Time.* Translated from the German of DR. GEORGE WEBER, Professor and Director of the High School of Heidelberg, by DR. M. BEHR, Professor of German Literature in Winchester College. London: Whittaker & Co. 1851. 8 vo. pp. 483.

THE translation of this work has been received with much favor in England, and with good reason. It is an attempt, which, in the main, is a very successful one, to give the outlines of universal history in a form more available for the purposes of education than that in which they have usually been presented. Instead of laboring to compress the largest amount of material into the smallest possible space, thus forming a sapless abridgment, or mere bead-roll of names, dates, and events, about as interesting for continuous perusal as a dictionary, and as likely to be remembered, the writer has avoided entering into any detail, and, bringing forward only the capital facts, has thereby gained room for considering them in their causes and consequences, and exhibiting them so as to excite the imagination, and leave a deep imprint upon the memory. His success consists in applying the rules of historical perspective to the annals of the world and of all time, as they are usually applied only to the history of a single country or a single age. In an outline, much more than in a finished picture, every thing depends upon the distribution of light and shade, — upon the artist's skill in selecting and giving prominence to the points of real interest and importance. If the canvas be crowded, though it be small in size, the eye wanders over it in as great perplexity as one feels in the attempt to take in all the parts of Michael Angelo's immense and populous fresco of the Last Judgment. A page must no more be burdened with details than a volume. A compend of history must be a true compend, and not merely a complete history viewed through the wrong end of a telescope; for, by losing sight of the proportion and relative importance of events, the record is just as much falsified as if a material part were omitted altogether. An able judge has declared, that the highest excellence of Gibbon, as a historian, consists in "the

manner in which he masses his materials, and arranges his facts in successive groups, not according to chronological order, but to their moral and political connection; the distinctness with which he marks his periods of gradually increasing decay; and the skill with which, though advancing on separate parallels of history, he shows the common tendency of the slower or more rapid religious or civil innovations."

We are not here bringing great things to illustrate those which are ludicrously small. Considering the vast range of his subject, Gibbon's immortal work, notwithstanding its voluminousness, is a mere abridgment of history. It comprises the substance of many histories; it is a compendium of the annals of many countries and many centuries. He who would make a good text-book of history, for the use of schools, must imbibe the spirit of Gibbon's method, though he may not equal the brilliancy of his execution. His ingenuity will be taxed all the more severely, if it be his object to make an outline of *universal* history within the compass of a single volume. This is what Dr. Weber has attempted; and without saying, by any means, that he has accomplished all that can be desired, it is safe to affirm that he has shown a just conception of the plan of such a work, and has proceeded to execute it in the right direction. Accordingly, his book is far more readable than most abridgments. Nothing could be more comprehensive; the writer begins with the creation of the world, and ends only with the Hungarian catastrophe at Vilagos, and the downfall of the cause of United Germany. He gives at least an intelligible outline of all recorded events of great importance between these two epochs. His style, far from being affectedly concise, is flowing and sometimes animated; and the narrative is interspersed with as large a proportion of disquisition and philosophical remark, as is usual in histories of a far more limited scope. At the same time, the book is not tinctured with any of the peculiarities of manner or doctrine, which have given rise to a well-founded distrust of any work of German origin that admits of original speculation. The writer is neither a pedant, a dreamer, nor a sceptic; in respect to simplicity of manner, soberness of

thought, and sound common sense, he might easily pass for an Englishman. He believes in an overruling Providence, and holds that the best and truest philosophy of history is that which discerns, in all the great currents of this world's affairs, frequent and unmistakable traces of the moral government of God.

As an instance of the felicitous delineation of the characteristic features of a particular epoch, the sketch being a very comprehensive one, and yet clear and definite, never lapsing into vague remark or shadowy speculation, we would mention, with especial praise, the general view of society and literature in the Middle Ages. The passage is too long for quotation; but, as a companion picture, though on a smaller scale, we borrow a part of the able sketch of the condition of France during the age of Louis XIV.

"It was during the last three decades of the seventeenth century that France stood at the culminating point of her power abroad and of her prosperity at home, so that the flattering chronicles of those days described the age of Louis XIV. as the golden age of France. Trade and industry received a prodigious development by the care of Colbert; the woollen and silk manufactories, the stocking and cloth weaving, which flourished in the southern towns, brought prosperity; the maritime force increased, colonies were planted, and the productions of France were carried by trading companies to all quarters of the globe.

"The court of France displayed a magnificence that had never before been witnessed. The palace of Versailles, and the gardens, which were adorned with statues, fountains, and alleys of trees, were a model of taste for all Europe; fêtes of all kinds, jovial parties, ballets, fireworks, the opera and the theatre, in the service of which the first intellects in France employed their talents, followed upon each other in attractive succession; poets, artists, men of learning, all were eager to do honor to a prince who rewarded with a liberal hand every kind of talent that conduced either to his amusement or to his glory. Sumptuous buildings, as the Hospital of the Invalids, costly libraries, magnificent productions of the press, vast establishments for the natural sciences, academies, and similar institutions, exalted the glory and renown of the great Louis. The refined air of society, the polished tone, the easy manners of the nobility and courtiers, subdued Europe more permanently and extensively than the weapons of the army. The

French fashions, language, and literature bore sway, from this time, in all circles of the higher classes. The consequences of the establishment of the French Academy by Richelieu were a development of the language, style, and literary composition, that was extremely favorable to the diffusion of the literature. The language, so particularly adapted for social intercourse, for conversation and for epistolary writing, remained from henceforth the language of diplomacy, of courts, and of the higher classes; and although the literary productions are wanting in strength, elevation, and nature, the polish of the form, and the ease and felicity of the style, gave French taste the supremacy in Europe, and strengthened the French people in the agreeable delusion that they were the most civilized of nations. In the time of Louis, dramatic poetry reached its highest excellence in Peter Corneille (1684), whose "Cid" is regarded as the foundation and commencement of classical stage poetry; in J. Racine (1699), who, in his Iphigenia and Phædra, ventured to emulate Euripides; and in the talented writer of comedies, Moliere (1673), whose Tartuffe, L'Avare, Le Misanthrope, &c., evince a profound knowledge of human nature in its aberrations. Boileau (Despreaux) (1711), a dexterous versifier, was admired as the French Horace, on account of his odes and satires; Lafontaine's (1694) fables and stories are still familiar in all families, as school and children's books; and the adventures of Temachus by Bishop Fenelon (1715) are translated into all European languages, and have an immense circulation. At the same time, the eloquence of the pulpit was cultivated by Bossuet (1704) and other spiritual orators; the philosophy of scepticism, by the Huguenot, Bayle; and the literature of polemics by the religious party of the Jansenists, in its contests against the Jesuits and their dangerous morality. In this latter class, the Provincial Letters of Pascal occupy the first rank.

"But however flatterers may sing the praises of the age of Louis XIV., one spot of shame remains ineradicable — the persecution of the Huguenots. The French king believed that the unity of the Church was inseparable from a perfect monarchy. For this reason, he oppressed the Jansenists, a Catholic party, which first contended against the Jesuits, and afterwards against the head of the Church himself; and he compelled the Calvinists, by the most severe persecutions, either to fly, or to return into the bosom of the Catholic Church. Colbert, who esteemed the Huguenots as active and industrious citizens, prevented, for some time, these violent measures; but the suggestions of the royal confessor, La Chaise, the zeal for conversion of the affectedly pious Madame Maintenon, who had been first a tutoress of the court, and afterwards Louis's trusted wife, and the cruelty of Louvois,

the minister of war, at length triumphed over the advice of Colbert. A long succession of oppressive proceedings against the Huguenots prepared the way for the great stroke. The number of their churches was restricted, and their worship confined to a few of the principal towns. Louis's paro xysms of repentance and devotion were always the sources of fresh oppressions to the Calvinistic heretics, by whose conversion he thought to expiate his own crimes. They were gradually excluded from office and dignities; converts were favored; in this way, the ambitious were enticed, the poor were won by money which flowed from the king's conversion chest, and from the liberal gifts of the pious illustrious; a wide field was open to the zeal for proselytism by the enactment that the conversion of children under age was valid. Families were divided, children were torn from their parents and brought up as Catholics. Court and clergy, the heartless and eloquent bishop Bossuet at their head, set all means in motion to establish the ecclesiastical unity of France. When all other means of conversion failed, came the dragonades. At the command of Louvois, the cavalry took possession of the southern provinces, and established their quarters in the dwellings of the Huguenots. The prosperity of the industrious citizens, whose substance was devoured by the dragoons, soon disappeared." pp. 294–296.

It is a satisfaction to know that an American edition of so good a school book, carefully revised, and with considerable additions relating to the history of this country, is already in press, and will shortly be published in Boston.

Dr. Weber's method, in this work, and the success with which he has reduced it to practice, will go far to resolve a doubt which many have reasonably entertained, whether the study of history can profitably be made a branch of University or College discipline. An outline of the subject, indeed, comprising at least as much as is usually taught in seminaries of a lower rank, in academies and high schools, is an essential knowledge for every person who aspires to be even tolerably well educated. As we remarked on a former occasion, the value of such an outline consists, not chiefly, but solely, in the explanation it affords of the allusions, citations, and references with which all literature abounds. It is no more an introduction to the study of history than to the study of literature; for it is just as essential to enable the pupil to read Shakspeare and Milton, Bacon and Burke, understandingly, as to

open for him the pages of the professed historians of a particular country or epoch. But the question is, whether, beyond this superficial initiation in the subject, history can be systematically taught in our Colleges, as a part of the vigorous and comprehensive discipline of mind which is there the chief object of attention. Sir William Hamilton, whose authority as a philosophical thinker would be very high on a point of this sort, even if he had not been for many years Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh, decides this question in the negative, and offers several weighty reasons for his opinion.

He argues, that any knowledge which can only be derived from books, and can be obtained from them by mere perusal, without any strenuous exercise of thought, is peculiarly inappropriate for academical discipline. History, as commonly understood, is but a collection of results, which students and teachers alike must take only on report. These results are mere facts, *to be passively believed;* they satisfy our curiosity at no expense of thought, and hardly even cultivate the memory. He subsequently limits this remark, in great part, to modern history, especially when it is read in the vernacular tongue, and when the study of it is not made to consist in the active examination and pondering of authorities. Mere historical *reading*, he contends, does not necessarily call forth, exercise, and develop the higher powers of the intellect. It supplies, in part, the furniture, or equipment, of the scholar, but does not constitute his gymnastics. It furnishes knowledge which is admitted to be of great importance in itself; and a competent amount of it may be required as a qualification for a degree in the Arts, the books also being designated from which this *minimum* of knowledge is to be obtained. Farther than this, he deems the subject an inappropriate and impracticable one for professorial instruction.

This is a plausible view of the matter, and its correctness, to some extent, may be admitted. At any rate, it is a just censure upon the manner in which the study of history, in the higher seminaries of learning, has usually been conducted. But beyond that elementary knowledge, to which we have adverted, as being little more than a preparation for the study

of history properly so called, we cannot admit that the study is properly pursued by a mere perusal of books, and a passive reception of the facts or truths which they contain. Even if the object were only to obtain the knowledge in the form in which it is most likely to be remembered, and to be serviceable for future use, we hold that it would be very injudicious to limit one's efforts to mere historical *reading*. It is true, that one might thus pass over the most ground in the least time; but he would not thus learn the most, and of what he learned little would remain strongly imprinted on the memory. If a mere knowledge of events is made the secondary object of study, instead of the primary one, — if this be left to be acquired, as it may be, incidentally, while the mind is busy in active inquiry and reflection, looking to a solution of one or more of the countless problems which history suggests, then not only will the knowledge itself be most likely to remain a possession forever, but the exercise through which it was obtained may take rank among the most healthful and invigorating pursuits of intellect. Mere reading is not study, it is true; but an inert mind may read a book on metaphysical or natural science just as passively as a volume of history. Perhaps a little more effort may be needed, in the former case, to understand what one reads; but the labor which is necessary for a mere comprehension of the writer's meaning cannot be very severe or very profitable. It is only when one grasps the problem independently, and tries conclusions, as it were, with the author, that the toil becomes real and its consequences beneficial. Now, the problems which history suggests, as we have just intimated, are countless; and many of them are as intricate and perplexing as those which tax the judgment and the sagacity of the metaphysician. Some of them may be solved by reflection only; but most require an independent course of historical investigation. It is the business of the judicious teacher to point them out, and to indicate the path or general direction of historical inquiry, by which one must proceed to a solution of them. His function, in this respect, is precisely like that of the teacher of metaphysical philosophy, general grammar, or the art of reasoning, — all of which studies Sir William Hamilton ad-

mits into the academical *curriculum*. He also excepts from his censure the particular exercise — the active examination and pondering of authorities — to which the writer of history necessarily submits. Why should not the student so investigate the subject, as if he were to write upon it? It may be objected, indeed, that he would not advance far, if he proceeded with this degree of caution. Certainly he would not; but this objection is the very opposite of the one we have been considering, for it implies that the study requires too much, rather than too little, labor. As history is now written, and in fact, as it is generally understood, it includes a greater number of mooted questions and disputed facts, than any other science. What is universally admitted in one age, is often universally called into doubt in another. Before Niebuhr's time, the early history of Rome was generally received as fact; now, it is rejected as legendary and fabulous. In this case, also, the record was closed and sealed up, no further evidence being attainable; Niebuhr's discoveries were chiefly made by reasoning upon facts already known. But with respect to modern history, new facts are disclosed, and new testimony is continually coming to light. While the data are thus fluctuating, the conclusions also are subject to change.

We have spoken of the countless problems which history *suggests*. It might more properly be said, that most of these enter both into the foundation and the framework of history, so that a full consideration and professed solution of them is indispensable for the completeness of the theme. The chronicler is content to give a plain record of the occurrence; the historian aspires to do more, — to show *why* it happened, and how far its consequences extend. Because the questions thus introduced are so various and intricate, and admit of so great a variety of answers, almost every elaborate history that has been written is deeply tinged with the peculiarities of the writer's opinions in politics, philosophy, and religion. He must be a dull reader, indeed, who does not quickly discern that Grote is a Radical, and Mitford a Tory, and Gibbon an infidel. Even in so compact an abridgment of universal history as Dr. Weber presents, the view is not limited, as we

have endeavored to show, to a barren record of actual occurrences, but extends to a comprehensive survey of their causes and character, in which the leading traits of the writer's own mind and the general cast of his opinions very distinctly appear. Indeed, it is in the observance of this method that the excellence of his work consists. It is not a mere chronological table of visible events.

In view of the great number of secondary causes and modifying influences by which the course of events is governed, it may be said that the field of history, even where it has been most cultivated, is still far from being exhausted. What theme, for instance, has been more frequently or more ably handled than the progress of the English monarchy, and the growth of English constitutional freedom? Yet how much space is allotted, in the common books upon the history of England, to the consideration of that great system of jurisprudence, which, more than any other institution, reflects the leading traits of English character, and, more than any other cause, has affected the course of political events, and determined the fortunes of the English people? We mean the English Common Law. Out of the legal profession, indeed, it may be doubted if many readers of English history know what this great system is, how it originated, or how it is distinguished from the aggregate of the ordinary enactments of the legislature. So, also, in regard to the Church, as it existed before the Reformation — though all are familiar with the record of its frequent contests with the Crown, and with the history and character of many of its individual members, comparatively few have studied it in its most important historical aspect, — considered simply as an external institution, or distinct power in the state, which had its peculiar sources of strength and weakness, and which exerted at all times a mighty influence on the general direction of affairs, and on the progress of the constitution.

With a view to illustrate, in some measure, the variety and magnitude of the collateral inquiries into which one is necessarily led by the study of history when pursued in a proper method, we propose to consider, at some length, the nature and development of these two institutions on English ground.

We may begin by disclaiming all the professional knowledge of either subject which the professed lawyer or professed theologian is supposed to possess. We proceed only on the basis of that general acquaintance with the broad and conspicuous features of either system, which every student of history, and every educated citizen of the republic, ought to acquire. In regard to the law particularly, our object is only "to discover the fountains of justice, without pursuing the streams through the endless variety of their course." We have only to consider the origin and the theory of the system; its details, as well as the mode of carrying it into practice, may be left to those who have consumed the midnight oil upon the study of it for many years.

Yet the subject, even thus limited, is of immediate practical interest and importance. An inhabitant either of England or of this country cannot be supposed to be willingly ignorant respecting the origin and character of the English Common Law, — that great unwritten code, much of which has come down to us from an antiquity of at least eight hundred years, — which is peculiar to the English race as the English language itself, being, like that language, a compound of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and later English elements, — which is our birthright and the most valuable portion of the inheritance which we have received from our English ancestors, — and which meets us at every turn in the management of our daily concerns, ascertaining and securing our rights, settling our controversies, fixing our obligations, and regulating our conduct from the cradle to the grave. It is around us like the air which we breathe, and almost as essential as that is to the continuance of our well-being.

The first question which arises respecting it, is, why the system needs to be so vast and intricate, requiring so much labor for its complete mastery, when the moral law, the highest rule of human conduct, may be all comprised in a few plain maxims, so patent to the conscience of every one, that the bare enumeration of them suffices for their approval? The answer may be found in a single phrase, — the vast variety and complexity of human concerns. A single illustration of this point will be enough. The recorded decisions of the

English and American courts, made upon the principles of the Common Law, are now contained in many hundred volumes of Reports; and the number of cases recorded in them must be counted by tens of thousands. Yet of the cases that daily arise in our courts, probably not one in a hundred is found to be covered by an exact case in point recorded in the books, so that the rule for its decision can be found without difficulty. For, observe, that each case is generally complex, involving many questions both of law and of fact; the latter to be settled by known rules of evidence, the testimony itself being taken with all the precautions which experience has shown to be necessary for the discovery of the truth; the former to be adjudged on principles previously known and established as maxims of law and justice. Either all this must be done, or the decision of each case must be left to the discretion of the judge, — that is, must be made by the varying judgment, passion, sympathies, and biases of one weak, fallible man, — no one decision thus given affording any rule or precedent whereby future suitors or litigants could form even a guess about the principles upon which their new case would be determined. An old Latin proverb says, "Wretched, indeed, is that slavery which exists where the rules of justice are vague and uncertain." Instead of complaining, therefore, about the extent and intricacy of the law, we ought rather to complain of the extent and intricacy of human affairs; for the two must be coextensive.

We may accept, then, in its full extent, the remark of Sir James Mackintosh:—

"The first principles of jurisprudence are simple maxims of *reason*, of which the observance is immediately discovered by experience to be essential to the security of men's rights, and which pervade the laws of all countries. An account of the gradual application of these original principles, first to the more simple, and afterwards to more complicated cases, forms both the history and the theory of law. Such an historical account of the progress of men, in reducing justice to an applicable and practical system, will enable us to trace the chain, which, though with many dark and hidden windings, links together the security of life and property with the most minute and apparently frivolous formalities of legal proceeding. We shall perceive that no human foresight is sufficient to establish such a system at once, and that, if it were so established, the occurrence of unforeseen cases

would shortly altogether change it; that there is but one way of forming a civil code, either consistent with common sense, or that has ever been practised in any country, — namely, that of gradually building up the law in proportion as the facts arise which it is to regulate. We thus learn to appreciate the merit of the common objections against the subtility and complexity of the laws; for we at once perceive, that laws ought to be neither more simple nor more complex than the state of society which they are to govern. Laws more complex than are necessary would only create embarrassment; laws more simple than the affairs which they regulate would occasion a defeat of justice. There is no more noble spectacle than that displayed in the progress of jurisprudence; where we may contemplate the cautious and unwearied exertions of many wise men, through a long course of ages, withdrawing every case, as it arises, from the dangerous power of discretion, and subjecting it to inflexible rules, — extending the dominion of justice and reason, and gradually contracting, within the narrowest possible limits, the domain of brutal force and of arbitrary will."

The whole may be summed up in one of the weighty sentences of Edmund Burke: — "The science of jurisprudence, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns."

There are really but two original and complete systems of law, which have obtained among civilized nations in modern times; namely, the Civil Law and the Common Law, the former of which prevails in Continental Europe, while the latter, being exclusively of English origin, is limited to England and to the countries that have been peopled by Englishmen. Both these systems originated in the manner just described; they were gradually built up and developed, in the course of many centuries, from very rude and simple beginnings, as fast as the occasions arose which needed to be regulated by them. The collected wisdom, not of one generation only, nor of one age only, but of many, was needed to bring them to their present finish and completeness.

The Civil or Roman Law is the great intellectual bequest which the civilized world has received from the Roman empire; for it has affected the lives and fortunes of men to a greater extent than all the other works of this ancient mis-

tress of the world. It was founded, first, upon the enactments of the ancient Roman kings, next upon the twelve tables of the Decemvirs, then upon the laws passed by the senate or the people, the edicts of the prætors, the opinions of learned lawyers, and the decrees of the emperors, — all forming so vast a bulk, that an ancient author computed them to be many camels' loads. Some of these materials are at least as old as the year 450 before Christ; while the system may be held to have culminated under Justinian, in the year 550 of our era. The civil law, then, occupied at least a thousand years in the process of its formation. Its bulk and intricacy causing great inconvenience, the Emperor Justinian employed Tribonian, and some other eminent lawyers, to make a digest of it, which was completed in four separate treatises, which are usually called *the body of the Civil law.* So many voluminous commentaries have been written upon it in modern times, that its present bulk probably exceeds what it was before Justinian's abridgment was made. It forms, as we have said, the basis of the jurisprudence of Continental Europe, even the Code Napoleon, the present law of France, being, in great measure, derived from it. It is in force, also, in Spanish America, in Lower Canada, and even in one of the States of our own Union, Louisiana, where it is the foundation of the existing system of law. In the breadth of its diffusion, then, as well as in its antiquity, it is superior to its great rival, the English Common Law; but the latter greatly excels it in the numerous safeguards which it affords for civil liberty, and in the more free and generous spirit by which it is pervaded. The one is the product of despotism, — civilized and enlightened, it is true, but still harsh and forbidding; the other has grown up side by side with the liberties of England and America, of which it is still the surest protection and the brightest ornament.

So far as the Common Law can be traced to any source besides immemorial usage, three causes have chiefly contributed to determine its general character; the laws and institutions of the Anglo-Saxons, the principles of the feudal system, and the charters that were successively granted by the An-

glo-Norman kings to their subjects, among which Magna Charta is only the chief. There are no complete records of the legislation of the kingdom earlier than the time of Henry III., when the first regular parliament met; accordingly, it became a conjecture, or a fiction, of the lawyers, that many ancient maxims of the law, which could be traced to no certain origin, were derived from the unrecorded statutes of those early times. This supposition gave them a certain authority, and was so far useful; but it is more probable that they were first applied only as principles of natural justice, in the tribunals of a semi-barbarous people, who, as yet, had no fixed jurisprudence. Their continuous application, among a people so tenacious of ancient customs, sufficed to render them binding in later times. There are collections of laws still extant, which bear the names of some Anglo-Saxon and the earlier Anglo-Norman kings; but some of these are of doubtful genuineness, and all of them have been regarded as interesting the antiquarian and the historian, rather than as authorities in a court of justice.

In the earliest feudal times, there were three distinct classes of legal tribunals in the kingdom: the old county courts, of Anglo-Saxon origin, in which, of course, Anglo-Saxon maxims and usages prevailed; the baronial courts, in which each feudal lord administered justice to his own vassals, or rather practised every species of extortion and injustice upon them, under color of the rights and privileges given to him by the feudal law; and, lastly, the king's courts, in which the application of the royal will and the feudal law was somewhat checked and modified by the public concessions that had been made to the people, — as by the promise to observe the laws of Edward the Confessor, and at a later period, by the charters. The theory of the distribution of cases among these tribunals was, that the courts-baron administered justice among the vassals of a particular barony, the county court among the vassals of different baronies, and the king's court among his own immediate vassals, or tenants in chief, including the knights and the barons themselves. Gradually, however, the more popular county courts, the ancient safeguards of Saxon freedom, encroached upon the jurisdiction of the

courts-baron, many a vassal, by some subtlety of law, finding a protection in them from the local tyranny of his lord. Then the royal tribunals began to extend their dominion; and as they seemed less liable to partiality or intimidation than the provincial courts, suitors became willing to submit to their expensiveness and the inconvenience arising from their remoteness. It was obviously the king's interest to give such equity and steadiness to the decisions as to encourage this disposition. Nothing could better serve to establish the king's authority against the barons, and also to increase his revenue, as fines were paid for leave to plead in the king's court. But because comparatively few could have recourse to so distant a tribunal, and because the people were attached to their ancient right of trial before the neighboring freeholders, Henry II. established itinerant justices of his own court, to decide civil and criminal causes within each county, — a measure afterwards confirmed by the Great Charter. Thus ancient is the custom which still prevails among us, of the same judges going the circuit throughout the state, thereby giving assurance that one uniform system of law shall be administered, while each cause is still tried near the home of the parties, and by a jury selected from their neighbors. To this excellent institution we owe the uniformity of the Common Law, and the blending into one of the three elements which have been mentioned, each one of which formerly predominated in but one of the three classes of tribunals. To this it is owing, that the law has not been split, as that of France formerly was, into a multitude of local customs; and that the poorest and most remote inhabitant knows that his right is weighed by the same incorrupt and acute understanding which is trusted with decisions of the highest importance.

Another circumstance had great effect upon the character of the Common Law in its earlier stages. The clergy of that period were almost the only lawyers, or regular practitioners in the courts; they alone had the requisite learning for this end, and their acquaintance with the refinements of theology and metaphysics was no bad introduction to a knowledge of the subtleties of the law. The class against whom the protection of the law was most frequently claimed, was the

feudal nobility, composed of ignorant and rapacious men, haughty in demeanor and violent in conduct, who seldom acknowledged any right but that of the strong hand. To bridle their power and control their injustice, a circuitous course was necessary; they could not be directly overpowered, but they might be involved in a mesh of legal subtilties. As usual, the gown proved itself more than a match for the sword. The Church, it must be remembered, was always a democratic institution; that is, it was open to all orders and classes of men, and the highest offices in it might be attained by those of the lowest parentage. The sympathies of the clergy, then, were generally with the common people against their feudal oppressors. The priests and monks, moreover, were often of Anglo-Saxon extraction, and therefore the more willing, in their practice at the courts of law, to avail themselves of the free spirit of Saxon institutions to withstand the tyranny of the Norman aristocracy. Against their cunning fence of legal precedents and subtile distinctions, the brute force of the iron barons spent itself in vain attacks, and was hurt by the recoil of its own weapons. The nobles were mere men of the sword, haughtily regarding the habits of study and research, necessary to acquire a knowledge of the laws, as unbecoming their rank. The more complicated the legal net became which was woven around them, the more dependent they became on the shrewd men of the gown; physically stronger than the spider, they still became the spider's prey, when caught in the meshes of his cunningly devised net. The rules of legal decision among a rude people are always very simple; not serving much to guide, far less to control, the feelings of natural equity. Such were those that prevailed among the Anglo-Saxons; requiring no subtler intellect or deeper learning than the earl or sheriff, at the head of his county court, might be expected to possess. But a great change took place in about a century after the Conquest. The capacity of deciding legal controversies was now only to be found in men who had devoted themselves to that peculiar study; and a race of such men arose, whose eagerness, and even enthusiasm, in the profession of law, were stimulated by the self-complacency of intellectual dexterity in thridding its intricate

and thorny mazes. The Normans were noted, in their own country, for a shrewd and litigious temper, which may have given a character to the English courts of justice in early times. "Something, too," says Mr. Hallam, "of that excessive subtlety, and that preference of technical to rational principles, which runs through the English system, may be imputed to the scholastic philosophy which was in vogue during the same period, and was marked by the same features."

There were solid reasons, then, for the attachment which the English people and their descendants have always manifested for the system of the Common Law. It was not only hallowed to them by the recollections of Anglo-Saxon liberty and national independence, from which many of its principles were derived, and with the spirit of which nearly all its parts were imbued. It had also mitigated for them the rigors of the feudal system, and had been their only safeguard against the tyranny of the nobles. The clergy, their spiritual fathers, had expounded to them its provisions, and found security for their property and their rights by making a study of its mazes. Their veneration for it greatly increased, when the charters that had been successively extorted from their kings infused into it a still larger measure of the spirit of popular freedom. Then it became a bulwark, not only against aristocratic violence, but against royal misrule. In its vast storehouse of precedents and maxims, the earlier combatants for liberty found many a weapon and buckler ready to be wielded in their cause. Indeed, we cannot but be astonished at the bold and generous manner in which the earliest legal writers of authority interpreted its precepts for the retrenchment of the royal prerogative and the security of the subject. The oldest but one of these is Bracton, who flourished as a judge in the latter part of the reign of Henry III. "The king," he says, "must not be subject to any man, but to God and the law; for the law makes him king. Let the king, therefore, give to the law what the law gives to him, — dominion and power; for there is no king where will, and not law, bears rule." "The king," he says, in another place, "being the minister of God, can do nothing on earth but what he can do by law. Not only are God and law his superiors, but also his court of

earls and barons; for the former (*comites*) are so styled as associates of the king, and whoever has an associate has a master; so that, if the king were without a bridle, — that is, the law, — they ought to put a bridle upon him."

It cannot be said that the legal system of England was in any degree complete till the end of Henry III.'s reign, when the unwritten usages of the Common Law, as well as the forms and precedents of the courts, were digested into the great work of Bracton. It thus acquired shape and unity; and its completion in this form certainly conduced to the security of public freedom. For, however high the royal prerogative might be strained, it was incorporated with the law, and treated with the same distinguishing and argumentative subtlety as every other part. Whatever things, therefore, it was asserted that the king might do, it was a necessary implication that there were other things which he might not do; else it were vain to specify the former. The sweeping maxims of absolute power, which servile judges and churchmen taught the Tudor and Stuart princes, seem to have made no progress under the Plantagenets, and never became portions of the Common Law.

Thus far we have considered only the germs of the Common Law, — few and simple as were the occasions of men in those rude ages when they originated. We have looked only at a handful of acorns, which have since sprung up into a vast forest of oaks, under the shadow and protection of whose branches dwell two of the largest and most enlightened nations of the earth. The question remains, — In what manner, and by what principles, these few and rather incongruous elements of jurisprudence, (Anglo-Saxon, feudal, and statutory, or granted by charter, in their origin,) after being fused into one system, as in the treatises of Glanville and Bracton, have subsequently been developed into that grand and almost immeasurable repository of precedents and principles, now called the Common Law, to which we go with confidence in order to find a maxim or rule which, directly or indirectly, governs every possible case that can arise in the multifarious, infinitely varied, concerns of men? For this is the distinction between law in general, or a system or code of law, and a specific law

or statute; — that the former must supply a rule for every emergency that can happen, while the latter is intended only to govern a particular case, or class of cases. If it were not so, if the former were not, at all stages of its growth, sufficient for all demands that could be made upon it; if it did not supply a rule for every case that could happen; then, in regard to such cases thus unprovided for, there would be an absolute deficiency of justice. The courts could not act upon them, and must acknowledge their own incapacity; that is, they must cease to subserve the purposes for which they were instituted. The interests of society will not allow this; the interests of society require, that the law should, at every period of its existence, be coextensive with all the occasions or necessities, to provide for which the law was instituted. If it does decline jurisdiction of any point, it is not because that point has been overlooked, or because the law upon that point is acknowledged to be defective; but because it is in itself a principle or rule of the law, to avoid cognizance of such cases.

The perfection of the law, then, — that is, its sufficiency for all demands that can be made upon it, — is one of its own fundamental maxims. Strange as the assertion may appear, therefore, the law does not, and cannot, grow by positive legislation, or by direct enactments of the legislature; its principle of growth, its law of development, must be innate, — intrinsic, — a part of itself. Statutes may *alter* the law, but cannot *add* to it; for, before the statutes were passed, the law did in some manner provide for such cases, — did make some disposition of them. Again, therefore, the law is anterior to all legislation; its own immemorial antiquity is another of its own fundamental maxims. Hence the assertion in the books, that the Common Law is made up of customs so ancient that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Thus are we led to invest the law with those sublime attributes, which, in the mouths of its votaries, have caused it to be denominated "the perfection of human reason," the sources of which are so ancient, or lie so far back, that its origin is as undiscoverable as that of the Nile. The language is strictly applicable to it which Hooker first used in speaking of the moral law, or

the principles of natural justice: — "Its seat is the bosom of God, and its voice is the harmony of the world."

Call these high pretensions legal fictions, if you will. In one sense they *are* fictions; in another, they are necessary suppositions, inwoven with every system or code, which, like the Roman or the Common Law, claims to fulfil its office, or to be commensurate with all the occasions of men, and with all the demands of justice. In drawing out the reasons of this assertion, we shall come to know what is that internal principle of development, or law of growth, through which the law has attained its present vast extension.

It is a principle of natural justice, then, as well as a principle of law, that every case which arises shall be decided by a rule previously fixed and established, and not from considerations connected with that case alone, or by a maxim first growing out of that case and ending with it. Otherwise — if it were decided from a view limited to its own merits — the decision would rest on the discretion, or passion, or fallible opinion, of the judge, who in that case would be a despot, possibly an oppressor. If, then, among the previously established and well known maxims and precedents, none can be found which *directly* governs the case, one must be sought by *reasoning from analogy*, — by ascertaining what *principles* are involved in some previous decision, which principles, being necessarily more general than the decision which they dictated, or in which they are involved, will cover so much more ground, that the new case will be found to be assumed under them, and it then becomes manifest how it must be decided.

Two checks are applied, to prevent this extension of the law through reasoning by analogy from becoming loose and arbitrary. The first check is, that the mode of reasoning, or kind of analogy, which is thus employed, is itself regulated and determined by fixed principles of law, which bind down or eliminate individual discretion and peculiarities of judgment. While thus seeking, amid previous decisions, for some underlying maxim or implied rule of law, which will decide the particular case, the judge must not reason like a mathematician, who will be satisfied with nothing short of demonstrative evidence; nor like a man of physical science,

who accepts every hypothesis as good which will account for the phenomena, though there be no direct evidence in its favor, *provided* there is no direct evidence against it; nor like a metaphysician, who too often splits hairs for the purpose of confuting his antagonist, without any purpose of arriving at the truth. But he must reason like a lawyer, — that is, after the manner recognized and well known in the courts, and which has been already applied in many cases for the purpose of establishing justice. Obviously, here is a very great check to the undue extension of what is sometimes reproachfully called "judge-made" law.

The second check is, that the decision, when arrived at, of this particular case, immediately becomes a binding precedent for all future cases; that is, the principles of law which underlie it, or are implied in it, must be such that they can safely be established as component parts of the law for the use of future ages. This check resembles the artifice of reasoning, often adopted by the mathematician, which is called a *reductio ad absurdum*. The rule which has thus been obtained for this particular case, must also be applicable, without injurious consequences, to all other cases which may arise hereafter; otherwise, it is no part of the law. Thus the discretion of the judge is limited, so to speak, both *before* and *after;* it must be founded on the *former* proceedings of the courts, — that is, the principle must not be wrought out by abstract reasoning from the general principles of morals, but it must be developed from some previous decision, and shown to be necessarily involved or implied in that decision; and it must have reference to the *future* proceedings of the courts, — that is, it must be a safe precedent, which can be extended and applied hereafter, without working wrong or injustice, or contradicting previously established principles.

Here, then, we have that internal principle of development, or law of growth, of which we were in search; it consists in the recognized authority of all decisions as binding precedents for the government of future cases. The law is extended or developed, then, just as fast as it is used or applied. Each application of it is, not merely a decision of the particular case in

hand, but an addition to the whole fabric, — the establishment of a new landmark for the guidance of future proceedings. The law is necessarily progressive; it does not double upon its own track, like a hunted hare, but each step taken is a step in advance. It does not necessarily go back, each time, to the oldest decisions and the longest established rules; but it finds in the latest precedent the most authoritative exposition of the law, — always supposing, however, that this latest decision has been made according to the established rules of judicial exposition; as otherwise, it is not merely bad law, but is no law at all, and may be overruled. This development or extension of jurisprudence, then, is in nowise arbitrary, or dependent on the discretion of the judge. It is a law of growth as fixed and regular as that which causes an acorn to be invariably developed into an oak, and not into a beech, a pine, or any other species of tree. In one sense, then, the whole body of the Common Law is contained in the few legal maxims and precedents which were in existence in the time of Henry III.; for it is all involved in them, and has been gradually developed out of them. In another sense, these particular maxims and precedents are now obsolete; for their sense has been so far limited and ascertained through the process of legal interpretation to which they have been subjected for six centuries, that they have ceased to afford directly new rules of guidance. The latest growth of the tree is an addition made from its smallest and youngest branches. To change the figure, we no longer draw water from the original spring far up among the mountains, but we follow down the rivulet till it becomes a great stream, pursue it in its meanderings among the habitations of men, to whose necessities it has successively ministered, and draw from it where the volume of waters is greatest. If the law be not, then, according to its own proud boast, the perfection of human reason, it is at least continually approximating such perfection. Each new application of it, each fresh decision, enlarges its scope, adds new precision to its rules, contracts the field of doubt, applies fresh limitations to the discretion of the judge, and renders the whole body of the law more capable of fulfilling its high office, — the ad-

ministration of justice between man and man. If it were less voluminous, less difficult of acquisition, it would be abstractly less perfect, — less capable of affording an established and precise rule for the government of every case which can arise in human affairs. And even this difficulty of acquisition has been exaggerated; for the greater part of the law is contained in comparatively few leading principles and leading decisions, most of them squaring very nearly and obviously with our natural conceptions of abstract equity and right; and the deductions or inferences from these few capital maxims and cases being so plain and abundant, that a mind of ordinary vigor and acuteness can develop and apply them for itself. Therefore, to adopt Macaulay's beautiful illustration, first applied to a different subject, the law is like the fairy Paribanou's magic tent, which might be folded up so small that it would all lie in the palm of the hand, or might be extended so far as to cover an immense army.

So, also, whatever may be said of the subtle and artificial character of portions of the law, and of the hardship created in individual cases by the rigorous application of its rules, still the general effect of its administration corresponds so perfectly to the consciences and the expectations of all disinterested persons, that the people acquiesce in the decisions of the courts with amazing unanimity and quietness. There is nothing more striking, considering the eagerness for innovation which characterizes our country and our age, than this general submissiveness of the community to the action of the courts in the exposition of the law. Their continued and salutary influence is alike conspicuous, whether employed in the arbitration of private disputes, in regulating the descent and transfer of property, in preserving the peace of society by detecting fraud and punishing crime, or in allaying popular fever and tumult on the great questions of political right and constitutional law.

One reason why the law is thus universally respected and obeyed, is to be found in its antiquity and its excellence. We couple these two causes together, because the excellence of the law is a consequence of its antiquity. For the reasons

already given, a long lapse of years, even of centuries, is required to bring any system or code of law to completeness; to make its provisions coextensive with the wants of civilized society, and with the infinite complexity of human affairs; to try every link in it, and prove it to be sound; to detect all the inconsistencies, defects, and wrongs in it, and remove them by the constant amendatory action of the legislature; and above all, to surround and hallow it with the moral power and interest which always attach to an ancient institution. We have seen that the two great systems of public law, the Civil and the Common, which now divide the civilized world between them, were respectively nearly a thousand years in attaining their present ripeness and perfection. During this long period, they were constantly improving by use, each of the countless applications of them tending to give them larger scope and nicer precision, and to narrow the territory of the discretion of judges and the arbitrary power of the government. And not only so, but they have been constantly subjected, during these many centuries, to the amendments of the legislature; so that, as fast as experience brought any obnoxious peculiarities to light, or as the increasing knowledge, freedom, and civilization of later times suggested improvements in them, the power has been ever at hand, and prompt to remove those faults and to make those amendments. With reference to our own system of the Common Law, this power has been exercised successively by the English and the American legislatures, — both jealous, in the highest degree, of arbitrary power, both animated, even to enthusiasm, with the spirit of popular freedom. Accordingly, if there is any one excellence which the Common Law can more rightfully claim than another, it may be found in the wisdom and abundance of its provisions for guarding individual liberty and right. Its character was early determined in this respect by the sweeping provisions of the Great Charter, by the institution of the trial by jury, by the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and by all the wise precautions that an accused person may not suffer wrong, most of which have been formally reënacted in our National and State Constitutions, as if the ear was pleased by the frequent mention of them, though they have been in force for

ages. But important as these principles, thus formally confirmed, are, they are at least equalled in value by other maxims of the law, which are still portions of the unwritten code, that have been silently developed by the action of the courts, without the aid of the legislature. Among these may be mentioned the maxims so often appealed to, in criminal trials, by the counsel for the defence, that every man must be presumed innocent until he is proved to be guilty, — which throws the whole burden of proof upon the accuser; that the defendant is not bound to answer any questions that may be put to him, and that no presumption against him is to be drawn from his silence; and that, when a reasonable doubt remains of his guilt, he cannot be convicted. Under such rules, it is far more likely that the guilty will escape than that the innocent will be condemned; and it should be so.

In the general character of the great legal system, then, which obtains both in England and this country, we find additional proof of the assertion, that liberty does not exist as the antithesis of law, but rather in consequence of it, and under its safeguard. And so it has ever been esteemed during the long contest for popular rights, which began with the Norman Conquest, and ended only with the establishment of American Independence.

The leading features of this great system of jurisprudence have been so long ingrained with the habits and opinions of the people, that it may be said to constitute a part of the national character; and while it continues to be administered in our courts, we have the firmest security that earth can afford against the degeneracy of our institutions. Before our polity can be seriously injured by the opposite evils of a harsh and oppressive government, or of popular licentiousness, the people must have forgotten the history, and have become unmindful of the principles, of the Common Law.

Leaving here the subject of jurisprudence, we come next to speak of an institution, which was itself for many centuries an important element of the English Constitution, and still exercises a wide influence on the character and well-being of the English people; we mean the Christian Church. To us Americans, indeed, the interest of this portion of the subject

is only historical; for the Church, in the sense in which we are now to speak of it, does not exist among us; it is one of the elements of the Constitution which our ancestors preferred to leave behind them when they came to this country. Branches both of the Romish and English Churches, it is true, are established in the United States; but here they are only private voluntary associations — just like literary or scientific societies — not recognized by the state, and forming no proper part either of the political or social organization under which we live. But in England, it was and is far otherwise; and we cannot comprehend the process of development through which our own institutions have passed, till we have given some attention to the nature and history of the Church.

Observe, then, that we are not now to speak of Christianity itself, or of any religious belief whatever, which is wholly an internal thing, lying between each individual man and his Maker. We now refer to the Church only as an external institution, without reference to the doctrines professed by it, — a great organized society, partly interwoven with the state, and still independent of it, — having a government of its own, a succession of ranks of its own, its own revenues, its own means of independent action, and wielding an influence of unparalleled magnitude and importance, such as it is difficult in modern times even to conceive of. The unspeakable value of religion as a doctrine and a faith, and the fact that it has now become a strictly individual and personal thing, is apt to hide from us the great good which it has accomplished as an institution. We need to be reminded of the fact, that the Church, the external Church, was one of the great agencies of modern civilization, on many great features of which its paramount influence is inscribed in characters that cannot be mistaken. It was the ship in which were preserved and brought down to modern times, over the dark and stormy sea of the Middle Ages, not only the books and the learning, but every thing that was valuable in the civilization of the old world. Nay, more; we may well adopt the conclusion of Guizot, an eminently religious writer and a Protestant, that, speaking humanly,

or limiting our view to strictly natural causes, without the Church, Christianity itself would have perished in the great convulsion which overthrew the Roman Empire. Had Christianity been only a belief, a sentiment, an individual conviction, it would have fallen in Europe under the incursion of the Northern Barbarians, as it afterwards did fall throughout Asia and the north of Africa, on an occasion of a perfectly similar character, — the irruption of the Mahometan barbarians. There were then none of the means through which moral influences now exercise a great sway, independent of institutions; — none of the means by which a pure truth, a pure idea, acquires great authority over the minds of men, governs their actions, and determines events. A society strongly organized and vigorously governed was needed to struggle through such a disaster as the incursion of the northern tribes — to come out victorious from such a storm. At the beginning of the fifth century, therefore, it was the Church which saved Christianity; it was the Church, with its institutions, its magistrates, its peculiar power, which defended itself vigorously against the internal dissolution of the Roman Empire, against barbarism, and which conquered the Barbarians, and became itself the means and the principle of civilization, and the connecting link between the ancient and the modern world.

But apart from these general services to the cause of civilization throughout Europe, we have now to look at the power of the Church in England, and especially to the influence which it exercised in the formation of the English constitution. At the time of the Conquest, then, the Church owned one third of all the landed property of England; and by the exaction of tithes, it appropriated a tenth part of the income of the remainder. A century or two afterwards, Mr. Hallam estimates that nearly one half of the land had fallen into its grasp; and to prevent all the real property of the kingdom from being absorbed by it, a special law, the statute of *mortmain*, or the *dead hand*, was passed, — to prevent individuals from devising their estates to any self-perpetuating corporation, whose skeleton fingers, having once clutched the property, never afterwards relaxed their grip. As the Church

estates, like all others, were held in fee, or on the feudal tenure, when the call was made, the warlike prelates mustered their military vassals, and often buckled on armor over their own priestly robes, and led their troops to the field. The Bishops and Abbots of the larger monasteries took their seats in the House of Lords, where they even outnumbered the temporal Peers, so that they had a controlling voice over the whole legislation of the kingdom. When we consider further, that the clergy for many centuries monopolized learning, that they alone taught in the Universities and practised in the courts, since they alone had knowledge enough to draw up legal instruments and to thrid the mazes of the law, we can see that the power of the Church must have been immense, even if there had been no peculiar elements of its organization and mode of action which enabled it to wield an influence that no lay power could ever match.

But there were such elements, and they were so potent in their operation, that we can hardly see how it was, in the great contest between the State and the Church, that the latter did not come off victorious, and resolve the Constitution of England into a perfect theocracy. The doors of the Church were opened wide to all who aspired to share its labors and its honors, whether baron or peasant; but when they had once closed behind the neophyte, he had no retreat, and the personal ties which bound him to the outer world were forever severed. Henceforward, he had no property distinct from the Church; he had no family, no home except his ecclesiastical position, and he acknowledged no authority but that of his ecclesiastical superior. He could not go back, but he might go on to an eminence beyond that of a king; however poor and ignoble at the outset, the way was open for him to an abbacy, a bishopric, even to the papal chair, which has been filled by more than one who was peasant-born. Thus the Church applied the most effectual stimulus to the zeal and activity of its members. It was a democratic institution, — the only democratic institution of the age; it opened the only path by which low-born talent and merit might hope to mount to the highest honors, and to sway the councils of nations. All who were conscious of great ability,

and who had lofty aspirations, except the few whose noble birth opened to them the gates of ambition, flocked into the Church. This institution, then, monopolized all talent that was not essentially military. It furnished the real diplomatists and statesmen of the kingdom; for though great noblemen ostensibly held these high offices, each one of them had an astute priest at his elbow, who was his prompter, his secretary, and in fact his master. Hence the common belief, that there is something in the education for the Romish priesthood, which tends to make cunning, dextrous, and able men; the truth rather is, that the peculiar attractions and facilities offered by the Church draw into it nearly all of these qualities which exist in the community at large.

But a still greater source of the power of the Church, was the nature of its office, or the peculiar hold which it had upon the world without. Observe, then, that the Church at this early period was *one*, and that it was *universal;* it had no rival churches, no sects, no heretics to contend with; and not one member of the community could avoid its interference, or shake off the ties with which it bound him. It was as easy, indeed, to be irreligious then as now, perhaps easier; one might be wicked and profligate, — a tyrant, a robber, or a scoffer. But for all that, the Church did not relax its hold upon him. His relations to it were just as necessary as those which bound him to society, — as his need of the companionship of his fellow beings; he could avoid them only as he could avoid mankind, — by going out from among men, and becoming a solitary in the wilderness, or in pagan lands. Otherwise, the Church held him fast at the three great epochs of his life; — at his baptism, his marriage, and on his death-bed. Then, also, whatever good impulses stirred within him, whatever compunctions, whatever spiritual hopes or fears, whatever aspirations, — in any and every case, he must have recourse to the Church. This alone filled the whole horizon of spiritual truth and goodness. There was but one form of infidelity possible. There might be no religion, no truth, no righteousness, no immortality; but if there were one or all of these things, the Church had the absolute and exclusive guardianship of them. This last proposition was the only one which

men then never thought of doubting; its possible falsity had never occurred to them. The only kind of repentance and amendment, the sole hope of escaping everlasting damnation, was reconciliation to the Church. *That* included every thing. In the universal belief, the Church literally held the keys of heaven and hell; if we may so speak reverently, it brought down the judgment-seat of God, established it on earth, and called on all men to approach and hear their sentence. And this, its most awful pretension, was the only one which men never thought of denying. No one doubted that the solemn declaration of the Saviour was addressed solely unto the Church: "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven."

We see at once, then, one of the elements, one of the invaluable elements, which the Church imparted to modern civilization. Apart from all its external grandeur, apart from its immense resources of physical power, the Church did exert, both for good and evil, a vast moral influence. Thus it kept alive the belief in the reality of such an influence. Amid the deluge of physical strength, of mere brute force, which then pressed upon society with a mountain's weight, the Church kept alive the belief in a purely spiritual force, which rested only on moral sentiments and convictions. We cannot overestimate the importance of the service thus rendered. If the Christian Church had not existed, the world would have been given up to the dominion of brute material force. It alone exercised a moral power. It did more; it kept up, it spread abroad, the idea of a rule, of a law superior to all human laws; it professed this truth, which is essential to the safety of the human race, that there is, above all human regulations, a law which is called, at different times, and according to the varying opinions of men, either the law of reason, or of divine right, or the law of God, but which, always and everywhere, is the same law under different names.

The Church unconsciously rendered another great service to the cause of truth and progress. For selfish ends, for the sake of establishing its own independence, and promoting its

own aggrandizement, it proclaimed and enforced the entire separation of the spiritual power from the temporal power. It utterly renounced and anathematized the modern idea of the union of Church and State. The Church must be independent, exclusively spiritual in its functions, and not to be profaned by any interference whatever on the part of the laity. Now, this separation, as Guizot has happily remarked, is the origin, the beginning, of liberty of conscience; it rests upon no other principle than that which serves as a foundation to the broadest and most complete liberty of conscience. It is founded upon this belief, that physical force has no dominion and no power over the action of mind, over convictions and truths. This separation follows from the distinction established between the world of thought and the world of action. Thus it is, that this principle of liberty of conscience, for which Europe has so long contended, has so much suffered, and which prevailed only so late, and generally against the wish of the clergy, was yet introduced, under the name of the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power, into the very cradle of European civilization; and it was the Christian Church, which, by a necessity of its situation, in order to defend itself against barbarism, introduced and maintained it there.

But we have not yet completed our view of the means by which the Church, in the Middle Ages, amassed and defended its temporal power and influence. It had two contrivances for this end, — one a peculiarity of doctrine, and the other of discipline, — which worked so effectually that it seemed as if no human agency could withstand them. We refer to the doctrine of purgatory, and to the practice of auricular confession. By the one, it practically extended its influence beyond the grave, and played upon the strongest and holiest sentiments of the human heart, — attachment to the memory of our departed friends, and affectionate solicitude for their eternal welfare, — making them subservient to its own ends. By the other, it established an inquisition into the most secret motives and purposes of its faithful members' breasts, and assumed a guidance of them which rendered the penitent a very slave of his spiritual director's will. Not content with

the custody of the gates of Paradise, and of the dismal portals of the infernal regions, the Church created a third resting-place for departed spirits, — a sort of half-way house to hell, — from the mitigated torments of which unhappy souls might be rescued by purchased masses for the dead. Inferior contrivances for the same end were the consecration of cemeteries, and the religious inviolability of sanctuaries, often extended beyond the walls of the church edifice, whence the vilest traitor could not be dragged to justice.

Such means, operating upon the minds of semibarbarians, naturally caused a torrent of opulence to pour in upon the Church. It was not often endowed by law, and the English legislature often manifested great jealousy of its enormous and increasing wealth. But the voluntary munificence of kings and their subjects, often stimulated by a fever of remorse after the commission of great crimes, and still more frequently by the terrors of approaching death, amply supplied the place of endowments from the state. The wealthy sinner was taught that no atonement was so acceptable to Heaven as liberal gifts to its earthly delegate; and to die without allotting a portion of one's wealth to pious uses was accounted almost like suicide, or a refusal of the last sacraments. If the hierarchy had other ends to carry than those which depended solely on the possession of wealth, if it had the stubbornness of individuals or of princes to vanquish, and could not wait for the terrors of a death-bed to enforce its threats, it had means contrived to give the refractory a foretaste, as it were, of the punishment that awaited them beyond the grave. Individuals were excommunicated; provinces, and sometimes whole kingdoms, were placed under an interdict. The infliction of the former penalty was accompanied by every mark of abhorrence and ignominy. The unhappy man was to be shunned, even by his own family, as if he were infected with leprosy; meats which had passed his table were to be thrown into the fire, a bier was placed at his door; and if he died, he had no regular burial, and his carcass was supposed to be incapable of corruption, as if the polluted remains refused to mingle again with the innocent elements whence they came. Still more terrible was the broader curse which was imposed

on a whole district or an entire country. During an interdict, the churches were closed, the bells silent, the dead unburied, and no rites but those of baptism and extreme unction were performed. We can hardly conceive the terror which such an infliction brought to the hearts of an ignorant and superstitious people. It has been well remarked, that from the moment these interdicts and excommunications were tried, the powers of earth might be said to exist only by sufferance. One is rather surprised at the instances of failure, than of success, in their employment against sovereigns, or the laity in general.

It is not our object to foster the prejudice against the Romish Church by this enumeration of the means through which it amassed and preserved its power. On the contrary, as already observed, this Church, at the early period of which we are speaking, was the *only* Church; and so far, the cause of Christianity, of any religion, of any moral influence, was identified with it, and depended on its success. We must be chary of reproaching it, then, lest our censure should fall on the only means by which, speaking humanly, the inestimable blessings of our religion could have been preserved to us against the darkness, violence, and anarchy of the Middle Ages. Without a special interposition of Providence, it was only a Church thus buttressed and fortified which could have rendered the simple robes and cowl of a monk a surer protection against violence than the triple coat of mail which shielded the belted knight, or than all the divinity which hedges a king. When the Church had no longer any occasion for such arms, when society had become somewhat enlightened and reduced to order, the very magnitude of these ecclesiastical pretensions, and this ecclesiastical wealth, created a reaction, and the Reformation followed almost as a matter of course.

But we have now to inquire why it was, that the Church, thus armed and strengthened, did not wholly prevail against the State, and establish a theocracy on the ruins alike of royal and baronial power, and of the liberties of the people; — why it was, in fact, that the long contest of royal with ecclesiastical power was favorable to the cause of civil freedom, and

tended indirectly to protect the rights of the commons, and give new energy to the constitution. We may observe, first, then, that the Church was a long time in obtaining that vast influence and that complete organization which we have described; and that it had, all the while, to struggle against many internal causes of corruption and weakness. The foundations of its greatness as a whole, or as one vast institution perfectly organized, under the absolute dominion of the Pope, were laid by Hildebrand, (Gregory VII.,) at the time of the Norman Conquest; but his measures were not fully carried out, nor did all their fruits ripen, till a century and a half later, when Innocent III. was Pope, and John was the English king. Then the papal power may be said to have culminated; and this also was the epoch of the Great Charter. At the former period, that is, at the close of the Saxon dominion in England, the rule of celibacy was not generally enforced upon the priesthood. Even so late as Henry the First's time, it was acknowledged that the greater and better part of the clergy were married. But the rulers of the Church never ceased their efforts to restore this part of their discipline; for it is by cutting off her members from the charities of domestic life, that she insures their affection to her cause, and renders them, like veteran soldiers, independent of every feeling but fidelity to their commander, and regard to the interests of their body. The hierarchy at last succeeded in preventing the marriages, though it was obliged to wink at many instances of the concubinage, of the priests. And good followed both from the relaxation, and the subsequent enforcement, of the rule. By the first, the earlier clergy of England were so much assimilated to the people among whom they lived, and contracted so many domestic ties and local attachments, that a long time was needed to drill and discipline them into the habit of passive obedience and exclusive devotion to the rulers of the Church. By the latter — the final establishment of the rule of celibacy — the country was preserved from the great curse of a religious caste — an hereditary priesthood. What the evils of caste are, in which the son necessarily adopts for life the profession of the father, we may see from the former state of Egypt and the present condition of India.

Society is divided by immovable and impassable planes of separation into horizontal strata, each having its peculiar privileges and disabilities, which can never be abandoned or relaxed. Thus, there is no movement or life in the whole nation, each one's position being determined irretrievably by the accident of his birth. If the priesthood had become a caste, (and this effect must have followed, had the priests been allowed to marry, for they would have educated their sons to follow their own profession,) then the Church would have remained immovable and stationary, as all societies and nations have remained among whom the institution of caste exists. But the Church, by enforcing the rule of celibacy, escaped this danger, and firmly maintained the principle of the equal admissibility of all persons, whatever might have been their origin, to all its offices and all its dignities. Every thing around it fell under the dominion of hereditary privilege; it alone maintained the principle of equality, of free competition. The Church alone was democratic; for even the free towns soon fell into the hands of little oligarchies, their magistrates being elected by a small number of freemen.

Another cause of internal weakness in the Church, which obstructed its efforts to obtain universal dominion, was the corruption and dissoluteness of many of its members. The rule of celibacy subjected them to strong temptations, and too often introduced among them general dissoluteness and neglect of decency. By this relaxation of morals, the priesthood began to lose its hold upon the prejudices of mankind. Other sins, other breaches of discipline, soon followed; the priest or monk, who had knowingly broken his vow on one important point, soon became hardened and desperate, and gave way to all wickedness. Simony, or the sale of benefices for money, drunkenness, theft, and all manner of evil and uncleanness, soon offered so glaring a contrast to their professions of sanctity, that the common people began to hate and despise them. This scandal became the leading cause of the Reformation. Luther could never have carried half the Christian world along with him, if he had confined himself to preaching against the *doctrines* of the Church. But he exposed its practical abuses, and thundered against the sins of the clergy;

and the people said, amen. The earlier reformers, those who acted within the Church, instead of coming out from it, were those who most advanced its claims, its grandeur, and its power, and thereby made it most formidable to kings and to the state. Dunstan, Hildebrand, St. Bernard, St. Francis, Ignatius of Loyola, were men of austere piety, though perhaps of boundless ambition; and if they could have wholly purified the Church, they would have placed its foot upon the neck of all earthly sovereigns. But the task was too great for them.

One measure of intended reform proved a source of additional corruption. There were two classes of the priesthood, — the secular clergy, as they were called, or the parish priests, who were presided over by the bishops, and the regular clergy, or the monks, who were congregated in monasteries, and governed by their abbots. These last did not originally belong to the clergy, but were laymen, who thought to obtain greater sanctity by retiring from the world, and devoting themselves to God's service. But they were soon authorized to preach and to administer the sacred rites; and then the singularity of their dress and their lives, together with their higher pretensions to purity and regularity, attracted to them the affection and reverence of the people. The mendicant friars, who were incapable, by their rules, of possessing estates, or acquiring wealth in any form, preached in the highways, administered the sacraments on portable altars, multitudes flocking to hear them, and deserting the parish churches. The inmates of the wealthy monasteries became popular by their kindness as landlords, by the magnificence with which they were surrounded, and the splendor of their religious rites, and by their munificence to the poor. The monks and friars were accountable for their conduct only to the officers of their own order, the heads of which resided uniformly at Rome; thus they formed the Pope's spiritual militia in all lands, and acted as checks upon the local priesthood. Thus, also, they naturally drew upon themselves the jealousy and hatred of the secular clergy; and the dissensions of the two classes lessened the power of the Church. Besides, as all institutions originating in a fervor of fanaticism tend to rapid degeneracy, the disso-

lute and filthy habits of the vagabond friars, with the sumptuous fare and indolent life of the opulent monks, gradually weaned the people from them, and made them the objects of satire and invective. In the age immediately preceding the Reformation, Boccacio in Italy, and Chaucer in England, give us lively pictures of the general contempt into which they had fallen. Thus they prepared the way for the great change; they did service to the cause of religious freedom, even by the enormity of their vices.

William the Conqueror, to retain the friendship and alliance of the Pope, who had greatly aided him in his undertaking, made one important and injurious change in the constitution, which nearly established the independence of the clergy. He separated the ecclesiastical from the civil jurisdiction in the county courts, where the bishops had formerly sat as judges by the side of the earl or sheriff, and referred all Church matters to proper ecclesiastical tribunals, over which the bishops alone, or their delegates, presided. And here a new code, the Canon or Church law, was introduced, to the exclusion of the venerable system of the Common Law, which reigned supreme in the affections of the people. The Canon Law, at first, was a rude and defective compilation and digest of the decrees of the general Councils, the edicts and decisions of the Popes, and the opinions of the Fathers. But it was methodized and perfected by learned ecclesiastics, who gradually wrought it into a complete system of jurisprudence, borrowing many of its features from the Civil Law. Then began a struggle between the two systems for the mastery, the clergy teaching the Civil and the Canon Law in the Universities, applying them in their courts, and aiming, by every means, to root out and displace the peculiar law of England. The foreign priests especially, who came over in shoals during the first century after the Conquest, and who were ignorant of the English constitution and the habits of the people, were eager to establish the new code. But their support only caused it to be opposed with more vigor by the nobility and the laity, who had already smarted under many Norman innovations. They forced King Stephen to publish a proclamation forbidding the study of the laws then newly

imported from Italy; and at the parliament of Merton, when the prelates proposed to substitute a principle of the Canon for one of the Common Law, respecting the legitimation of natural children by the subsequent marriage of their parents, all the earls and barons rose, and with one voice made the famous declaration, that they would not change the laws of England.

The dispute terminated in a practical compromise. The Common Law still ruled in the ordinary tribunals of the land; but the clergy practised their favorite system in their own peculiar courts, and steadily proceeded to enlarge their jurisdiction, and to draw as large a portion of legal business as possible into their own hands. Whatever cases involved any question respecting the rights or the doctrines of the Church, were to be adjudged in her own tribunals. Thus matrimony is an affair of the Church; her system forbade the marriage of two parties related to each other by as slender a tie as the seventh degree of consanguinity; and affinity, or connection by marriage, was made equivalent to relationship by blood. This rule, however, was afterwards mitigated, a Council in the thirteenth century permitting marriages beyond the fourth degree, or what we call third cousins. Of course, the Church had the dispensing power to remove these canonical impediments. At any rate, all suits in which the marriage tie was involved, including divorce, were reserved for the ecclesiastical courts. Here, also, were conducted the administration of the estates of deceased persons intestate, and the probate of wills; the pretence being, that, as all persons were bound to bequeathe a portion of their goods to pious uses, dying without a will was a sort of fraud upon the Church, which she punished by taking the administration of all the deceased person's effects into her own tribunals. And this is the practice in England up to the present day,—all matters relating to marriage, divorce, the administration of estates, and the probate of wills being treated in the ecclesiastical courts, and upon the combined principles of the Canon and the Civil Law. Even here, in America, though, as we have no ecclesiastical courts, such cases are referred to the ordinary Common Law tribunals, or to special Probate Courts, yet following, as we do,

the general run of British practice, many of the principles upon which their adjudication depends are borrowed from these foreign systems of jurisprudence.

But these were not the only aggressions of the priesthood upon the ordinary administration of justice. Besides the institution of sanctuaries, or the exemption of certain places from the processes of law, so that the vilest criminal could not be dragged from them to punishment, exemption was claimed for every person in holy orders from trial and punishment by the ordinary tribunals for any crime, except high treason. The pretence was, that a clergyman, or clerk, could be punished only by the ecclesiastical tribunals; the fact generally was, that he was not punished at all. Monstrous as such an exemption must appear, this "benefit of clergy," as it was technically called, was practically carried out, in its whole length and breadth, for two or three centuries. A priest or monk might commit murder, highway robbery, or burglary, without suffering any legal penalty; though for a layman, the offence was capital. In substance, also, as well as in form, this injurious and absurd distinction was preserved to a very late period; only, the definition of a clerk was extended to every person who was able to read; and the exemption from penalty was claimed *after* conviction, not before, as previously. Thus, of two persons committing the same offence, the one who had not been taught to read was hanged, while the better instructed, and therefore more criminal, felon was simply burnt in the hand and discharged. At last, in the reign of George IV., even the form of benefit of clergy was utterly abolished.

We must not stop to trace the encroachments of the clergy upon the secular tribunals in regard to civil as well as criminal causes. It is enough to say, that at the beginning of the twelfth century, when the papal power was at its height, they seemed on the point of usurping exclusive jurisdiction over all persons and places. Spiritual causes and spiritual offences, it was admitted, belonged to them; but this epithet was indefinite; and the ingenuity of the priesthood did not fail to find a spiritual element in every case where they sought for it. All crime was also sin, and therefore must be

punished by the church. The widow and the fatherless, the stranger and the poor, the pilgrim and the leper, were the special objects of her fostering care, when it suited her interests, and advanced her power, to give them aid. Perjury was an offence against God; and so all breaches of contract, where an oath had been pledged, were to be drawn into the ecclesiastical courts.

Such a contest of clerical with lay jurisdiction, such a medley of laws and magistrates, could not fail to occasion great inconvenience, and produce frequent collisions. By pressing their claims so far, the clergy became odious to kings, lords, and commons; and all united to oppose them. A triangular contest raged; and this always serves, by compromise and mutual concession, to moderate the claims and sustain the essential rights of all parties. Every sovereign was interested in vindicating the authority of the constitutions which had been formed by his ancestors, or by the people whom he governed. The people knew that the maintenance of their liberties depended on the support of the ancient laws and customs of the realm. Oppressive as was the rule of some of their monarchs, they knew that the pretensions of the Church were still more overwhelming, the power of the Pope still more despotic. The barons and the people generally united with the king in upholding the claims of the Common Law against the Canon and the Civil Law. At the same time, when Church and State were mutually weakened by a contest with each other, the barons and the people took advantage of the crisis to push their own claims against both. It was when King John was exhausted and defeated in his long struggle against Pope Innocent III., in the course of which the whole kingdom had been laid under an interdict, that the nobility were able to wrest from him the memorable concession of the Great Charter.

Henry II. was the first English king who resolutely set his face against the inordinate pretensions of the clergy; and his opponent was the able and fearless archbishop of Canterbury, the famous Thomas à Becket. In the fierce contest between them, it is instructive to see the king announcing himself as the champion of the ancient customs of the realm against the

usurpations of the priesthood, and on this account, the nobility and the commons adhered to him so firmly that the loudest thunders of the Vatican, — even an interdict which was laid on two thirds of the kingdom, — passed over them with little effect. Henry called his barons together in a great council at Clarendon, and by their aid forced upon the reluctant bishops and other clergy the famous Constitutions of Clarendon, — the first signal step taken for maintaining the independence of temporal government. Sixteen articles were then affirmed, the principal of which deprived the clergy of their immunity from punishment by the secular power, gave the cognizance of all contracts, even where an oath had been introduced, to the king's courts, forbade appeals to Rome except by the king's consent, and declared that the revenues of all vacant offices in the church should belong to the king, and that no person should be elected to fill one of them except with his consent, and on condition of taking the oath of homage and fealty to the crown. After a long resistance, Becket was forced to give his assent to these provisions, but with certain mental reservations, of which he soon took advantage by escaping to France, where he mounted a pulpit, "and with bell, book, and candle, solemnly cursed all the maintainers of the customs, called in the realm of England the customs of their elders." The Pope also disallowed the Constitutions of Clarendon; but Henry and the English people stood by them so stoutly, that, but for the odium which soon fell upon the king from the murder of Thomas à Becket, they would have been established as fundamental principles of the government. To clear himself from this crime, however, besides submitting to a mortifying penance, he was obliged to make the vague concession, that he would relinquish all customs against the Church which had been introduced in his own time. This virtually left the question just where it was before; for it remained to be determined whether the *ancient* usages of the realm *were* contrary to these pretensions of the Church. If they were, the Constitutions of Clarendon were unnecessary; if they were not, these Constitutions were invalid. So the dispute revived in King John's time.

The great question between the pope and the king was, which should have the appointment of the bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. Nominally, they had always been elected by the inferior clergy, the priests and monks; but in practice, the king had designated whom they were to appoint, and disputed elections, at least to the higher offices, had usually been referred to the arbitration of the Pope. By the feudal constitution, all bishops and abbots who held lands were military vassals of the crown, and as such, were bound to take the oath of fealty and homage. They could not obtain possession till they had received from the king investiture of their fiefs, after taking these oaths. By way of visible symbol, as usual in feudal institutions, the sovereign was accustomed to put the ring and crosier into the hands of the newly consecrated bishop, who thus appeared to receive from him not only his temporal, but his spiritual, authority. The claims of the crown being thus fortified by custom and the acknowledged principles of feudal law, the Church could attack them only indirectly. But plausible arguments were not wanting. The ring and crosier, it was asserted by papal advocates, were the emblems of that power which no monarch could bestow; and even if a less offensive symbol were adopted, the dignity of the Church was lowered, and her purity contaminated, when her highest ministers were compelled to solicit the patronage and the approbation of laymen.

Circumstances sometimes added plausibility to these arguments, or afforded means of enforcing them. In the time of John, the great question was, whether the King or the Pope should appoint the archbishop of Canterbury. But this question was hidden under a dispute which had existed for some time, whether that prelate was to be chosen by the monks of St. Augustin's abbey in the city of Canterbury, or by the suffragan bishops of the province. Now, as the bishops were very accessible to the influence of the crown, and the monks, according to the genius of their order, were devoted to Rome, on the resolution of this doubt the main question depended. Both parties were obstinate; but as the king had lost the favor of his nobles and the people, on account of his rapacity and cruelty, he was not supported by them, and was obliged

to yield. The Pope appointed Stephen Langton to the archbishopric; and the first signal use which *he* made of his new dignity was to put himself at the head of the confederacy of the barons which extorted from the king the Great Charter. But the experiment could not be repeated so successfully for the Church. The English monarchy was never so weak as in the time of the imbecile John; the papal power was never again so formidable as it had been under Innocent III. After this crisis, the bishops were generally nominated by the crown, though with so much opposition, that the controversy became one of the leading causes of the success of the Reformation.

The general result is well summed up by Sir James Mackintosh. "Among the best consequences of these controversies," he says, "perhaps the most certain is, that they taught the possibility of maintaining the civil rights of various classes without an unceasing appeal to arms, and with some mixture of an appeal to law and reason. The principles to which popes and kings paid an apparent deference in their fiercest debates were applied to the political privileges of the laity, and contributed mainly to the success of that renowned struggle known by the name of the Barons' Wars. To these generous principles it is owing, that the reign of John, though he was the most contemptible of princes, is perhaps the most memorable portion of the ancient history of England."

ART. VI. — *Aristophanes: a Metrical Version of the Acharnians, the Knights, and the Birds, in the last of which, a Vein of Peculiar Humor and Character is for the first time detected and developed.* [By JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.] London: William Pickering. 1840.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE belonged to the brilliant circle of which Canning was the centre. Associated with this great statesman in early life, he shared in all the literary under-

takings by which his most distinguished public career was diversified and adorned. Although Mr. Frere never became so prominent a person in public affairs as his illustrious friend and contemporary, he left deeper traces of his genius and scholarship on the literature of his age.

The father of Mr. Frere was John Frere, Esq., of Roydon Hall, Norfolk, who was member of parliament for Norwich, and died in 1807. The subject of this notice was born on the 21st of May, 1769. At the proper age, he was sent to Eton School, where he became acquainted with young Canning, and was one of the contributors to the Microcosm, a weekly paper edited by the scholars, the first number of which appeared in November, 1786. This paper undoubtedly owes much of its fame to the subsequent celebrity of the principal writers. From Eton, Mr. Frere in due course of time entered Caius College, Cambridge, where he took his degree. In 1796, he was returned as member of parliament for West Looe, and, three years subsequently, he succeeded Mr. Canning as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1800, he was sent to Portugal, as Envoy Extraordinary. He remained at this court two years, and was transferred to Madrid in 1802. He resided at this capital until 1804, when he returned to England, and was made a Privy Councillor. It was probably during this residence in Portugal and Spain that Frere acquired his love of the history and literature of the Peninsula, which made so marked a feature in his literary life. In 1807, he was sent minister to Prussia, and in the following year, was again transferred to Madrid. He had much to do with the intervention of the British government in the affairs of the Peninsula, when the national insurrection of the Spaniards against the French broke out; and he was severely censured, by the opposition in parliament, for having, by his representations, founded on a too favorable estimate of the character of the Spaniards, influenced the movements of Sir John Moore, and nearly caused the destruction of the British army, as well as for his general influence in inducing the British government to engage in the war. He was recalled in 1809, and succeeded by the Marquis of Wellesley, not entirely to the satisfaction of Wellesley's brother, Arthur,

afterwards the Duke of Wellington, who says to him, in a letter of May 22, 1809: "I acknowledge that I do not consider Lord Wellesley's appointment a subject of congratulation to himself or his friends." "I am truly concerned, however, that your removal should not be consonant to your wishes."

While Mr. Frere was minister in Spain, he became acquainted with the Marquis de la Romana, one of the most accomplished men and distinguished officers in Spain. This nobleman, whose tastes in literature were similar and congenial to those of the English minister, recommended to his attention the ancient and striking poem of the Cid — *Poema del Cid* — the work of an unknown author, belonging to the twelfth century, "as the most animated and highly poetical, as well as the most ancient and curious, poem in the language." This poem has since become well known in English literature, chiefly by Frere's splendid translations of the most characteristic passages, which were published by Mr. Southey in the Appendix to his Chronicle of the Cid. The Marquis happened to call on Mr. Frere one day, when he had just made a conjectural emendation, in v. 2348, which, as it reads in the copies, makes no sense. The line stands,

"Aun vea el hora que vos *merezca dos* tanto;"

Mr. Frere's emendation was the substitution of *merezcades* for *merezca dos* and Romana admitted the propriety of the emendation. When, in 1808, the Marquis was at the head of the Spanish troops near the Baltic, it became important for the British government to open a communication with the Spanish commanders. It was dangerous, and probably would have been fatal, to send a messenger with written credentials. A Catholic priest, named Robertson, was found willing to undertake the expedition, for which he was particularly qualified by his skill as a linguist. The amended line of the Cid was communicated to him by the British minister, and committed to memory; and by repeating it to the Marquis de la Romana, who was the only person besides that knew it, he satisfied that officer that he came from the British minister. This is probably the only instance on record of a conjectural emendation in an old

poem, proving of any practical utility in important transactions. The truth of this anecdote, which is recorded in the twelfth chapter of Southey's History of the Peninsular War, was confirmed by Mr. Frere himself, in a conversation some years afterward with our countryman, Mr. Ticknor, the author of the History of Spanish Literature.

Before his return to England, Mr. Frere received from the Spanish government the title of Marquez de la Union. From this time, he led the life of a private gentleman, indulging the taste for literature which had always been his strong passion. In 1816, he was married to the Countess Dowager of Errol; a few years later, he left England, and established himself in Malta, on account of his health, where he passed the remainder of his life. He died January 7, 1846. His period of public service was not very long, nor remarkably successful; but in a peculiar vein of literature, his genius shone with great brilliancy. Besides being associated with Canning in the schoolboy venture of the Microcosm, he was one of the principal contributors to the witty pages of the Anti-Jacobin; he wrote able articles in the Classical Journals and the Quarterly Review. He is also entitled to the honor of having introduced into English literature the Ariosto style of the chivalrous epic, by the poem of the "Whistlecrafts," which was seen and read by Byron, in manuscript, and suggested his Beppo. The Whistlecrafts was afterwards published, and though filled to overflowing with the peculiar merits of that species of humorous poetry, never attained the popularity of its offspring. It is now rarely to be found.

It is as a translator that Mr. Frere will be best remembered. When he was a schoolboy at Eton, he made a metrical version of an Anglo-Saxon ballad of the tenth century, in the language of the fourteenth, which Sir James Mackintosh says "is a double imitation, unmatched, perhaps, in literary history, in which the writer gave an earnest of that faculty of catching the peculiar genius, and preserving the characteristic manner of his original, which, though the specimens of it be too few, places him alone among English translators." This piece, which is found in Ellis's Specimens, can hardly be called a translation at all. It is an abbreviation of the original, and a

very free imitation of it, in the English of the fourteenth century; but it has no other resemblance to the Anglo-Saxon poem than it *must* have from the fact that it is on the same subject. Sir James's commendation of Mr. Frere as a *translator* is a little too absolute; he should, at least in this instance, and perhaps in other more considerable attempts, rather be called a spirited and successful imitator.

Mr. Frere's translations from the Poem of the Cid have received the most emphatic commendations from the best judges. Mr. Ticknor calls them admirable; Mr. Southey says, "I have never seen any other translation which so perfectly represents the manner, character, and spirit of the original." When Sir Walter Scott, in 1831, shortly before his death, visited Malta, Mr. Frere was one of the gentlemen who welcomed him to that seat of ancient chivalry. Mr. Lockhart gives some charming extracts from the journal of Mrs. John Davy, an old friend of Sir Walter's, in which the incidents of his brief stay are pleasantly recorded. Describing her call upon him while he was in quarantine, she says: —

"Our visit was short, and we left Mr. Frere with him at the bar, on our departure. He came daily to see his friend, and passed more of his quarantine time with him than any one else. We were told that between Mr. Frere's habitual absence of mind, and Sir Walter's natural Scotch desire to shake hands with him at every meeting, it required all the vigilance of the attendant genii of the place to prevent Mr. Frere from being put into quarantine along with him." . . . .
"In speaking of Mr. Frere's translations, he repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the Romances of the Cid (published in the appendix to Southey's quarto,) and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described, as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, to 'suit the action to the word.'"

The following lines are part of the passage referred to: —

"Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest levell'd fair and low;
Their banners and their crests, waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle bow.
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
'I am Rui Dias, the Champion of Bivar;

'Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercies' sake!'
There where Bermuez fought, amidst the foe they brake,
Three hundred banner'd knights, it was a gallant show:
Three hundred Moors they kill'd, a man with every blow;
When they wheel'd and turn'd, as many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances and level them again.
There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie shatter'd on the plain.
The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.
The Christians call upon St. James, the Moors upon Mahound,
There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a little spot of ground.
Minaya Alva Fanez smote with all his might,
He went as he was wont, and was foremost in the fight.
There was Galin Garcia, of courage firm and clear,
Felez Munioz, the Cid's own Cousin dear;
Antolinez of Burgos, a hardy knight and keen,
Munio Gustioz, his pupil that had been.
The Cid on his gilded saddle above them all was seen.
There was Martin Munioz, that rul'd in Montmayor,
There were Alvar Fanez and Alvar Salvador:
These were the followers of the Cid, with many others more,
In rescue of Bermuez and the standard that he bore.
Minaya is dismounted, his courser has been slain,
He fights upon his feet, and smites with might and main.
The Cid came all in haste to help him to horse again;
He saw a Moor well mounted, thereof he was full fain,
Thro' the girdle at a stroke he cast him to the plain:
He called to Minaya Fanez and reached him out the rein,
'Mount and ride Minaya, you are my right hand,
'We shall have need of you to-day, these Moors will not disband!'
Minaya lept upon the horse, his sword was in his hand.
Nothing that came near him could resist him or withstand;
All that fall within his reach he dispatches as he goes.
The Cid rode to King Fariz, and struck at him three blows;
The third was far the best, it forc'd the blood to flow:
The stream ran from his side, and stain'd his arms below;
The King caught round the rein and turn'd his back to go,
The Cid has won the battle with that single blow."

Mr. Frere was an accomplished Greek scholar, entering into the spirit of Greek poetry, especially of the Comic Drama,

and reproducing it in his critical writings and versions with great zest and marvellous ability. There have been translations characterized by more verbal fidelity; but no man ever more thoroughly rendered the spirit of Aristophanes. When Mr. Mitchell's translations came out, he wrote a very able and appreciating review of them; but his own, we think, are decidedly superior.

In 1839 and '40, his translations of the Acharnians, Knights, and Birds of Aristophanes appeared from the government press at Malta; and some time after, we believe, came out his translation of the Frogs. The last, however, is not contained in this volume, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of an English friend.

It is unnecessary to say, to any one who has read a single play of Aristophanes, that an adequate translation of his works into any modern language is a task of the greatest literary difficulty. These pieces, in their day, performed the functions of the modern political press, the satirical novel, the French Charivari, and the London Punch. Political measures and men were exhibited with unsparing ridicule. The license of the Lenæan festival, which expressed not only the jovial side of human life, but embodied the merry myths of the god in whose honor it was held, furnished the occasion for the most unrestrained fun and frolic to those poets who looked no deeper than the surface, and for endless satire and invective to those who aimed at correcting the vices of the times. Beyond all doubt, Aristophanes was the most remarkable genius in this department of Greek literature. It has been a question whether he aimed only at producing a momentary effect, or had also in view the design of stemming the corruptions of the times. He attacks, with infinite wit, the most powerful demagogues of the times; he seizes upon the ludicrous side of the physical inquiries, which had already made considerable progress among the philosophers; he lashes the pernicious sophisms of the vagabond lecturers, who, under the general name of Sophists, traversed the Grecian States, teaching a showy rhetoric and a tricky logic, which annihilated the distinctions between virtue and vice, and struck at the foundations of morality, public and private; he turns to ridi-

cule the extravagant schemes of conquest, which found favor with the popular and progressive party of the "manifest-destiny" men of Athens; the plans of rival factions to secure the favor of the Demos by a base rivalry of compliance with his lowest passions, he holds up to laughter and reprobation. New ideas in education, religion, poetry, and music meet with unrelenting persecution from his audacious muse, as if all change from the manners and customs of the Marathonian times were dangerous and reprehensible. Socrates, whose teachings and death have consecrated his memory to the affections of good men in all times, is made the hero of word-catching and sophistical logic, and presented to a gaping Athenian audience as a rank and ridiculous impostor. Euripides, the poet of Medea and Alcestis, is held up to reprobation as the corrupter of poetry and the debaser of the Tragic Muse. The Attic passion for litigation is laughed out of countenance by the whimsical extravaganza of the trial of the Dog, to gratify the longing of the old Dicast at home. Feminine aspirations for the amelioration of woman's political condition, are ruthlessly burlesqued by the broad caricature of the women stealing their husbands' garments, and by an overwhelming vote working a gynocratic revolution in the government.

Besides these comprehensive satirical pictures, his plays abound with the sharpest and most stinging allusions to single incidents, persons, and events; to politicians and profligates, marked out by name for the unerring shaft; to musicians, philosophers, rival poets; especially to passages in the tragedies of Euripides, which are parodied with remorseless irony. We must add to these traits the fact, that living men, such as Socrates, Cleon, Nicias, and Demosthenes the general, were not only introduced by name, but their persons were represented by portrait masks, and dresses imitated from the garbs they wore in daily life. Mixed with all these personalities were many passages of gross indecency, almost as bad as the licentiousness of the English comic stage in the time of Charles the Second — almost equalling the impurities of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Farquhar and Congreve. But there was also the most brilliant drawing of character,

and dramatic skill, in the midst of the wildest extravagance, in the conduct of the plot; there were passages of the most exquisite and admirable lyric poetry; there were flashes of the most inimitable wit; there were descriptions unsurpassed by Chaucer or Shakspeare; there were admirable sentiments; there was profound political wisdom, and lessons that might have saved the state. The Greek language is nowhere more varied, beautiful, and abundant, than in the plays of Aristophanes. Here the Attic dialect, as well as the Attic wit, reached its culminating height.

Nearly all of these plays were produced during the demoralizing horrors of the Peloponnesian War. Pericles had died early, and the ship of state, ceasing to feel his strong hand at the helm, was driven wildly over the swelling tides of discord at home and war abroad. Coarse and vulgar demagogues rose successively to power, and there was no great statesman, after Pericles, to hold their violence in check. The war was marked by the double horrors of civil strife and hatred of race; and its disastrous and demoralizing consequences spread beyond the states with whom it commenced, all over the Hellenic world. The picture drawn by that stern, but most truthful of painters, Thucydides, of the awful dissolution of the restraints of virtue, honor, and piety, that followed in the footsteps of the Peloponnesian War, is a lesson to nations and governments for all time. Within the city of Athens, the condition of affairs, especially after the great plague, was equally sad; and it furnished abundant materials, not only for the moral and political philosopher, but for the sharpest satires of the comic stage. We must make some deductions from the high coloring of the pictures in Aristophanes, because it is of the nature of satirical literature to indulge in exaggeration and inverted embellishment; just as we must not take for history the pasquinades and caricatures with which Punch shakes the sides of the civilized world. Again, we must not attribute to malice and a bad heart the misrepresentations he is sometimes guilty of, as in the case of Socrates and Euripides; just as we look, with an amused and lenient eye, upon Punch's misrepresentations of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, or D'Israeli. The personages

who fill the stage of public life, stand to posterity in a very different relation from that they seem to bear to their contemporaries. These are considerations that must temper our judgment of such writers as Aristophanes, if we mean that our judgment shall be a candid and trustworthy one. He needs this particularly in the case of Socrates, to whose judicial murder he was accused of having contributed. This topic, however, we cannot dwell upon here. Looking at Aristophanes, in the whole sphere of his literary activity, we may say that he combined, more than any other man ever did, the greatest variety of wit, from the pun up to the most refined and keenest play of ideas; — satire, cutting in all directions, political caricature, brilliant dialogue, incomparable lyrical poetry; — a combination absolutely without a parallel in literary history. Mr. Frere was particularly qualified by his taste and accomplishments, his vein of natural wit, his social position, his political and diplomatic experience, as well as his training in composition, from the Microcosm and Anti-Jacobin to the Whistlecrafts and the Spanish translations, to be the Athenian's interpreter to the modern world. In this he was much more successful than in politics and diplomacy.

Had Pericles lived, it is possible that the Peloponnesian War would have ended in establishing the sovereignty of Athens over all Greece. Had the weight of his character, and that mighty eloquence, described as thundering and lightening, and stirring up the whole country, still survived to control the policy of Athens, the downfall of the state, and the bloody scenes of the short but ignominious reign of the Thirty Tyrants might never have blotted the page of Grecian history. "The source of his influence," says Thucydides, "was dignity of character and wisdom; and having conspicuously shown himself the most incorruptible of men, he curbed the people freely, and led them, instead of being led by them. For he did not speak to their present favor, endeavoring to gain power by unbecoming means, but dared to brave their anger, while holding fast to his own dignity and honor. The Constitution was a democracy in word; but, in fact, it was the government of the most distinguished citizen. Those, however, who came after him, being more on equality with

one another, and each eager to stand foremost, turned to the gratification of the people, and to this object sacrificed the public interests." Notwithstanding the exhaustion caused by this long and desperate struggle, the demoralized condition of all the States during its continuance, and the disastrous overthrow of Athens in which it ended, the free principles that lay at the foundations of the Athenian institutions, the elasticity of mind produced by her literary and scientific culture, and by the habit of parliamentary debate, as well as the open administration of justice, were so conservative that the city soon rallied, threw off the yoke imposed on her by Sparta, and in a few years regained a considerable part of her ancient ascendancy; and after the term of her long national existence closed, she continued to rule, by her science, poetry, philosophy, art, and eloquence, the empire of the human mind.

The largest part of the plays of Aristophanes came within the period of the Peloponnesian War, and we nowhere find the moral, political, and literary condition of the capital so vividly portrayed as in these comedies. Several of them have a direct bearing upon the events and characters brought out by that great strife. He was the contemporary of the greatest writers for the tragic stage; and there are two circumstances of great singularity to be noted: first, that literary works so numerous and admirable should have adorned a period of public and private distress, and general demoralization; and secondly, that the spectators, who dissolved in tears one day at the spectacle of heroic sufferings, the next day were thrown into convulsions of laughter at the sight of the same illustrious personages, placed in ludicrous or degrading circumstances by the audacious license of the comedians.

The Acharnians — the first of the pieces in Mr. Frere's volume — was produced in the year B. C. 425, — but without the author's name, probably on account of the Dionysiac law which prescribed a legal age for the dramatic competitors. It is a comic declaration against the war party, and turns wholly on the consequences of the war upon the condition of the people. Its name is taken from Acharnæ, one of the largest and most important of the rural boroughs of Attica, which had been laid waste several times by the Spartan inva-

ders. The rural population had been driven from their country-houses and farms, and cooped up within the walls of the city. Thucydides gives us a striking picture of the hardships this necessity entailed on a people so fond of out of door amusements and country life as the Athenian landholders; and the same topic is amusingly illustrated by Aristophanes, in the character of Strepsiades, in the Clouds. Dicæopolis, the hero of the Acharnians, represents this class of Athenians. Compelled to idle away his time in the city, sorely against his will, he looks back with regretful longings to his former pleasant way of life. To kill time, which hangs wearily on his hands, he goes to the Assembly, and vents his dissatisfaction at the state of public affairs, and snubs the orators. While waiting for the arrival of the officers, whose duty it was to open the meeting, he soliloquizes upon his many crosses and few comforts.

"How many things there are to cross and vex me,
My comforts I compute at four precisely,
My griefs and miseries at a hundred thousand.
Let's see what there has happen'd to rejoice me
With any real kind of joyfulness;
Come, in the first place I set down five talents,
Which Cleon vomited up again and refunded;
There I rejoic'd; I lov'd the Knights for that;
'Twas nobly done, for the interests of all Greece.
But again I suffer'd cruelly in the Theatre
A tragical disappointment — There was I
Gaping to hear old Æschylus, when the Herald
Call'd out, 'Theognis, bring your chorus forward.'
Imagine what my feelings must have been!
But then Dexitheus pleas'd me coming forward
And singing his Bœotian melody:
But next came Chæris with his music truly,
That turn'd me sick, and kill'd me very nearly.
But never in my lifetime, man nor boy,
Was I so vext as at this present moment;
To see the Pnyx, at this time of the morning,
Quite empty, when the Assembly should be full.
There are our Citizens in the market place
Lounging and talking, shifting up and down
To escape the painted twine that ought to sweep

The shoal of them this way; not even the Presidents
Arriv'd — they're always last, crowding and jostling
To get the foremost seat; but as for peace
They never think about it — Oh poor Country!
As for myself, I'm always the first man.
Alone in the morning, here I take my place,
Here I contemplate, here I stretch my legs;
I think and think — I dont know what to think.
I draw conclusions and comparisons,
I ponder, I reflect, I pick my nose,
I fidget about, and yawn and scratch myself;
Looking in vain to the prospect of the fields,
Loathing the city, longing for a peace,
To return to my poor village and my farm,
That never used to cry 'Come buy my charcoal!'
Nor 'Buy my oil!' nor 'Buy my any thing!'
But gave me what I wanted, freely and fairly,
Clear of all cost, with never a word of buying,
Or such buy-words. So here I'm come, resolv'd
To bawl, to abuse, to interrupt the speakers,
Whenever I hear a word of any kind
Except for an immediate peace. Ah there!
The Presidents at last; see, there they come!
All scrambling for their seats — I told you so!"

Acharnians, pp. 6, 7.

It does not suit the powers that be to listen to any proposition for an immediate peace. The business of the Assembly goes on; ambassadors, returned from the great king, are received, and give a ludicrous account of their reception at the Persian Court. They are accompanied by a high and mighty personage, called the King's Eye, represented according to the extravagant burlesque of the comic stage, by a mask with a monstrous eye in the centre. After an amusing encounter between Dicæopolis and this singular dignitary, he is invited to dine in the Prytaneum. Another ambassador, returning from the Thracian coast, arrives.

"*Her.* Theorus, our ambassador into Thrace,
Returned from King Sitalces!
Theor. Here am I.
Dic. More coxcombs called for! — Here's another coming.
Theor. We should not have remain'd so long in Thrace. . .

Dic. If you hadn't been overpaid I know you wouldn't.
Theor. . . . But for the snow, which cover'd all the country,
And buried up the roads, and froze the rivers.
'Twas singular this change of weather happen'd
Just when Theognis here, our frosty poet,
Brought out his tragedy. — We past our time
In drinking with Sitalces. He's your friend,
Your friend and lover, if there ever was one,
And writes the name of Athens on his walls.
His son, your new made fellow-citizen,
Had wish'd to have been enroll'd in proper form
At the Apaturian festival; and meanwhile,
During his absence, earnestly desires
That the Apaturian sausages may be sent him.
He is urgent with his father to befriend
His newly adopted countrymen; and, in fine,
Sitalces has been so far worked upon,
He has sworn at last his solemn Thracian oath,
Standing before the sacrifice, to send
Such an army, he said, that all the Athenian people
Shall think that there's a flight of locusts coming."

p. 12.

Finding a great deal of opposition to the peace doctrines, Dicæopolis makes a truce on his own account — as the Hartford Convention were accused of intending to do, in our last war with England — for which he pays eight drachmas, and goes off into the country, to celebrate the festival of Bacchus in his native village. Meantime, it is noised abroad that he has secured this great blessing, and applications come in from various quarters for a share in it. A farmer, who has lost both of his oxen, begs for a drop of the libation — only five years; a bridegroom sends a present of delicacies from the marriage feast, with a message that he has an objection to foreign service just now. But the war party, represented by a chorus of Acharnians, besetting him, threaten to put him to death as a traitor to the country. He claims the right of trial by jury, which is at length granted; he asks only one favor — "one condition," —

"Permit me, therefore, first to clothe myself
In a pathetical, heart-rending dress."

For this he resorts to Euripides. The poet seizes this opportunity to satirize, with all the force of ludicrous exaggeration, the trick of the tragedian to excite the sentiment of pity, by clothing his heroes in tatters.

"*Dic.* Well, I must try then to keep up my spirits,
And trudge away to find Euripides.
Holloh!
Servant. Who's there?
Dic. Euripides within?
Ser. Within, yet not within. You comprehend me?
Dic. Within and not within! why, what do ye mean?
Ser. I speak correctly, old Sire! his outward man
Is in the garret writing tragedy;
While his essential being is abroad,
Pursuing whimsies in the world of fancy.
Dic. O happy Euripides, with such a servant;
So clever and accomplish'd!—call him out.
Ser. It's quite impossible.
Dic. But it must be done.
Positively and absolutely I must see him;
Or I must stand here, rapping at the door.
Euripides! Euripides! come down,
If ever you came down in all your life!
'Tis I, 'tis Dicæopolis from Chollidæ.
Eur. I'm not at leisure to come down.
Dic. Perhaps—
But here's the scene-shifter can wheel you round.
Eur. It cannot be.
Dic. But however, notwithstanding.
Eur. Well, there then, I'm wheel'd round; for I had not time
For coming down.
Dic. Euripides, I say!
Eur. What say ye?
Dic. Euripides! Euripides!
Good lawk, you're there! upstairs! you write upstairs,
Instead of the ground-floor? always upstairs.
Well now, that's odd! But, dear Euripides,
If you had but a suit of rags that you could lend me.
You're he that brings out cripples in your tragedies;
A'nt ye? You're the new Poet, he that writes

Those characters of beggars and blind people.
Well, dear Euripides, if you could but lend me
A suit of tatters from a cast-off tragedy.
For mercy's sake, for I'm obliged to make
A speech in my own defence before the chorus,
A long pathetic speech, this very day;
And if it fails, the doom of death betides me.

Eur. Say, what do ye seek? is it the woful garb
In which the wretched aged Œneus acted?

Dic. No, 'twas a wretcheder man than Œneus, much.

Eur. Was it blind Phœnix?

Dic. No, not Phœnix, no,
A fellow a great deal wretcheder than Phœnix.

Eur. I wonder what he wants; is it the rags
Which Philoctetes went a begging with?

Dic. No, 'twas a beggar worse than Philoctetes.

Eur. Say, would you wish to wear those loathly weeds,
The habiliments of lame Bellerophon.

Dic. 'Twas not Bellerophon, but very like him.
A kind of a smooth, fine spoken character;
A beggar into the bargain and a cripple,
With a grand command of words, bothering and begging.

Eur. I know your man; 'tis Telephus the Mysian.

Dic. Ah, Telephus! — Yes, Telephus! do, pray,
Give me the things he wore.

Eur. Go fetch them there.
You'll find 'em next to the tatters of Thyestes,
Just over Ino's. Take them, there, and welcome.

Dic. Oh Jupiter, what an infinite, endless mass
Of eternal holes and patches! Here it is,
Here's wherewithal to clothe myself in misery.
Euripides, now, since you've gone so far,
Do give me the other articles besides
Belonging to these rags, that suit with them,
With a little Mysian bonnet for my head.
For I must wear a beggar's garb to-day,
Yet be myself in spite of my disguise;
That the audience all may know me; but the chorus,
Poor creatures, must not have the least suspicion
Whilst I cajole them with my rhetoric."

Acharnians, pp. 23–26.

The trial takes place, and Dicæopolis defends himself with

great eloquence. In the end, he concludes his peace, and, being a freetrader, opens his market to Megarians, Thebans, and all others who have goods to sell, or wish to buy. A contest takes place between him and Lamachus, represented as a thrasonical general — a sort of cross between Bob Acres and Jack Falstaff. The characters are entertainingly contrasted.

"*Dic.* Well, is not it hard that a man can't eat his dinner,
But he's to be disturb'd and call'd from table,
With wars, and Lamachus's, and what not?
Lam. You mock me, alas!
Dic. Say, would you wish to grapple
In single combat, with this mailed monster? [*shewing a lobster.*
Lam. Alas, that dismal, fatal messenger!
Dic. But here's a message too, coming for me.
Mess. 2*nd.* Hoh Dicæopolis!
Dic. Well, what?
Mess. 2*nd.* You're summon'd
To go without a moment's loss of time,
With your whole cookery, to the priest of Bacchus.
The company are arriv'd; you keep them waiting,
Every thing else is ready, — couches, tables,
Cushions, and coverlids for mattresses,
Plumb cake and plain, comfits and caraways,
Confectionery, fruits preserv'd and fresh,
Relishes of all sorts, hot things and bitter,
Savories and sweets, broil'd biscuits, and what not;
Flowers and perfumes and garlands, every thing.
You must not lose a moment.
Lam. Out alas!
Wretch that I am!
Dic. 'Tis your own fault entirely,
For enlisting in the service of the Gorgons.
There, shut the door, and serve the dishes here.
Lam. My knapsack and camp service; bring it out.
Dic. My dinner service; bring it here, you lout.
Lam. Give me my bunch of leeks, the soldiers' fare.
Dic. I'm partial to veal cutlets; bring them there.
Lam. Let's see the saltfish; it seems like to rot.
Dic. I take fresh fish, and broil it on the spot.
Lam. Bring me the lofty feathers of my crest.
Dic. Bring doves and quails; I scarce know which is best.

Lam. Behold this snowy plume of dazzling white.
Dic. Behold the roasted dove, a savory sight.
Lam. Don't mock these arms of mine, good fellow, pri'thee.
Dic. These quails of mine, don't think to take them with ye.
Lam. The case that holds my crest, — bring it in haste.
Dic. And the hare-pie for me, — bring it in paste.
Lam. My crest, — have the moths spoilt it? no, not yet.
Dic. My dinner, — shall I spoil it by a whet?
Lam. Fellow, direct not your discourse to me.
Dic. Aye, but this boy and I, we can't agree;
And we've a kind of wager, which is best,
Locusts or quails, forsooth.
Lam. Sirrah, your jest
Is insolent.
Dic. My wager's gone this bout:
He's all, you see, for locusts, out and out.
Lam. Bring here my lance; unsheathe the deadly point.
Dic. Bring here the spit, and show the roasted joint.
Lam. This sheath is rusted. Come, boy, tug and try.
Ah, there it comes.
Dic. [*unspitting his roast meat.*]
It comes quite easily.
Lam. Bring forth the props of wood, my shield's support.
Dic. Bring bread, for belly timber; that's your sort!
Lam. My Gorgon-orbed shield; bring it with speed.
Dic. With this full-orbed pancake I proceed.
Lam. Is not this insolence too much to bear?
Dic. Is not this pancake exquisite and rare?
Lam. Pour oil upon the shield! What do I trace
In the divining mirror? 'Tis the face
Of an old coward, petrified with fear,
That sees his trial for desertion near.
Dic. Pour honey on the pancake! what appears?
A comely personage, advanc'd in years;
Firmly resolv'd to laugh at and defy
Both Lamachus and the Gorgon family.
Lam. Bring forth my trusty breastplate for the fight.
Dic. Bring forth the lusty goblet, my delight!
Lam. I'll charge with this, accoutred every limb.
Dic. I'll charge with this, a bumper to the brim.
Lam. Boys, strap the shield and bedding in a pack!
I'll bear myself my knapsack on my back.

Dic. Boy, strap the basket with my feasting mess;
While I just step within to change my dress.
Lam. Come boy, take up my shield, and trudge away.
It snows! Good lack; we've wintry work to-day.
Dic. Boy, take the basket. Jolly work, I say."
Acharnians, pp. 62 – 65.

They proceed from words to blows; the rusty sword is overmatched by the spit, and the doughty hero is wounded and disabled. A messenger comes in to announce the disastrous result, which he does in a style of parody upon the stately speeches of heralds in the tragedies. The wounded general is brought in, groaning in truly lyrical distress; and when Dicæopolis says, "I triumph, great and glorious!" the chorus are obliged to respond, —

"And well you may; triumph away, good fellow, you're victorious."

In the following year, the play of the Knights was brought out. The new form of demagoguism, by which the passions of the populace were swayed, and the outlines of the Demos, or dramatic impersonation of the Athenian democracy were now distinctly developed. A succession of low-born demagogues — Eucrates the flax-seller, Lysicles the sheep-dealer, and last of all, Cleon the leather-dresser, the most famous of the tribe in history and poetry — had risen to temporary influence. After the death of Pericles, there was nothing to restrain their vulgar insolence, except the ridicule of the comic stage. Fortune sometimes favors the most undeserving. The whimsical story of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin has had its counterparts in history. Cleon was a thorn in the side of the leaders of the more conservative party. In the popular Assembly, he taunted the generals with their inefficiency at Sphacteria, and boastfully said, if he were commander, he would bring the Lacedæmonians prisoners to Athens in twenty days. Unexpectedly, he was taken at his word, though much against his will, and by a freak of chance actually made good his boast. This apparently brilliant achievement raised his influence with the Athenian populace to its highest point.

It was at this crisis in Cleon's history that the comedy of

the Knights set the giddy Attic public into roars of laughter at their idol. But the satire is directed with impartial severity against the aristocratic, as well as the plebeian demagogues. The Knights, who stand for the upper classes of Athenian society, are represented as rivalling their low-born antagonists, by addressing themselves to the basest inclinations of the mob, by adopting their vulgar prejudices, pampering their vanity, flattering their ignorance, and gratifying their passions. The personages in the drama are, Demos, represented as a testy old fellow, living in the Pnyx, or place of assembly for the ecclesia, irritable and jealous, but easily cheated; Nicias and Demosthenes, two leading generals in the public service, as household slaves of Demos, shockingly ill-used by him; Cleon, the tanner, another slave, lately bought, who, by lying, coarseness, impudence, and boundless vulgarity, having secured the good graces of his master, has become the tyrant and the terror of his fellow slaves. The chorus, representing the order of Knights, sympathizing with the sufferings of Nicias and Demosthenes, and concert a conspiracy to oust the leather-dresser from power. To bring this about, they select from the market place a coarser, more ignorant, more vulgar fellow than Cleon, Agoracritus the sausage-seller, of whom Mr. Frere remarks, "His breeding and education are described as being similar to that of the younger Mr. Weller, in that admirable and most unvulgar exhibition of vulgar life, the Pickwick Papers."

The plot of the piece is taken up with the struggles of these parties, in the kitchen of Demos, each striving to gain the favor of the master of the house, and to turn the other out. The contest is drawn out at great length, and results in the overthrow and disgrace of Cleon, and the victory of the sausage-seller, who, placed in power, suddenly grows conservative, cooks old Demos over again, and restores him to his youth and pristine glory in the Marathonian times.

Demosthenes thus describes their unhappy condition: —

"*Dem.* [*To the audience.*]
Well come now! I'll tell ye about it — Here are we
A couple of servants — with a master at home
Next door to the hustings. — He's a man in years,

A kind of a bean-fed husky testy character,
Coleric and brutal at times and partly deaf.
It's near about a month now, that he went
And bought a slave out of a tanner's yard,
A Paphlagonian born, and brought him home,
As wicked a slanderous wretch as ever liv'd.
This fellow, the Paphlagonian, has found out
The blind side of our master's understanding,
With fawning and wheedling in this kind of way:
'Would not you please to go to the bath, Sir? surely
'It 's not worth while to attend the courts to-day.'—
And 'Would not you please to take a little refreshment?
'And there's that nice hot broth — And here's the three-pence
'You left behind you — And would not you order supper?
Moreover when we get things out of compliment
As a present for our master, he contrives
To snatch 'em and serve 'em up before our faces.
I'd made a Spartan cake at Pylos lately,
And mix'd and kneaded it well, and watch'd the baking;
But he stole round before me and served it up:
And he never allows us to come near our master
To speak a word; but stands behind his back
At meal-times, with a monstrous leathern fly-flap,
Slapping and whisking it round and rapping us off.
Sometimes the old man falls into moods and fancies,
Searching the prophecies till he gets bewildered;
And then the Paphlagonian plies him up,
Driving him mad with oracles and predictions.
And that's his harvest. Then he slanders us,
And gets us beaten and lashed, and goes his rounds
Bullying in this way, to squeeze presents from us:
'You saw what a lashing Hylas got just now;
'You'd best make friends with me, if you love your lives.
Why then, we give him a trifle, or if we don't,
We pay for it; for the old fellow knocks us down."

The Knights, pp. 9 – 11.

The first appearance of the sausage-seller will remind the reader of Christopher Sly.

"*Dem.* A sausage-seller it is, that supersedes him.
Nic. A sausage-seller! marvellous indeed,

Most wonderful! But where can he be found?
Dem. We must seek him out.
Nic. But see there, where he comes!
Sent hither providentially as it were!
Dem. Oh happy man! celestial sausage-seller!
Friend, guardian, and protector of us all!
Come forward; save your friends, and save the country.
S. S. Do you call me?
Dem. Yes, we call'd to you, to announce
The high and happy destiny that awaits you.
Nic. Come, now you should set him free from the incumbrance
Of his table and basket; and explain to him
The tenor and the purport of the Oracle,
While I go back to watch the Paphlagonian. [*exit, Nicias.*
Dem. [*to the Sausage-seller gravely.*]
Set these poor wares aside; and now, — bow down
To the ground; and adore the powers of earth and heaven.
S. S. Heigh day! Why what do you mean?
Dem. O happy man!
Unconscious of your glorious destiny,
Now mean and unregarded; but to-morrow,
The mightiest of the mighty, Lord of Athens.
S. S. Come master, what's the use of making game?
Why can't ye let me wash the guts and tripe,
And sell my sausages in peace and quiet?
Dem. O simple mortal, cast those thoughts aside!
Bid guts and tripe farewell! — Look there! — Behold
[*pointing to the audience.*
The mighty assembled multitude before ye!
S. S. [*with a grumble of indifference.*]
I see 'em.
Dem. You shall be their lord and master,
The sovereign and the ruler of them all,
Of the assemblies and tribunals, fleets and armies;
You shall trample down the senate under foot,
Confound and crush the generals and commanders,
Arrest, imprison, and confine in irons.
S. S. What I?
Dem. Yes you yourself: there's more to come.
Mount here; and from the tressels of your stall
Survey the subject islands circling round.

S. S. I see 'em.
Dem. And all their ports and merchant vessels?
S. S. — Yes all.
Dem. Then an't you a fortunate happy man?
An't you content? Come then for a further prospect —
— Turn your right eye to Caria, and your left
To Carthage! — and contemplate both together.
S. S. Will it do me good d'ye think, to learn to squint?
Dem. Not so; but every thing you see before you
Must be dispos'd of at your high discretion;
By sale or otherwise; for the oracle
Predestines you to sovereign power and greatness.
S. S. Are there any means of making a great man,
Of a sausage-selling fellow such as I
Dem. The very means you have must make ye so,
Low breeding, vulgar birth and impudence,
These, these must make ye, what you're meant to be.
S. S. I can't imagine that I'm good for much.
Dem. Alas! But why do ye say so? — What's the meaning
Of these misgivings? — I discern within ye
A promise and an inward consciousness
Of greatness. Tell me truly: are ye allied
To the families of gentry?
S. S. Naugh, not I;
I'm come from a common ordinary kindred,
Of the lower order.
Dem. What a happiness! —
What a footing will it give ye! What a groundwork
For confidence and favor at your outset!
S. S. But bless ye! only consider my education!
I can but barely read . . . in a kind of a way.
Dem. That makes against ye! — the only thing against ye —
The being able to read, in any way:
For now; no lead nor influence is allow'd
To liberal arts or learned education,
But to the brutal, base, and under-bred.
Embrace then and hold fast the promises
Which the oracles of the gods announce to you."

The Knights, pp. 15 - 18.

And again: —

"*S. S.* These oracles hit my fancy! Notwithstanding . . .
I'm partly doubtful, how I could contrive . . .
To manage an administration altogether . . .
Dem. The easiest thing in nature! — nothing easier!
Stick to your present practice: follow it up
In your new calling. Mangle, mince and mash,
Confound and hack, and jumble things together!
And interlard your rhetoric, with lumps
Of mawkish sweet, and greasy flattery.
Be fulsome, coarse, and bloody! — For the rest,
All qualities combine, all circumstances,
To entitle and equip you for command;
A filthy voice, a villanous countenance,
A vulgar birth, and parentage, and breeding.
Nothing is wanting, absolutely nothing.
And the oracles and responses of the gods,
And prophecies, all conspire in your behalf."

The Knights, p. 19.

We close our extracts with one of the passages in which the rival candidates ply their flatteries to Demos.

"There's a hare-pie, my dear own little Demus,
A nice hare-pie, I've brought ye! — See look there!
Cleon. [*returning*] By Jove he's stolen it, and serv'd it up.
S. S. Just as you did the prisoners at Pylos.
Demus. Where did ye get it? How did ye steal it? Tell me.
S. S. The scheme and the suggestion were divine,
The theft and the execution simply mine.
Cleon. I took the trouble.
S. S. But I serv'd it up.
Demus. Well he that brings the thing must get the thanks.
Cleon. [*aside*] Alas I'm circumvented and undone,
Out-fac'd and over-impudentified.
S. S. Come Demus, had not you best decide at once,
Which is your truest friend, and best disposed
To the interest of the state, to your belly and you.
Demus. But how can I decide it cleverly?
Which would the audience think is the cleverest way?

S. S. I'll tell ye; take my chest and search it fairly,
Then search the Paphlagonian's and determine.
Demus. Let's look; What's here?
S. S. It's empty, don't you see?
My dear old man I've given you every thing.
Demus. Well here's a chest indeed, in strict accordance
With the *judgment* of the public; perfectly *empty!*
S. S. Come now let's rummage out the Paphlagonian's.
See there!
Demus. Oh bless me what a hoard of dainties!
And what a lump of cake the fellow has kept,
Compar'd with the little tiny slice he gave me.
S. S. That was his common practice; to pretend
To make you presents, giving up a trifle,
To keep the biggest portion for himself.
Demus. Oh villain, how you've wrong'd and cheated me;
Me that have honor'd ye, and have made ye presents.
Cleon. I stole on principle for the public service.
Demus. Pull off your garland — give it back to me,
For him to wear!
S. S. Come sirrah give it back!
Cleon. Not so. — There still remains an oracle,
Which marks the fatal sole antagonist,
Predestin'd for my final overthrow.
S. S. Yes! — And it points to me, my name and person!
Cleon. Yet would I fain inquire and question you;
How far the signs and tokens of the prophecy
Combine in your behalf. — Answer me truly!
What was your early school? Where did you learn
The rudiments of letters and of music?
S. S. Where hogs are singed and scalded in the shambles,
There was I pummell'd to a proper tune.
Cleon. Hah sayst thou so? this prophecy begins
To bite me to the soul with deep forebodings.
— Yet tell me again — What was your course of practice
In feats of strength and skill at the Palæstra?
S. S. Stealing and staring, perjuring and swearing —
Cleon. O mighty Apollo your decree condemns me!
Say, what was your employment afterwards?
S. S. I practised as a sausage-seller chiefly,
Occasionally as pimp and errand boy.

Cleon. Oh misery! lost and gone! totally lost!
[*after a pause.*]
One single hope remains, a feeble thread,
I grasp it to the last — Yet answer me.
— What was your place of sale for sausages?
Was it the market or the city gate?
S. S. The city gate! — Where salted fish are sold!
Cleon. Out! Out alas! my destiny is fulfilled;
Hurry me hence within with quick conveyance,
The wreck and ruin of my former self.
Farewell my name and honors! Thou my garland,
Farewell! my successor must wear you now,
To shine in new preëminence a rogue,
Perhaps less perfect, but more prosperous!
S. S. O Jove! Patron of Greece! the praise be thine!
Demosthenes. I wish you joy most heartily; and I hope,
Now you're promoted, you'll remember me,
For helping you to advancement. All I ask
Is Phanus's place to be under scrivener to you."

The Knights, pp. 79 – 81.

The comedy of the Birds was exhibited about ten years after the Knights. The particular object aimed at by the poet in this genial play has been much discussed. No doubt it contains many allusions to the Sicilian expedition, and to the popular madness for universal empire, and to annexation and intervention, which formed such remarkable features in the history of that period. But the critics have pressed this kind of reference too far, by seeking to carry it into detailed explanations of particular passages by particular events. It was only the groundwork of the play that was laid in the political passions and transactions of the time. The spirit of parody and burlesque here displays itself most freely and amusingly. The dithyrambic poets are unsparingly ridiculed; and even the solemn genius of Pindar does not escape the poet's whimsical travesty. While profligates of every class, peculators, *sycophants*, colonial inspectors, parricides, cock-fighters, are mercilessly scourged, the philosophers and men of science, — even Meton, the geometer, — are not allowed to escape unharmed. The plot is simple enough. Two discontented citizens leave Athens in search of the country of the Birds. Arriving

there, Peisthetairus persuades them to build a town in mid air, which will enable them to recover their ancient empire, wrongfully taken from them by gods and men. After discussing the feasibility of the project, and finding it a thing to be done, they set about the work, and lo! the mighty city of Nephelococcugia fills the air, asserting a power over men below and gods above. Soon the rumor of this new community spreads abroad, and all sorts of speculators and adventurous spirits find their way thither, as emigrants now rush to California. The gods, cut off from the smoke of sacrifices, and reduced to the verge of starvation, send an embassy, consisting of Hercules, Neptune, and a barbarian deity, named Triballus, to make a treaty. The archon of the feathered commonwealth proposes, that if Jupiter will surrender his sceptre and bestow on him Basileia to wife, he will enter into terms with him. At first, the ambassadors refuse to accept such hard conditions; but Hercules, who is always represented as a glutton, snuffing certain appetizing odors from the kitchen, begins to relent. On inquiring what entertainment is going forward, he is told by Peisthetairus that "certain birds, being found guilty of rising against the democratic birds, are roasting." He can stand out no longer, but votes at once to ratify the treaty, and brings the others over to his way of thinking. The play ends with the hymeneals of Peisthetairus and the daughter of the King of Heaven, which are celebrated in lofty lyrical strains.

On this simple plot, the poet gave the freest scope to his brilliant fancy, sparkling wit and invention, and produced a work which, by the richest union of sportive satire and creative imagination, deserves to be placed at the very head of all his remaining productions. At the same time, it is one of the most difficult to reproduce in a translation, so refined and subtle is the grace which is breathed over every part. We have room left for only one or two extracts; — one, a part of the parabasis, spoken by the Birds after their claim to the supreme power is argumentatively established to their own satisfaction. The speculations of the philosophers on the mysteries of creation are amusingly hit off with the finest effects of fancy and wonderful felicities of rhythm.

"Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds,
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air)
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor, and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late, with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky. . . We propose by and by,
(If you 'll listen and hear) to make it all clear.
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
When his doubts are explain'd and expounded at once.

Before the creation of Æther and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight.
Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus rul'd in the storm:
At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night the primæval in secresy laid;
A Mystical Egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatched; till time came about:
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd
To range his dominions, on glittering pinions,
All golden and azure, and blooming and burnish'd:
He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatch'd

To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
The primitive Birds: but the Deities all
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
Were later of birth with the dwellers on earth,
More tamely combin'd, of a temperate kind;
When chaotical mixture approach'd to a fixture."

Birds, pp. 38 – 40.

One more passage must close, — that which represents the starving poet coming up with his ready verses to the new city, and how he fared.

"*Poet.* 'For the festive, happy day,
'Muse prepare an early lay,
'To Nephelococcugia.'

Peis. What's here to do? What are you? Where do you come from?

Poet. An humble menial of the Muses' train,
As Homer expresses it.

Peis. A menial, are you?
With your long hair? A menial?

Poet. 'Tis not that,
No! — but professors of the poetical art,
Are simply styl'd, the 'Menials of the Muses,'
As Homer expresses it.

Peis. Ay, the Muse has giv'n you
A ragged livery. — Well, but friend, I say —
Friend! — Poet! — What the plague has brought you here?

Poet. I've made an Ode upon your new-built City,
— And a charming composition for a Chorus, —
And another, in Simonides's manner.

Peis. When were they made? What time? How long ago?

Poet. From early date, I celebrate in song,
The noble Nephelococcugian state.

Peis. That's strange, when I'm just sacrificing here,
For the first time, to give the town a name.

Poet. Intimations, swift as air,
To the Muses' ear, are carried,
Swifter, than the speed and force,
Of the fiery footed horse,
Hence, the tidings never tarried;
Father, patron, mighty lord,
Founder of the rising state,

What thy bounty can afford,
Be it little, be it great,
With a quick resolve, incline
To bestow on me and mine.

Peis. This fellow will breed a bustle, and make mischief,
If we don't give him a trifle, and get rid of him,
— You there, you 've a spare waistcoat; pull it off!
And give it this same clever ingenious poet —
There, take the waistcoat, friend! Ye seem to want it!

Poet. Freely, with a thankful heart,
What the bounteous hand bestows,
Is received in friendly part;
But amid the Thracian snows,
Or the chilly Scythian plain,
He the wanderer, cold and lonely,
With an under-waistcoat only,
Must, a further wish retain;
Which, the Muse averse to mention,
To your gentle comprehension,
Trusts her enigmatic strain.

Peis. I comprehend it enough; — you want a jerkin, —
Here, give him yours; — one ought to encourage genius.
There, take it, and good bye to ye!

Poet. Well, I 'm going;
And, as soon as I get to the town, I'll set to work;
And finish something, in this kind of way.
'Seated on your golden throne,
'Muse, prepare a solemn ditty,
'To the mighty,
'To the flighty,
'To the cloudy, quivering, shivering,
'To the lofty seated city.'

Peis. Well, I should have thought, that jerkin might have cur'd him,
Of his 'quiverings and shiverings.' — How the plague!
Did the fellow find us out? — I should not have thought it."

Birds, pp. 50 – 52.

Besides the works already enumerated, Mr. Frere has published a charming translation of the fragments of Theognis from which he has endeavored to reconstruct the history of the poet's life. The sketch thus drawn, from hints and inti-

mations in the poems, is exquisitely and ingeniously conceived; but it must be regarded rather as a play of the imagination than as having a solid basis in historical realities.

It is greatly to be desired that these scattered leaves of Mr. Frere's literary hours were collected, and so made a part of our literature. They would always hold a distinguished rank among productions of their class.

ART. VII.— *The Roman State, from* 1815 *to* 1850. By LUIGI CARLO FARINI. Translated from the Italian, by the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE. Volume III. London: John Murray. 1852. 8vo. pp. 424.

THE third volume of Farini's work contains the history of Rome for only five months,—from the 25th of November, 1848, when the Pope went into exile, till the 25th of the next April, when the French troops, under General Oudinot, landed at Cività Vecchia. Though it is not so rich in matter or so fresh in interest as were the two former volumes, we propose to treat it in the same manner, in order to complete the account of the revolutionary period at Rome, which was commenced in this journal a year ago.

When the horror-stricken Pope fled from the city where his prime minister had been assassinated, and his private secretary struck down by a bullet almost at his master's side, he had no settled purpose whither he should go. He wished only to escape from a scene of horror and confusion, where neither his dignity nor his person was safe. Many places of refuge were offered to him by the members of the diplomatic body, who were for the moment his only trusted counsellors, though each of them acted mainly with reference to the interests of the state which he represented. Austria, France, Spain, Naples, and soon afterwards, Piedmont, offered him shelter and hospitality; each power was eager to gain that

influence in the affairs of Italy, and that popularity with its own Catholic subjects, which would result from the residence of the Head of the Church within its territory. Unlike any other fugitive sovereign, the Pope carried most of his authority and influence along with him. His spiritual functions were left in full activity; exile deprived him only of his temporal power. The Duc d'Harcourt wished him to proceed first to Cività Vecchia, promising that a French vessel of war should immediately be sent thither, to convey him either to the south of France, or to the Balearic isles, as he might elect. Della Rosa, the Spanish ambassador, urged him to go to Gaeta, or some other port, whence he might take ship for Spain, or if he preferred not to go so far from his own dominions, to the Balearic isles. The Bavarian minister, who also represented the opinions and interests of Austria, desired him to take final refuge in the Neapolitan dominions, at Gaeta or in the capital. The Constitutionalists at Rome, admitting the necessity of leaving that city, still considered that he ought not to quit his own dominions, but to retire to Cività Vecchia, where the navies of his allies might protect him, or to change the seat of government to Bologna, where he might rely upon the affection and fidelity of the citizens. Pius, whose mind seems to have been overwhelmed by his misfortunes and the ingratitude of his subjects, left the city gates actually in doubt which of these conflicting counsels he should adopt; but Count Spaur, the Bavarian ambassador, who was in the travelling carriage with him, succeeded in inducing him to take the road to Gaeta, though the Duc d'Harcourt had gone post to Cività Vecchia, expecting to receive the Pontiff there at daybreak. No Spanish vessel, however, was found at Gaeta; and the Pope at first asked permission to remain there only for a day or two, till one could arrive. But the King of Naples hastened to meet him with prodigal demonstrations of respect and offers of service; and his influence, joined with that of Cardinal Antonelli and Count Spaur, induced Pius to remain where he was, at least till the progress of affairs at Rome and the negotiations of the diplomatists had come to some definite result.

The decision was an unfortunate one; it subjected him for

the time entirely to Neapolitan and Austrian influence, Cardinal Antonelli being also at his side, eager to root out from the Pontiff's mind whatever portion of liberal principles, of zeal for Italian independence, or of enthusiasm in the cause of reform might remain there after the recent terrible occurrences at Rome. The amiable but feeble character of Pius, his need of the sympathy of others, and the natural revulsion of opinion after the cruel disappointments which he had suffered, made him an easy prey to the machinations of those about him. From the time of his entrance into Gaeta, he ceased to be the directing spirit in his own administration, and appears to have passively yielded to the guidance of others. Especially during the negotiations with the envoy of Piedmont, who pressed him to accept the protection and mediation of that power, thus at least depending upon Italian aid, instead of calling in the intervention of foreigners, he would manifest at times a disposition for mild counsels, and afterwards unsay his own words, or allow Cardinal Antonelli to wrest them to a different signification. Gioberti, then prime minister of Charles Albert, wrote, "the candid and frank mind of Pius IX. is apt to be taken in by the grimaces of certain personages, who act the saint at Gaeta, but at Naples make their sport of religion, and of the august head who is its symbol." This intelligent and patriotic minister uniformly makes a distinction, both in his private and official discourse, between the character of the Pontiff and that of the court which surrounded him at Gaeta, speaking of the former with uniform respect, as inclined to reconciliation and pardon, "the only disposition accordant to his kind heart, his sacred character, or the interest of our religion."

Meanwhile, at Rome all was confusion. The departure of the Pope, leaving no instructions or authorized agent behind him, deprived the ministry which had been forced upon him on the 16th of November even of the semblance of authority. The Constitution, which had been granted some months before, was still nominally in force, but the absence of the head of the government reduced it practically to a nullity. The Council of Deputies was still in session; but it had authority only to legislate under this Constitution, not to make a new one, or

to change the form of state polity. The Pope had left behind him a brief letter, addressed to the head of his household, recommending to the protection of the ministry his personal attendants, and declaring that they were ignorant of his intention to leave the city. The ministers seized upon this note as a recognition of their continuance in authority; and Mamiani now being persuaded, in the hope of resisting the tendency of affairs towards anarchy, to take office among them, they published a proclamation announcing that they would remain in power, the Holy Father having "commended to them the duty of defending public order." But in less than a week, there arrived a proclamation from the Pope at Gaeta, declaring that he had fled to escape violence, and publicly reiterating the protest he had made, on the 17th of November, before the diplomatic body. "We have succumbed to coercion, and therefore declare all the acts which have flowed therefrom to be of no sort of force and legality." Not to leave the state without a head, an executive commission of government was nominated in the proclamation, consisting of a cardinal, a prelate, four noblemen, and General Zucchi. As might have been expected, most of these persons, having the fate of Rossi before their eyes, refused to act; but the purpose of the proclamation was answered, as the ministry could no longer govern under color of the Pope's authority, and the whole of his moral influence was enlisted against them. Mamiani had already addressed a circular to the diplomatic body, severely condemning the assassination of Rossi and the consequent tumult, but announcing that the ministers had been confirmed anew in office by an autograph note from the Holy Father. The proclamation having put a negative upon this assertion, he now proposed to his colleagues that they should resign their offices. But the two Councils, in a night session, determined to send a deputation to the Pope requesting him to return and resume the government, and to request the ministers, meanwhile, to continue in the exercise of their functions. The deputation was sent, but being refused permission to pass the Neapolitan frontier, was obliged to return without accomplishing any thing. The commission appointed by the Pope refusing to act any farther than to

mediate between him and his people, the two Councils were compelled to create a Supreme Junta, of three persons, consisting of the Senators (chief municipal officers) of Rome and Bologna, and the mayor of Ancona. New ministers, among whom Muzzarelli, Sterbini, and Galletti took the lead, were appointed by this Junta; and a provisional administration was thus formed, to continue either till the Pontiff should return, or till a Constituent Assembly could be called together, to devise a new form of government.

The leaders of affairs at Rome had little countenance or support to expect, either from the Roman provinces, or from foreign governments. Abroad, even where democratic opinions were most prevalent, and the storm of revolution had raged most wildly, all other feelings were swallowed up in sympathy for the Pope's unmerited misfortunes. Cavaignac, then the republican ruler of France, informed the National Assembly that he had ordered a considerable body of troops to embark for Cività Vecchia in three steam frigates, to protect the person and liberty of the Holy Father; and the Roman ministry had no answer to make to this announcement but a feeble protest. The envoy of the Venetian republic had given the warmest assurances of affection and attachment — actual aid he had none to offer — to the dethroned sovereign, and had used this strong language in writing home to his government.

"I anticipate only evil; and even if mistaken, yet I could not rely on any good that might accrue from an assassination, to a people which has not recoiled from accepting its fearful responsibility. And when I reflect on these acts of barbarism, and on this lack of public morality in the city which is called the central point of Italy, I hide my face for shame, and I pray that the just indignation of civilized countries may not identify us with such a populace."

The ill-advised proceedings of the court at Gaeta, it is true, and the ill-managed French invasion, soon turned this tide of republican sympathy the other way; but, for the present, it set strongly against those whose violence and ingratitude had driven so good a Pope out of his dominions. From countries where monarchy and Catholicism still flourished, of course, nothing but avowed hostility was to be expected; and from

Protestant England came no sign but of wonder and disgust. From first to last, the Roman Republic was not recognized by any government in Europe. Yet were the associations of the place and the cause as likely to waken universal enthusiasm as those which had stirred the sympathies of the whole world for Greece about twenty years before. The days of Rienzi had apparently come back; and in Mazzini, a more subtile intellect and more eloquent tongue than Rienzi's were soon to take the lead in a Republic of Consuls and Tribunes, such as classical patriots had often dreamed of. But the immediate antecedents of the case were different; the blood of Rossi, the siege of the palace on the Quirinal, and the flight of the Pope had now branded the cause for general execration.

The government having always been completely centralized at Rome, the state of feeling in the provinces, under any other circumstances, would have been comparatively of little importance. But now, as the appeal was to be made to universal suffrage, and the government was to be one of the people, every thing depended on maintaining unanimity in all parts of the papal dominions. In the districts near Rome, Farini says, the inhabitants were so ignorant, boorish, and devout, so accustomed to follow the lead of the capital and the priests, that their minds might easily be swayed in either direction. They have no idea of government, but as it appears in the persons of the tax-gatherer and the policeman; and they would probably measure its excellence by the infrequency of the visits of these worthies. In the central provinces, property is more subdivided, "and the condition of the many is less abject, the middle class more numerous, the nobility less isolated." At the north, though the papal government was very unpopular, the intelligent and educated classes were averse to revolution, and even portended utter ruin from it. The deputies from Bologna had returned to their own city, in their horror and aversion to what they had witnessed; and that city was half inclined to separate from turbulent Rome. But in "the year of revolutions," the alternations of fortune had been so sudden and great, that all who had any thing to lose stood still, in apathy

or terror, and waited for the development of events. Those only were fearless and active, to whom no revolution could bring a change for the worse. Democratic clubs were instituted by returned exiles and political refugees from other lands; and these, by their violence and their menaces, prevented any show of resistance from those who were disgusted by the recent proceedings at the capital. On the whole, the provinces gave little aid, though they showed no open hostility to the republic. The revolution ran its course, and the republic had its birth and its downfall, within the walls of Rome.

The Parisian experiment was tried over again, of enlisting the lower classes in the cause, by affording them work and wages at the public charge. The poor, indeed, needed succor; for the political disturbances had stopped the usual influx of wealthy foreigners, and many thus lost their only means of support. Sterbini, the Minister of Public Works, employed a crowd of such persons, at first, to work upon a suburban road, and afterwards to dig holes, for the purpose of disinterring antiquities, in the Forum. The finances, sufficiently disordered before, were reduced to a hopeless state by this application of the public funds. Paper-money, the usual and formidable resource of a revolutionary government, was then issued in excess; and its rapid depreciation contributed largely to the public anxiety and discontent. Still the peace of the city seems never to have been disturbed. There was but little government, and great laxity on the part of the police; but the mob knew that the reins were in the hands of their friends, or at least of those who depended on their support; and they took good care not to weaken such authority. The Revolution was acceptable to the populace at Rome, though it had few active supporters without the city walls. "The public functionaries," says Farini, "even the military, if not insolent, were but half obedient; so much so, that one governor of a province would often do the very thing that another forbade within his jurisdiction. Captains did not obey colonels, nor generals ministers; and the rule was, to be unruly."

The appointment of the Supreme Junta was not popular

in any quarter. The Pope denounced it as a sacrilegious assumption of his dignity; and the republicans, who now eagerly demanded that the State should be organized under a new constitution, declared it to be a reckless invasion of the rights of the people. The menacing aspect of the mob, and the doubtful course of the Civic Guard, on whom alone any dependence could be placed for the preservation of public order, at last compelled the Junta, though with seeming reluctance, to issue a proclamation for calling a Constituent Assembly, to determine what the future political institutions of the state should be. As it could not be doubted in what temper such an Assembly would come together, this was really a proclamation of the Republic. Mamiani, therefore, and other Constitutionalists, resigned their office. The Senator of Bologna, a high-minded man, refused to take his seat in the Junta; and Galletti was appointed in his place. The two Councils, or the Parliament, as they are here termed, lost the little authority they once had, after the announcement that their functions were soon to be superseded by another representative body. The Upper Council ceased to sit, and the Lower one, from the want of a quorum, could not approve the decree for creating a new assembly. The Junta, therefore, now again weakened by the resignation of the aged Senator of Rome, took upon itself to dissolve the two Councils, and thus remained a self-appointed, provisional government. No one cared to dispute their authority, which was, at any rate, to be of short duration; but most of the governors of provinces, and other high functionaries, resigned their offices, in order to shun the responsibility of obeying the orders of a body thus constituted. The decree was issued on the 29th of December, the elections were to take place in about three weeks, and the National Assembly was to meet on the 5th of February.

Some of the more energetic Constitutionalists sent an intimation to the court at Gaeta that they were disposed to make open resistance, and would restore the Pope by force, provided he would guarantee the continuance of the free institutions he had already granted; but either from distrust of their power to effect a counter-revolution, or from unwil-

lingness to fetter by any promises that restoration which was now deemed to be secured by foreign aid, no answer was made to this offer. The Pope issued a proclamation, forbidding his subjects to take any part in the coming elections, and excommunicating all who should share in the proceedings. Of course, this step threw the elections wholly into the hands of the violent republicans, and few but those of their party were returned. The last hope of the Moderates, or *Doctrinaires*, as they were reproachfully termed, rested on the proffered mediation of Piedmont, whose military strength was still sufficient to enforce its decision, and to keep out the intervention of the foreigner. Unhappily, this offer of mediation was declined, both by the court of Gaeta, which now looked forward to the reëstablishment of absolutism, and by the government at Rome, which was bent on trying the desperate experiment of a republic, though menaced by half of civilized Europe. Gioberti, the able minister of Charles Albert, answered with bitter and deserved sarcasm, when informed that Cardinal Antonelli declined the mediation of his master.

"The distinguished Cardinal complains that, in pressing on the Romans language of peace and concord, the government of Piedmont has done harm to Rome, 'by preventing matters from coming to the worst.' But this must have sprung from the animation of the moment, not from mature reflection; inasmuch as His Eminence cannot have forgotten that Gospel rules take precedence of political chicane, and that any sovereign or minister, who wishes for evil that good may come of it, can reap no other reward than infamy in this life and hell in the next."

Still more poignant was the rebuke administered by the envoy of the Venetian Republic, (then contending, single-handed, for its existence against Austria,) to the temporary government at Rome, when urging it to accept the offer of Piedmont.

"After the Pope was gone, you had but two courses open to you: the one revolution, the other accommodation. The first you have not adopted, and you have boggled at the last. Now again you have before you those two courses only. Time flies, and you should make your choice: either revolution, with its forced loans, taxes on ab-

sentees, military conscriptions, exceptional laws, and all the violences that violence begets; or an accommodation, — that is to say, the Pope. The Pope you will have, either with your consent, under the requisite guaranties, if you accept Piedmontese intervention, and so prevent intervention from abroad; or against it, when you will become responsible either for a civil war, or for a foreign invasion, giving over the country to the tender mercies of a victor. But where are your forces for all this? You have not a brigade to rely on. Where is the enthusiasm of the masses? Not a shout is to be heard. Where are your arms? You have ordered the purchase of 10,000 muskets; and it will be two months before they get to Rome. Where is your money? Your coffers are already empty. Again, either you choose the aid of Piedmont, and obtain it; or you do not, and still, if it please, it will interfere, and that against you. Nay, if it should not, so much the worse for all parties, and for Italy, because do not flatter yourselves but that Austria will; and so, with her, will all the armed force of Europe. If now, as is your duty, you think more of Italy than of yourselves, remember for what cause Italy took arms; and if you really have her independence at heart, tell me, in good faith, what part are you now acting in Italy, and for Italy? I, who say it, am one you cannot suspect; here I have nothing to hope for myself, nothing to fear; I simply beseech you to reflect and feel that we are not Romans and Venetians, but Italians; and then to determine, whether you find in yourselves weight, force, and genius, sufficient for your own salvation, and for the deliverance of Italy, by means of revolution; but if you do not, then compound, so as to unite us all in a common purpose." pp. 159, 160.

The elections took place amid much caballing and noise, though there was no general excitement. The clubs had made out lists of men whom they could trust, and circulated them through their emissaries; and as the Pope's Monitory kept his party and most of the Constitutionalists away from the polls, the greater part of these were chosen. In the cities, and other places where troops or volunteers were congregated, the voters were numerous; but in the villages and hamlets, even in comparison with the population, they were few. At Rome, the affair was conducted like a festival; and the government, seeing how it pleased the populace, graciously extended the period to three days. At evening, the ballot-boxes were carried round in procession, with torches

and military music; and "active partisans got refreshments in the Capitol, at the public charge." At Bologna, the concourse was great, and the elections did not turn out in every case just as the clubs had directed.

The temporary government, holding office by so slight a tenure, should have confined its labors to purely administrative ends, and to providing for the public safety, leaving legislation for the powers that were to come. But they showed the rash, officious, and meddlesome spirit, that usually accompanies inexperience and unexpected elevation to high office. They tampered with every department of the State, and made as many new laws as if they had been commissioned to draw up an entire code. They decreed the abolition of entails, took away the tax on ground corn, made important amendments of the procedure in civil causes, enacted the basis of a navigation law, struck out of the code the power to bequeathe property in trust, and established a military commission, with authority to pass sentences without appeal, and to be executed within twenty-four hours, against all seditious attempts, even though not consummated. Farini complains that a more arbitrary measure than this had not been taken even by the hated administration of Gregory XVI.

The National Assembly met at Rome, on the 5th of February, and after three days spent, not in deliberation, but in speech-making, often interrupted by shouts of applause or disapprobation from the galleries, it decreed, by a great majority, the deposition of the Pope and the establishment of a Republic. On the next day, in the presence of all the Deputies, the new form of government was solemnly proclaimed from the Capitol. Two days before, in a Consistory of Cardinals at Gaeta, it was resolved to ask the armed intervention of Austria, France, Spain, and Naples; the resolution being so expressed, that the aid might be given by either of these powers without any understanding with the others. Intelligence of this proceeding was received at Rome before the decisive vote was taken; but the Assembly had gone too far, and, under the eyes of the populace in the galleries, it durst not retract. Even the leaders of the movement could not avoid seeing that the experiment must come to a speedy and

disastrous issue. Radetzky had already driven Charles Albert out of Lombardy; Venice was closely beleaguered; the counter-revolution was triumphant at Naples; Sicily had shown herself incapable of maintaining her independence, and was soon to be entirely subjected to Neapolitan dominion. The Republic in Rome came at least a year too late, to have any chance of success. Isolated, unrecognized, viewed with horror by all sincere Catholics, and with coldness by many Protestant lovers of freedom, who respected the evident good intentions and amiable character of the Pope, it could hope only a brief and turbulent existence, and an inglorious fall. It really continued in being less than five months, and belied the expectations even of its friends, only by the length and bravery of its resistance to the foreign forces by which it was assailed.

The gloomy prospects of the infant republic really operated to guard its reputation and preserve it from many evils. The people were not intoxicated by a change which was not likely to be a permanent one, and did not venture to treat with insolence or cruelty those who would soon be able to retaliate their injuries. The attention of those who were in office was absorbed by the danger from without, and they had little leisure or disposition to make hazardous experiments within the walls. The first proclamation issued by the new government, as Farini, their determined opponent, admits, contained words of conciliation, harmony, and tolerance. The peace of the city was not disturbed except by assemblages that were rather disorderly than riotous, and who seemed more disposed for noise and jest than violence. Priests and friars were often insulted in the streets, and many of them laid aside the clerical garb which exposed them to popular contumely; others continued to wear it in a martyr-like spirit, but did not thereby obtain the crown of martyrdom. On the whole, though the old police guards were disbanded, and the new were never appointed, offences against the lives and property of the citizens were not more frequent than usual; and this, considering the ordinary character of the Roman populace, is high praise. Much of the credit for preserving order is due to Ciceruacchio and one or two other leaders and favorites of

the common people; these men really discharged the functions of a volunteer police, and were probably more active and efficient than any duly commissioned officers would have been.

The direction of affairs was given by the National Assembly to an Executive Committee of three persons, removable at pleasure, and accountable only to those who had appointed them. Two Romans, Armellini and Montecchi, with a Neapolitan, Saliceti, were first chosen. These retained in office three of the former ministers, and appointed four new ones, the selection being made, as our author admits, with good discretion, except in the case of Sterbini, who was a noisy agitator, and seems to have been retained only on account of his influence with the mob. Three members of the National Assembly resigned their seats as soon as the republic was proclaimed; and a number of others, who disapproved that step, formed themselves into a section on the right, to offer formal parliamentary opposition to any measures of destructive radicalism. These acted with discretion and good temper, and on one or two occasions, came so near obtaining a majority of the votes, that the dominant party were compelled to respect their opinions, and they formed a salutary check on the government.

The state of the finances, and the measures necessary to put the army on a respectable footing, were the first subjects that attracted the attention of the Assembly. Paper money having already undergone a great depreciation, a forced loan was decreed on a graduated scale, which bore with peculiar severity on the rich. Those who had a net income exceeding two thousand crowns were obliged to pay one fifth of this income to the government; if their income exceeded six thousand crowns, they paid one third; and if it amounted to eight thousand, one half was required. These sums were payable, however, in three instalments, at intervals of several months; and the republic lived only long enough to claim the first payment. With the funds thus obtained, the army was made to appear well, at least on paper. Arms and ammunition were provided, including five parks of artillery. The legionary and volunteer corps were reduced to military

discipline, and formed the skeleton of an army which, if the ranks had been full, would have counted over thirty thousand in the infantry, two thousand horse, and two thousand five hundred artillerists.

Among these, however, were two regiments of Swiss, brave and steady soldiers, who had received the Pope's money, and now declared that they would adhere to their military oaths with unwavering fidelity. Orders had been sent to them, at Bologna, that they should march in a compact body through Romagna, gathering in all detached companies that belonged to them, committing no hostile act, but resolutely defending themselves and removing obstacles to their progress, and rejoin the Pope at Gaeta. No aid in money was sent to them, and no suggestions were made how this difficult task was to be performed. The Swiss officers informed the local authorities, as they had promised, that such orders had been received, and announced their intention to obey them, at whatever risk, though they would much prefer to stay where they were, and combat for Italian independence. Every attempt was made to dissuade them, but in vain; and preparations were commenced in the city to oppose their departure by force. Fortunately, the want of funds in their military chest, and the impossibility of performing such a journey without money, brought about a compromise. They agreed to remain where they were, on condition of not bearing arms against the Pope or his allies, and to disband as soon as their arrears should be paid. But the republic was as poor as the Pope; and after waiting for some months, till the affairs of the government had become desperate, they were at last disbanded without their pay. It is to be hoped that the Papal government afterwards discharged the debt; for no mercenary troops in Europe ever showed so much respect for the obligations they had assumed.

In place of these brave and well-disciplined soldiers, the republic had the services of such men as were congregated in Garibaldi's legion, — hardy, resolute, and fearless, but in their appearance and conduct more like brigands than regular troops, and quite as much dreaded by those for whom they fought as by the enemy. But they were invaluable in partisan warfare,

or for a desperate conflict behind entrenchments; and their gallant commander had the secret of taming their wild spirits, and keeping them within tolerable restraint. Farini speaks favorably of his disposition, and of the general good conduct of his men while they were engaged in defence of the city. At first, there were about as many foreigners as Italians among them; but their ranks were largely recruited in the northern provinces through which they passed, persons of idle and vicious habits but adventurous spirits readily joining the motley troop, and a corps was thus formed exceeding a thousand men, mostly of native birth. Before hostilities began, their number was doubled.

Two other events made the month of February, 1849, a memorable one in the history of Italian politics: the first was the downfall of the ducal government in Tuscany, and the second was the appearance of Mazzini upon the scene. Amiable and well meaning, enjoying the affection of the people whose interests he studied, the Grand Duke was yet lamentably deficient in energy and statesmanship. He imitated Pius IX. in the enthusiasm with which he commenced the work of political reform, — a work that he probably carried quite as far as a large majority of his native-born subjects desired. But he gave way even sooner than the Pope to indecision and despondency, and quickly followed him into exile. His timidity, and his needless desertion of them, were the only faults that his people could lay to his charge. The Grand Duke was ruined by the possession of the only flourishing seaport in Italy. Leghorn had long been a free port, and its prosperous commerce gave a motley character to its population. The year of revolutions, and the mild character of the ducal government, filled it with a rabble of noisy agitators and political refugees, and it became a hotbed of intemperance and sedition. The political clubs established there, and the bands of emissaries whom they sent out, overawed the simple countryfolk and the peaceful Florentines. The timid Duke, yielding to their clamor, which he mistook for the popular voice, accepted the democratic ministry which they nominated, — Guerrazzi and Montanelli being its chiefs, — and passively sanctioned all the measures which they pro-

posed. Among these was a proposal for the election of Tuscan representatives to the grand Constituent Assembly for all Italy, to which he assented with great misgivings, lest the censure fulminated by the Holy Father, against all who took part in that proceeding, might reach him. He hoped that the bill might be defeated in the Legislative Assembly; and when this hope failed him, and a message came from the Pope that the sentence did hang over him and over Tuscany, he refused to sign the law. His uneasiness and despondency had been increasing ever since the events of November at Rome, and the flight of Pius. He could bear the loss of his crown, he said, but his conscience was immovable in matters of religion, and he could not give his final sanction to the measure. After this refusal, Florence might not be a safe abode for him; even Siena, a city distinguished for attachment to his government and devotion to his person, and whither he had already sent his family, might be disturbed by civil broils. "He would go off, commending Tuscany to the Lord God, and to the good sense and conscientiousness of his people." He went first, on the 7th of February, to Santo Stefano, a petty fishing village on a small peninsula in the south of his dominions, where he was under the protection of two English men-of-war, one of which, at his own request, soon afterwards conveyed him to Gaeta.

The news of his flight created great agitation in Florence, where, though the larger portion of the inhabitants grieved and were silent, the clubs and the populace poured out into the streets, and shouted for a provisional government and a republic. The mob broke into the hall of the Legislative Assembly, and under the terror of their presence, after many of the deputies had withdrawn, a bill was hastily passed, appointing the two ministers already named, together with Mazzini, a triumvirate, to carry on the government. Liberty trees were planted in many places, and the Parisian pattern of a revolution was copied with tolerable faithfulness, though on so small a scale that it seemed a ludicrous caricature.

"The Tuscan Triumvirs had dissolved the Parliament, and had summoned a General Assembly, chosen by direct and universal suffrage, for the 14th of March. Their government was very speedily

molested by something of danger, and more of dread; for no sooner were the Tuscan population aware of the reasons of the Sovereign's departure from Siena, than, both at Siena itself, and in the smaller cities and places, as well as in the rural districts about Florence, there were demonstrations of resentment, and some efforts to reinstate the royal authority. Thereupon the alarm bells rang in Florence, and forces were despatched to put down the movement of the country folks, who were huzzaing for Leopold II., under the idea he had returned, of which there was a rumor. Some persons were then arrested; among them, Stuart, an Englishman, and Ricciardi, a Neapolitan, who were deemed to be instigators or accomplices in those demonstrations. At the same time, Guerrazzi sent orders to the Isle of Elba to repel the Grand Duke, if he should put in there; and the steamer Giglio, manned at Leghorn, made sail thence to chase him. He had, however, from S. Stefano, ordered General Laugier, commandant of the Tuscan forces, who continued in his allegiance to the throne, to use force, and had apprised him that he had sent for Piedmontese succors. The General marched from the Sardinian and Modenese frontier, where he was encamped; and, giving out that those succors were at hand, he moved on Pietra Santa, and on Viareggio towards Lucca, whence he entered into correspondence and arrangements with the Constitutionalists, about attempting a restoration." pp. 241, 242.

Had not the Grand Duke changed his mind, it is more than probable that Laugier would have restored the former government with little difficulty. But at Gaeta, Austrian influence was predominant, and the Piedmontese were viewed as little better than the noisy and factious mob whom they offered to reduce to order. The Grand Duke was told that Austria could not allow the intervention of Piedmont, and that he must look for restoration to the same Catholic powers who were soon to lead back Pius IX. in triumph to Rome. As the Duke was reluctant to adopt any measures that would lead to immediate bloodshed, he sent orders to Laugier, who could only act in concert with Piedmont, to make no further resistance, but allow things to take their course.

On the stage thus prepared for him at Florence, Mazzini made his appearance, and immediately announced his purpose, in furtherance of the great cause of United Italy, to

convert Tuscany into a province of the Roman Republic. This plan, however, did not suit the views of the Triumvirs, or of the liberty party generally, who were naturally reluctant to sink into provincial insignificance, after Tuscany had so long been an independent state. In fact, however captivating the schemes for a United Germany and a United Italy might appear to a set of political dreamers in their closets, they showed little knowledge of human nature when they attempted to carry them into effect during the struggle for reconstructing the governments of Europe on a more liberal basis, in 1848. They thought to flatter national pride by such projects, but really humbled it; as they proposed to merge little states in large ones, and to destroy many separate theatres for the gratification of ambition and the display of independent authority. A small state clings to its independence with even greater affection than a large one; and the history of Greece, as well as of our own country, proves that there are almost insuperable difficulties in the way of bringing under a united government several distinct communities, which have enjoyed even for a short time the darling privilege of governing themselves. Mazzini saw at once the necessity of cloaking his magnificent scheme under the grand and mystical name of *unification*, — which reminds one of the corresponding phrase, *the solidarity of the peoples.* But not even thus could he render it palatable to the Tuscan government, or the Tuscans themselves. He could not help seeing, also, that the Triumvirate were weak, and that a great majority of the people wished the Duke back again, and things restored to their former courses. "He admitted to Capponi that Italy did not seem inclined for a republic, but protested that by a republic only could she obtain success and unity, and that the precedent and the effort should be made, so that the seed might ripen with time." Rome was the only theatre for him, as Rome alone offered a stage sufficiently magnificent, and historical associations grand and stirring enough, for a full display of patriotic enthusiasm and popular eloquence. To Rome, accordingly, he went, leaving the Tuscan Republic to run its own chances of an isolated existence. Its career was a short one.

"On the 25th of March, the Constituent met. On the evening of the 27th, it named Guerrazzi Dictator; and on the 4th of April, it decided against the union with Rome. Signal courage was shown in those first sittings by the physician Venturucci, who broke the thread of the debate to propose the restoration of the Sovereign under the Constitutional Statute. Now that Piedmont was beaten, and Europe uttering threats, Guerrazzi clearly saw that to be the only course remaining. The insurrection of Genoa, however, either revived his hopes of a general rising, or checked his wish for a restoration in Tuscany. He sent thither his agents with instigations and assistance; and he allowed Montanelli to exert himself there with effect in feeding and blowing up the flame. When, however, Genoa was reduced to tranquillity, and Montanelli was gone as Envoy to Paris, it would seem that the Dictator secretly promoted the plan of restoring the Constitutional Throne. But it was too late: the tumults ever reviving spread wider: the bands from Leghorn, while they composed them, kindled fresh hatred by their violence: that unruly and contentious tribe caused affliction to the gentler Tuscans, and resentment in the Florentine populace. During the Easter festival, they filled the taverns and the streets with scandals and came to blows. On the 11th of April, some new squabbles gave rise to a popular outburst: the people of Florence sounded their bells, and took to arms to pay off the Leghorners. Civic blood was shed, and Guerrazzi, mounting on horseback, tried to make peace; but he was met with slights and blows, and he got off with his life only by betaking himself to the fortress of San Giovanni, together with his friends from Leghorn, whom then he sent away safe by the railroad. Meantime, the Municipality had assumed the functions of Government, and, though threatened by some members of the Constituent Assembly, had proclaimed the restoration of the Constitutional Throne, and had invited some of the most distinguished citizens to share in the administration, Capponi among them, who was accompanied to the *Palazzo Vecchio* by the people, shouting 'Capponi for ever! none but honest fellows for us!' Guerrazzi, on returning to the *Palazzo Vecchio*, faltered, wheeled about, closed with the restoration, and seemed ready to take a seat in the Provisional Executive Committee; but the country people, who had flocked in, as well as the Florentine commonalty, menaced him with death, and he was kept prisoner." pp. 372–374.

The news of this movement was brought to Gaeta by a deputation of citizens, who came to announce the wish of the people that the government should be reëstablished on the

basis of the constitution already granted. The Grand Duchess, who was far more inclined to absolutism than her husband, is said to have exclaimed, "See, we have lost the opportunity for *a good* restoration." It is certain that the counsellors who there surrounded the Grand Duke would have been better pleased if the Florentines had remained quiet, waiting till their sovereign should be brought back, without conditions, by Austrian bayonets. Some still advised him to insist on an unconditional restoration. But others were more prudent, and Leopold's own temper inclined to leniency and forbearance. He issued a proclamation, formally promising to uphold free institutions, and, in token of his good faith, sent a commissioner to Florence to govern provisionally in his name. Leghorn alone, obstinate to the last, refused to acknowledge the restoration, and shut her gates against the Duke's officers, though she thereby only inclosed anarchy within her walls. By thus affording a pretext, though a slight one, for Austrian intervention, she was the means of doing irremediable injury to the cause that she affected to cherish.

Mazzini was received at Rome with open arms, and with the honors really due to his many sufferings and unwearied exertions in the cause of Italian freedom. The rights of citizenship were immediately given to him, (he belonged to Genoa,) the Constituent Assembly admitted him, and a few other natives of other Italian states, to a place in their ranks, and on the first day of his appearance there, he was received with general plaudits, and the President requested him to sit by his side. He made a brief address, speaking with much humility of himself, and in his usual mystical and prophetic vein of the cause. The Rome of the Emperors and Rome of the Popes, he said, which had conquered the world by the sword and the cross, had passed away, and the Rome of the People, destined to a still more glorious career, had come. Though probably aware that the cause had already become desperate, he spoke with unbounded confidence of its triumph.

"We may have to fight a holy battle against the single enemy that threatens us — against Austria. We will fight her, we will conquer her. I trust that, please God, the stranger shall never again have to

say what to this day he often repeats, in reference to our affairs, that this blaze from Rome is an *ignis fatuus*, a gleam that flits from tomb to tomb. No; the world shall see it is a Star, everlasting, brilliant, pure, even as those which glow in our Italian sky."

No wonder that the hearts of the excitable Italians were carried away by this rich fusion of eloquence into poetry, till they were ready to accept Mazzini's dreams for truth! He is the only rival of the great Hungarian in a kind of popular oratory which they two may be said to have invented, and which, though it does not stir the clear intellects and cold temperaments of western and northern nations to any other feeling than that of admiring wonder, may well kindle the quick passions and glowing imaginations of the south and the east into a resistless flame. Henceforward, to adopt Farini's phrase, the revolution at Rome became incarnate in Mazzini. Before the end of the month, he was appointed, with two colleagues, to a triumvirate, which virtually received all power in the state. His two associates readily acknowledging his supremacy, he was in fact dictator and autocrat. He did not abuse his power; the republic under his guidance suffered many misfortunes, but incurred no disgrace.

Our author's sketch of Mazzini's character betrays dislike and some spite; but it is executed with considerable spirit, and comes so near the truth that we borrow a portion of it, defaced, as it is, in a wretched translation.

"That he has no well-defined system, religious, social, or political, is untrue; for steady, nay dogged, he is in this one proposition, that Italy must become a single State, with Rome for her capital, through the medium of a revolution, a war, and a democracy. In theology he is a Deist, a Pantheist, and a Rationalist, by turns; or a compound of all. He might seem a Christian, but none can tell whether Catholic or Protestant, or of what denomination. At one time he appeared in every thing to copy La Mennais, — another man without a system. He was not always a Republican, or did not show it, at any rate, when, in 1832, he invited King Charles Albert to act the Liberator. If Republican he were, it was a strange kind of Republic that he fancied, when, in 1847, he exhorted Pius IX. 'to have faith,' and thought him capable of every national, nay, humanitarian effort. At another time, he wrote against the theories of what is called Socialism: then, when the wheel

went round, he concocted a fresh essay, and allied with the Socialists of all nations. I consider Mazzini to be altogether a man of mediocrity, but he is a real genius in point of tenacity, along with unbounded pride under a modest and lowly aspect; he is of good morals, liberal, kind, most considerate to his friends, with a great gift of wheedling, and with a headstrong temperament amidst the universal debility of this generation. Amidst the vices of many of his followers, he is virtuous: his language is easy, imaginative, insinuating; he has fantastic notions, which the vulgar take for sublimity; he has pity for the vices, nay, too much also for the enormities, of his devotees, and he is always warm in the protection of an associate. His habits and ways are democratic; nay, he is an idolater of the people, whom, in heaven and earth, he puts on a level with God. Such, if I mistake not, are the sources of his power. . . . . He talks much of an apostolate and a priesthood, and in fact he has the nature of a priest more than of a statesman: he, too, can see nothing in Italy but his own clique; he wants to tether the world to the round of his one, eternal, immutable idea. What should he care for the woes of mankind! All who suffer for, all who die in, Mazzini, are martyrs; they are not merely inscribed in the register of the free citizens of Italy, it is the martyrology of the Mazzinian Faith which claims them. What are years, what are generations, in the reckoning of the eternal idea? He knows he is to triumph; nay, he seems to know it straight from God: it is a saint, it is one inspired, who speaks; he curses and prays, he blesses and hurls anathemas; he is Pontiff, Prince, Apostle, Priest." pp. 304–306.

Mazzini's first object, at Rome, was to carry out his plan of *unification* with Tuscany. The Prince of Canino, the noisiest demagogue that the Bonaparte family ever produced, heartily seconded him in this undertaking, which was naturally popular at the place which was to be the head of the united republic. The Prince wished to carry out the scheme in a very summary manner, by immediately abolishing the barriers and custom-houses, and declaring that the union had already taken effect. But Mazzini thought it would be more civil, if not more prudent, first to obtain the consent of the other party; and for this purpose, he sent to Florence three commissioners, among whom were two former ministers of the republic, and to whom were afterwards added Ciceruacchio and one or two other leaders of the mob, in order to conciliate the Tuscan populace. But no result followed, for the

Tuscans, though not so proud and jealous as the Romans, had just as little willingness to be absorbed into a neighboring state. The more dignified commissioners were coldly received at the Palazzo Vecchio, Ciceruacchio was laughed at, "and Tuscany continued Tuscan, a gentle land, where the hurricane of revolution hardly raised the dust upon its face."

The project of convoking a Constituent Assembly for all Italy then came up for discussion; and it was first proposed that the Roman Assembly should immediately elect, as a deputation to it, sixty of its own members, in order that the other Italian states might be incited to speedy action. Others reasonably maintained that this would be the assumption of a power never granted to them, and that the primary assemblies must be again convoked, for the people to choose their own delegates. This opinion prevailed, though in opposition to the wishes of the ministry, as it amounted to a postponement of the measure; but the moderate party rightly declared, that, when war was soon to break out in upper Italy, it was not seasonable to enter into dispute about the various plans for confederation or union. The rapid progress of events left no time for renewing the project, and the electoral bodies were never convened for this purpose. Thus, though the people of every state in the peninsula had now held the government in their own hands for a longer or shorter period, the first step for the fulfilment of the grand scheme of a United Italy was never taken.

Other matters of immediate importance now claimed the attention of the Assembly. To relieve the finances, the ministers were authorized to coin and circulate a million of crowns of base metal, the real value of which should be only two fifths of its declared value; in other words, the money was to be three fifths counterfeit. This was equivalent to a declaration of public and private bankruptcy, as all debts could be discharged by payment of the depreciated coin, and little reliance could be placed on the pledge of the government at a future day to redeem it at par. Vigorous measures also had to be taken to put an end to the assassinations from political motives, which had become alarmingly frequent at Ancona, Imola, and other places. The frequency of such crimes has

always been the peculiar reproach of Italy; and the late revolutionary period was as deeply stained by them as any other epoch in its history. The mania for them seems to be contagious, and when one frightful example is set, it is almost sure to be followed, in quick succession, by many others. At Rome, indeed, the assassination of Rossi was known to have had so fatal an effect upon the cause, through the burst of horror and indignation with which the account of it was received in other lands, that the authorities exerted themselves successfully to prevent a repetition of the crime. But it was fearfully common in the smaller cities, showing the intensity of passion which the political changes had awakened, and the impotency of the new government for the preservation of order. A law was passed to authorize the summary trial and punishment of the guilty; and the ministry made the most earnest appeals to the local magistrates, to use vigorous measures to check the evil. The Minister for the Interior published an energetic proclamation upon the subject, and wrote thus to Count Laderchi, then governor of the province of Ravenna: — "Come to an understanding with the presidents of the nearest provinces; support one another, and, for God's sake, take care that the social existence of those most unhappy districts may, in some manner or other, be protected. The government has done every thing it could, in the way of exceptional powers, plenary discretion, and the rest, to conquer the evil as far as possible." Laderchi did act with energy, and by getting together a number of armed citizens and a few carabineers, succeeded in arresting the whole of a gang of assassins, who had kept Imola in terror for weeks. The following is Farini's account of the state of things at Ancona.

"In broad day, they murdered alike in the open places, in the courts of mansions, and in houses of resort, under the eyes of the soldiery, who let them alone; aye, there were officers of police, who, playing simultaneously the ruffian, the judge, and the executioner, put the townsmen, whom it was their duty by office to defend against injury, to death. Happy he who could purchase life with gold, or save it by flight, such was the sway of panic over the public mind, such the collapse of all authority, such the insolence of this tyranny.

Often in these pages does the sad recollection recur, and the mind indignantly recoils from the relation of details. Freedom abandons the spots defiled by assassination; civilization disowns, and God at this day punishes with rigid servitude, those atrocious practices. The crimes committed at Ancona with impunity grew to such an height, that the foreign Consuls made complaints to the government, and spread abroad the horrible relation. Some Deputies from Ancona, Baldi, Pollini, and Berretta, demanded decisive measures of repression; and Baldi offered to go thither as Commissioner for their enforcement. But these members had voted against proclaiming the Republic, and were reputed to be Moderates; accordingly they were not in such credit as to make Mazzini willing to confide in them. He sent as Commissioners, in their stead, Dallongaro and one Bernabei, of Sinigallia. These men, miserable trucklers to the lawless butchers and to the sovereign rabble, aggravated the odious reputation of the government. Later, however, he sent Felice Orsini, of Imola, who, to his own great honor, and the no less comfort of the city, took resolute and severe steps for the public security; for, having declared the state of siege, and cheered up the respectable citizens, he arrested the ruffians when off their guard, and consigned them to the tribunals." pp. 388, 389.

Once more, general enthusiasm was so far awakened at Rome that minor political differences were forgotten, by the arrival, in the middle of March, of an envoy from Piedmont, announcing that that kingdom had again rushed into war with Austria, and asking aid for the final struggle for Italian independence. There was but a short debate in the Assembly. Mazzini declared that they would think no more about forms of government, for there were now but two classes of Italians, — those who favored, and those who opposed, the war of independence and the emancipation of Italy from the Austrians. "Republican Rome would fight at the same moment, and in the same ranks, with monarchical Piedmont." The ladies who were present in the gallery pulled off their jewels and threw them upon the floor, as an offering to their country. Public spirit was kindled anew by the spectacle of a chivalrous sovereign rushing once more into a desperate contest, in the vain hope of emancipating his native land and retrieving his lost honor. There was a general cry for money and arms. Twelve battalions of the

National Guard were equipped for permanent duty, the students were formed into a legion, and the Carabineers were put in readiness for the field. Public prayers were offered in the churches, to obtain a blessing on the Italian war.

One short week, the fever of enthusiasm and preparation continued; and then came the terrible news of the overwhelming defeat at Novara, the abdication of the broken-hearted Charles Albert, and the complete triumph of the Austrians. The effect of this intelligence upon the populace was a little mitigated, at first, by the accounts almost simultaneously received from Genoa, that the people of that city had risen in arms, had expelled the Piedmontese authorities, and established a republican government. Mazzini, himself a Genoese, was thrown into an ecstasy, and announced the joyous tidings in a proclamation which ended thus: — "The last prestige is gone, the monarchical principle is doomed; the triumph is for God and the people, who never break faith." It is difficult to believe that a sane man could have dictated this glowing language upon so slight encouragement. At the court of Gaeta, on the other hand, the news of the Genoese insurrection rather heightened the rejoicings for the victory at Novara, since it was perceived that so senseless a revolt would do as much harm to the republican cause, as the shock of arms had done to Italian independence. The Genoese made hardly a show of resistance to a division of the Piedmontese army, which quickly obtained possession of the forts and the city; and the young king contemptuously pardoned all who had been concerned in the movement, except a few ringleaders. Avezzana, apparently the only brave man among the insurgents, made his escape, and afterwards played a noble part in the gallant defence of Rome.

On the 14th of April, Mazzini had the hard task of announcing to the Assembly the defeat of the Piedmontese, the fall of Genoa, and the restoration of the Grand Duke's power in Tuscany, by the voluntary act of the people. Venice alone, protected by the waters of the Adriatic, still displayed the republican flag, as if to cheer the Romans with the thought that they were not wholly isolated in defending the cause of free institutions in Italy. But after Piedmont had

fallen, it was evident that Venice could not long hold out against her assailants. Then, if ever, was the time for Rome to make terms with the Pope, and invite him to return in peace to the city, on condition of preserving and upholding the free constitution which he had granted the year before. But the Triumvir had no thought of surrender or compromise, and instead of advising prudence, he openly denounced it. The Assembly tumultuously adopted Sterbini's proposition — "Let us make a solemn oath rather to be buried beneath the ruins of the country, than to recede from the republican principle which we have proclaimed." A decree was passed at the same session, as if for the purpose of invoking the utmost hostility of the Church, that the rural estates of the religious corporations, already secularized, should now be divided into allotments for those families who had no other means of livelihood, and who should hold them on perpetual lease, burdened only by a moderable and redeemable quit-rent. The first draft of the new constitution was also read by the committee having this subject in charge; but as the instrument never went into effect, we need not analyze its contents. It differed from other European schemes of a republican constitution, chiefly by the affectation of preserving the names and offices that had been rendered classical by the ancient Roman Republic.

These proceedings indicated that the government, though under sentence of death, was determined to meet its fate bravely, and die with decency. According as they are viewed by friends or opponents, they will be stigmatized as political fanaticism, or honored as fidelity to principle. No measures were taken to obtain foreign aid, though a sort of remonstrance or manifesto was addressed to the governments of France and England, announcing that the Republic had decreed the Pope's independence and the free exercise of his spiritual power, but would oppose to the utmost the restoration of his temporal authority, declaring itself not responsible for the sanguinary consequences that might ensue. But as the envoys of the Republic were not recognized by these governments, no answer was returned to this manifesto, and probably none was expected.

The Triumvirs probably entertained a hope that the frequent revolutions in France might at last bring a party into power which would declare in favor of the sister republic at Rome, or at least protect it against the intervention of Spain and Austria. Naples alone, though with the spiritual influence of the Pope on its side, the Romans did not fear to encounter; even Ciceruacchio could afford to despise Ferdinand. But if such hopes were cherished, due allowance was not made for the difficulties and perils which would necessarily surround any party or individual who might be brought uppermost by the wave of revolution at Paris, — perils which would be enhanced a thousand-fold by the outbreak of a war with Austria, and by unpardonable offence given to the feelings and wishes of all sincere Catholics. France, indeed, desired to prevent Austria from obtaining entire control of the Italian peninsula, and for this purpose, if the restoration of the Pope was inevitable, she was determined it should take place through her own intervention rather than by German arms. There is no doubt, that, at least during the dictatorship of Cavaignac, and the early part of the presidency of Louis Napoleon, she was sincerely desirous of mediating between the Pope and his subjects, — of procuring his return, but, at the same time, of upholding the free institutions which he had formerly granted. Louis Napoleon's selfish aims, and the virtual alliance which he contracted with the ultra Catholics — an alliance that has been one chief cause of his subsequent success — afterwards induced him to change this policy, and really to bring about the restoration of Pius without any limitations of his temporal authority or any guaranties for freedom. But that the French were sincere at first in their avowed intention to adopt a middle course, is fully proved by the history of the negotiations that is given by Farini. They wished the case of Rome to be made parallel to that of Tuscany, — that is, that the Constitutional party should be restored to power, and should then recall the Pope of their own accord, under a pledge that he would uphold, and even continue, the work of political reform which he had begun.

"The Duc D'Harcourt was aware of the condition of the Roman States; and, through the examination M. Mercier had recently made, had acquired a certainty, that nothing but civil equality and political freedom would keep the inhabitants quiet. He therefore proposed liberal arrangements, and would not consent to handing over that people into the power of the clergy by Austrian arms without the coöperation of France, and without guaranties for civilized Government. But Cardinal Antonelli, who at first was wont to avow humanized and liberal views, and to dissemble from D'Harcourt the mistrust he cherished towards France, having his spirits raised by the Austrian successes, altered his tone, and pressed for an immediate intervention and restoration, fettered neither by promise from the court, nor by securities for the people. Hereupon followed keen debate, and radical dissension; so that D'Harcourt declared he could not go on with the negotiations until he had fresh instructions from his Government, to whom he wrote accordingly, while he again sent Mercier to Rome, that he might use means to make it felt there how all liberty would stand in the utmost jeopardy, unless the inhabitants brought about a restoration of themselves, requiring guaranties for their freedom, and invoking the countenance of France to back the demand. Mercier accordingly, having got back to Rome, communicated with the Constitutionalists; but the ruin of the Piedmontese army had deprived them of all moral weight, and Mazzini's Dictatorship had stripped them of all means of influence upon the Assembly or the Government. Besides, while M. Mercier intimated wishes and tendered counsel, he made no promise on the part of France; he required that the Constitutionalists should combine with her in overthrowing the Republic, and in restoring the temporal dominion of the Pope, but he had no power to guarantee fresh institutions; he guaranteed nothing but hopes." pp. 351, 352.

Whether the Pope would have consented to return under limitations and pledges, even if the Constitutionalists had regained power and invited him back, is another question. Probably he would not; for he was now completely subject to Austrian and Neapolitan influence. But Mazzini's influence was too great, and the tide of republican feeling at Rome was too strong, to allow the offer to be made. The French minister knew better than to open negotiations directly with the Roman Triumvirate. Mazzini and his colleagues were proscribed men; the Pope's return could not have taken place

under any conditions which would not have sent them again into exile. Most of the members of the Constituent Assembly and the higher officers of government probably thought that they were in the same predicament. The Constitutionalists were few in number, dispersed, divided in counsel, and overawed by the government and the fear of assassination. They were no match for desperate men, who knew that they were contending with their all at stake. A rumor had gone forth, after the recent unhappy turn of Italian affairs, that the Triumvirs thought of an accommodation; whereupon they immediately announced "that the Triumvirate would view any concession, any deviation from its principle, whatever its degree, origin, or shape, *as treason;* that for the Triumvirate, just as for the Assembly, Rome and the Republic were identical;" and that "the very thought of compromise would be crime, and dastard crime." This was natural language from men so situated as Mazzini and Garibaldi.

Easter was now at hand, and the Roman populace were not to be balked of the usual spectacles of Holy Week. It had been the custom, on the evening of Good Friday, to illuminate the interior of St. Peter's by a huge cross suspended from the dome; but this custom had been intermitted since 1824, because, among the immense multitude drawn together at night by such a spectacle, and in the many shadowy corners of the vast church, some scenes took place which would have desecrated any edifice. But the Triumvirate made a point of restoring the observance; "and the light which irradiated the tombs of the Apostles," says Farini, "attracted the inquisitive to the spectacle and the licentious to their orgies." Tricolor fireworks were also exhibited, to mingle political with religious symbols. The Canons of St. Peter's had been ordered to make ready the usual magnificent ceremonial for Easter day, but they refused; and with some difficulty, a priest who had been an army chaplain was found, who was willing to perform all the rites that usually required the presence of the Pope and the whole Sacred College. After mass was over, this priest went in the procession to the grand balcony over the entrance, and there, as the Pope was wont to do, he blessed the vast multitude kneeling in the

Piazza, amid the pealing of cannons and bells. After he had withdrawn, Mazzini appeared in the balcony, and was received with loud shouts for the Republic. If the Triumvirs hoped to increase their popularity by keeping up these observances, they were mistaken; for, to judge from the tone in which Farini speaks of them, they gave great offence to all sincere Catholics, in whose eyes they appeared only as a parody on the usual ceremonial. The Canons of St. Peter's were fined one hundred and twenty crowns each for their contumacy.

The victory of the Austrians, with the events consequent upon it, having now settled the affairs of all the states of the peninsula, except Rome, the negotiations at Gaeta were hurried to a close. France found that the Pope could be restored only by an armed intervention, and that, if her forces did not invade the papal dominions, those of Spain, Austria, and Naples would, or at any rate, could be prevented from doing so only by a war which would shake all Europe. General Lamoricière explained the case very succinctly to the French Assembly. The Republic of Rome, he said, having declared war against Austria, that power is now entitled to avail herself of belligerent rights. Naples, Spain, and Russia tell her, "move upon Rome, set the Pope upon his throne."

"You are aware that, should Austria, without any concurrence of ours, bring back the Pope to Rome, a complete counter-revolution would ensue; and, in that case, not only would all be over with the Roman Republic, but all would be over with the liberal institutions, the freedom of Italy, and the French influence. I therefore am of opinion, with the majority of the Committee, that you ought to grant to the Ministry the sum it asks for, and to authorize the occupation of Civitá Vecchia. If, after our soldiers have landed, Austria should move on Rome to destroy the Republic, and to reëstablish there, together with the Pope, her own influence, we conceive that the Government should be empowered to advance our troops to Rome, to save what can be saved from the wreck; that is to say, if not the Roman Republic, yet the liberties of Italy, along with the influence of France." p. 411.

On the 25th of April, General Oudinot, with a large body of troops, landed without opposition at Civitá Vecchia, and soon afterwards commenced his march upon Rome.

Here Farini's narrative for the present ends. A fourth volume will bring down the story to the end of the siege, and the entry of the French into the city. But as the occurrences of this period, from the notoriety which they obtained at the time, are probably fresh in the recollection of all, we shall not follow his steps any farther. This third volume is hardly so well executed as its predecessors, and it betrays more frequently the influence of personal feeling and political prejudice. But as a whole, the work contains the most complete, impartial, and trustworthy account of the progress of events in the papal dominions during the late revolutionary period, which has as yet appeared in the English language.

ART. VIII. — 1. *The House of The Seven Gables; a Romance.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851. 16mo. pp. 344.

2. *The Blithedale Romance.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1852. 16mo. pp. 288.

IT is difficult to refer Hawthorne to any recognized class of writers. So far as our cognizance extends, he is the only individual of his class. In the popular sense of the word, he writes no poetry. We infer his incapacity of rhyme and metre, from his having adopted prose for his Carriers' Addresses, and other similar productions, which are usually cast in metrical forms. Nor yet is his language distinguished by euphony. It never flows spontaneously in numbers, as do so many of the descriptive and pathetic passages in Dickens's stories. On the other hand, it is often crisp and harsh, betraying little sensitiveness to musical accords and cadences; and we should despair of finding a paragraph of his, in which the sound could, by the most skilful reading, be made to enhance the impression of the sense. Yet more, we cannot remember a single poetical quotation in all his writings; and, though books are occasionally referred to, mention is never, or almost never, made of a poet or a poem. His own favorite reading does not, we therefore conclude, lie in this direction,

nor yet, as we apprehend, in any direction in which his fancy could borrow forms or colors, or could find nourishment homogeneous with its creations. Indeed, if we may judge from such hints as he furnishes of his own literary habits, the books with which he is chiefly familiar are the dryest of chronicles, which furnish the raw material for many of his stories.

Yet with so much that must be alleged to the discredit of his poetical affinities, Hawthorne is preëminently a poet. It belongs to his genius not merely to narrate or describe, not merely to invent characters and incidents of the same constituent elements with those in history or in real life; but to create out of nothing — to place before the imagination objects and personages which derive their verisimilitude not from their resemblance to the actual, but from their self-coherency. Plain story-telling, whether true or fictitious, is entirely beyond, or rather beneath, his capacity. He undertook, a few years ago, to write historical sketches of New England, in the Peter Parley style, for the behoof of children. He succeeded so admirably that people of mature and venerable age became children for the nonce, that they might read the legends of "Grandfather's Chair;" but it was not history; it was the offspring of Hawthorne's own brain, draped in Puritan costumes, and baptized with ancestral names. A year or two ago, he conceived the plan of reëditing some of the fables of the classic mythology; but the result was a Pantheon all his own, rigidly true, indeed, to the letter of antiquity, and thus vindicating his title to genuine scholarship, while yet gods and heroes, Gorgons and Chimeræ, Atlas and Pegasus, all bore as close kindred to him as Minerva to Jupiter. In fine, his golden touch is as unfailing as was that of Midas, and transmutes whatever he lays hand upon. Even brutes, and homely household implements, and the motley livery of the pauper, yield to his alchemy, and are no longer coarse and sordid, yet without losing their place or their nature. In like manner, he so transforms incidents and transactions of the most trivial character, as to render them grand, pathetic, or grotesque. We may, perhaps, define more accurately this element of his power, by pressing still farther the metaphors

already employed. His golden touch, we would then say, imposes no superficial glitter, but brings out upon the surface, and concentrates in luminous points, the interior gilding, which is attached to the meanest objects and the lowliest scenes by their contact with the realm of sentiment, emotion, and spiritual life. He literally transforms, draws the hidden soul of whatever he describes to the light of day, and often veils exterior phenomena from clear view by the very tissue of motives, loves, antipathies, mental and moral idiosyncrasies, which they are wont to conceal. He thus, often, when least successful in the development of a plot, gives us portraitures of character as vivid as if they were wrought in flame-colors, and transcripts of inward experience so graphic that to read them is to live them over.

But with Hawthorne's close fidelity as a painter of man's interior nature and life, there is, after all, a subtle coloring and shading derived from no model, and so characteristic as to defy imitation. His heroes, while true in thought and speech to the parts which they are made to personate, always assume a tone of discourse or sentiment which we can imagine in him and in no other, under the supposed circumstances. His stories are, in fact, like Miss Kemble's dramatic readings, in which something of the same personality must betray itself in Caliban and Juliet, in Falstaff and Hamlet, in Coriolanus and King Lear. It is this which gives a prominent, and perhaps the chief, charm of his writings. They are, in the truest sense of the word, autobiographical; and, with repeated opportunities for cultivating his acquaintance by direct intercourse, we have learned from his books immeasurably more of his mental history, tastes, tendencies, sympathies, and opinions, than we should have known had we enjoyed his daily converse for a lifetime. Diffident and reserved as to the habitudes of the outer man, yet singularly communicative and social in disposition and desire, he takes his public for his confidant, and betrays to thousands of eyes likes and dislikes, whims and reveries, veins of mirthful and of serious reflection, moods of feeling both healthful and morbid, which it would be beyond his power to disclose through the ear, even to the most intimate of friends or the dearest of kindred.

As a writer of stories, whether in the form of tales, novels, or romances, Hawthorne will not bear comparison with his contemporaries in the same department, or measurement by any conventional rule. The most paltry tale-maker for magazines or newspapers can easily excel him in what we might term the mechanical portion of his art. His plots are seldom well devised or skilfully developed. They are either too simple to excite curiosity and attract interest, or too much involved for him to clear them up to the reader's satisfaction. His conversations, too, are not such as seem natural, in the sense of being probable or possible, but natural only because they are more rigidly true to fact and feeling than speech ever is. There is also, not infrequently, an incompleteness in his choicest productions, not as if he had been careless or hurried in their execution, but as if they had been too intimately a portion of his own being for separate existence, — as if they had been too deeply rooted in their native soil to bear transplanting. But, if he lacks skill in the management of his plot, he is independent of it. Were he to eliminate every thing of a narrative character from the best of his stories, we doubt whether their currency or his reputation would suffer detriment. Indeed, he is often most successful, where he does not even attempt narration, but selects some single scene, object, or incident, as the nucleus for a cluster of fancies and musings, melancholy, grave, humorous, or gay, either by itself, each in turn, or all blending and mutually interpretating, as in actual life, in which grief has its comic, and laughter its tragic, side. Thus, of his earlier series, none impress us as more truly worthy of his genius than "The Sister Years," a sketch of the midnight interview of the worn and jaded Old Year with her blooming and sanguine successor, the New Year; "Snow Flakes," a mere series of winter fireside fantasies; and "Night Sketches beneath an Umbrella," a description of what might be seen by any eye that looked beneath the surface on a short walk in Salem on a rainy evening.

Hawthorne has written nothing more likely to survive his times than several simply, yet gorgeously, wrought and highly suggestive allegories, among which "The Celestial Railroad"

holds the first place, and deserves an immortality coeval with that of the great prose-epic which furnished its theme. He represents the railroad as built, in conformity with the spirit of the times, on a route intersecting at intervals the path of Bunyan's Pilgrim, which it is designed to supersede. The old enemies of the foot-travellers have been bought over by offices on the new road, and Apollyon is engineer. Onward the cars rattle over the Slough of Despond, on a shaky causeway built of books of German rationalism and Transcendental divinity. They pass unchallenged within sight of the wicket-gate. The easy-cushioned passengers can hardly find gibes pungent enough for two determined pilgrims, whom they see trudging over the now grass-grown path, and Apollyon helps the sport by squirting steam at them. At Vanity-Fair is the chief station-house, at which they make a protracted pause for refreshment and amusement. Then, when they have satiated themselves with its gayeties, they hurry through the residue of the way, though with a dim sense of insecurity, and beset by sights and sounds of the direst omen. Arrived at the terminus, they find the black River of Death rolling angrily at their feet. No means of crossing have been provided by the projectors of the new road, or are vouchsafed to its passengers by the lord of the old way. And, as they despair of breasting the current unguided and unaided, and see its depths yawning for their utter perdition, they lift their eyes, and the despised pilgrims, who had not been ashamed of the ancient Christ-marked path, have already crossed the River, angels are leading them up the shining banks, up the crystal hills, the golden gates are opened for them, and the harps of heaven ring their welcome.

After this manner, Hawthorne's stories are generally written to illustrate some idea or sentiment, to which, and not to the personages or incidents, the author manifestly solicits his reader's heed. He is a philosopher, with a strong dash of the humorist in his composition; human life and society constitute his field of speculation; and his queries and conclusions tend, through his poetic instincts, to concrete rather than abstract forms. With him, a tale takes the place of an apophthegm; an allegory, of a homily; a romance, of an ethical treatise.

He seems incapable, not from penury, but from wealth of mind, of presenting a naked thought. The outward passage of every creation of his intellect lies through the inexhaustible vestry of an imagination swarming with textures and tints strange, fantastic, sometimes sombre, sometimes radiant, always beautiful. There is thus in his writings a philosophical completeness and unity, even when, in an artistical point of view, (as is often the case,) they are fragmentary or desultory. But, while a single thought gives its pervading hue and tone to a story or a volume, and that thought is always a brilliant of faultless lustre, he abounds in lesser gems of kindred perfectness. We know of no living or recent writer, from whom it would be possible to select so many sentences that might stand alone, as conveying ideas clearly defined and vividly expressed by imagery which at once astonishes by its novelty, charms by its aptness, and dazzles by its beauty. And there are numerous single metaphors of his comprised in a word or two, that, once read, recur perpetually to the memory, and supplant ever after their more literal, yet immeasurably less significant, synonymes.

The early history of New England, more largely than any other source, has supplied Hawthorne with names, events, and incidents, for his creations. The manners, customs, beliefs, superstitions of the Puritans, and their immediate descendants, seem to have taken the strongest hold upon his fancy. Their times are his heroic age, and he has made it mythological. As illustrative of history, his stories are eminently untrustworthy; for, where he runs parallel with recorded fact in his narrative of events, the spirit that animates and pervades them is of his own creation. Thus, in the "Scarlet Letter," he has at once depicted the exterior of early New England life with a fidelity that might shame the most accurate chronicler, and defaced it by passions too fierce and wild to have been stimulated to their desolating energy under colder skies than of Spain or Italy. At the same time, he has unwittingly defamed the fathers of New England, by locating his pictures of gross impurity and sacrilegious vice where no shadow of reproach, and no breath but of immaculate fame, had ever rested before. He thus has violated one

of the most sacred canons of literary creation. A writer, who borrows nothing from history, may allow himself an unlimited range in the painting of character; but he who selects a well-known place and epoch for his fiction, is bound to adjust his fiction to the analogy of fact, and especially to refrain from outraging the memory of the dead for the entertainment of the living.

Of our author's "Romances," (for he affects that title, and we could suggest no better,) we suppose that "The House of the Seven Gables" has been, and we think that it deserves to be, the most successful with the public. The sentiment to which it gives expression is, (in his own words,) "that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief;" and he speaks, in the same sentence, "of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of ill-gotten gold, or real estate, on the heads of an unfortunate posterity, thereby to maim and crush them, until the accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms."

"The House of the Seven Gables" was built, two centuries ago, by Colonel Pyncheon, a Puritan of more show of devotion Godward than of substantial justice manward. It was erected on a spot, the proprietorship of which had long been in dispute between himself and his poor neighbor, Matthew Maule, whose execution for witchcraft, not without the covert agency of his powerful antagonist, had alone settled the claim in favor of the latter. Maule, in dying, points at his enemy, and says, "God will give him blood to drink." On the very day when the stately mansion was to be dedicated by prayer and psalm, and by feast and wassail, while the assembled guests are waiting for the proprietor to bid them welcome, he is found dead in his library, his ruff and hoary beard saturated with blood.

It is the recent posterity of this founder of the Pyncheon family that constitute the leading personages of the romance. The old house, with its worm-eaten furniture and its decayed gentility, is occupied by Hepzibah, better known as Old Maid Pyncheon, who retains little of the family heritage

except pride of ancestry, and is constrained, by stress of poverty, to open one of those little shops, of which, quarter of a century ago, there were many scores, served by widows or lone women, in the towns and villages of New England. With tender pathos, streaked and veined by the richest humor, the conflict of pride and penury in the outset of this enterprise, and the mortification, disgust, and weariness of the first day's shopkeeping are described. At the close of the day, Phœbe, a country cousin, arrives on a visit to her kinswoman, and is at once established, as a "domesticated sunbeam," in the dust and gloom of the dilapidated dwelling. Under her auspices, neatness, order, thrift, and beauty gradually repair the waste and ruin of the past, and there are forthputtings of fresh and happy life under the very ribs of death. A young daguerreotypist, whom Hepzibah's necessity, not her will, has haughtily tolerated as her lodger, is Phœbe's ally in the work of renovation, and, through their joint ministry, some few rays of kindly comfort straggle into the desolate heart of the ancient maiden.

But Hepzibah bears a deeper grief than penury. One of the Pyncheons, then the heir and occupant of the estate, died many years previously, in as sudden and mysterious a manner as his ancestor, and with similar marks of blood about his person. Her brother, a youth of delicate nurture, was accused and convicted as his murderer; but, on account of some lingering doubt as to his guilt, his punishment had been commuted into perpetual imprisonment. His image has never faded from his sister's love. Then, too, she is annoyed by the supercilious patronage of her kinsman, Judge Pyncheon, the legitimate inheritor of the pompous respectability, purse-proud self-satisfaction, and apoplectic frame of their common ancestor. What can be more graphic, as the portrait of a sleek and well-fed worldling of the last generation, than the following?

"Towards noon, Hepzibah saw an elderly gentleman, large and portly, and of remarkably dignified demeanor, passing slowly along on the opposite side of the white and dusty street. On coming within the shadow of the Pyncheon-elm, he stopt, and (taking off his hat, meanwhile, to wipe the perspiration from his brow) seemed to scrutinize,

with especial interest, the dilapidated and rusty-visaged House of the Seven Gables. He himself, in a very different style, was as well worth looking at as the house. No better model need be sought, nor could have been found, of a very high order of respectability, which, by some indescribable magic, not merely expressed itself in his looks and gestures, but even governed the fashion of his garments, and rendered them all proper and essential to the man. Without appearing to differ, in any tangible way, from other people's clothes, there was yet a wide and rich gravity about them, that must have been a characteristic of the wearer, since it could not be defined as pertaining either to the cut or material. His gold-headed cane, too, — a serviceable staff, of dark, polished wood, — had similar traits, and had it chosen to take a walk by itself, would have been recognized anywhere as a tolerably adequate representative of its master. This character — which showed itself so strikingly in every thing about him, and the effect of which we seek to convey to the reader — went no deeper than his station, habits of life, and external circumstances. One perceived him to be a personage of mark, influence, and authority; and, especially, you could feel just as certain that he was opulent as if he had exhibited his bank account, or as if you had seen him touching the twigs of the Pyncheon-elm, and, Midas-like, transmuting them to gold.

"In his youth, he had probably been considered a handsome man; at his present age, his brow was too heavy, his temples too bare, his remaining hair too gray, his eye too cold, his lips too closely compressed, to bear any relation to mere personal beauty. He would have made a good and massive portrait; better now, perhaps, than at any previous period of his life, although his look might grow positively harsh, in the process of being fixed upon the canvas. The artist would have found it desirable to study his face, and prove its capacity for varied expression; to darken it with a frown, — to kindle it up with a smile.

"While the elderly gentleman stood looking at the Pyncheon-house, both the frown and the smile passed successively over his countenance. His eye rested on the shop-window, and, putting up a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, which he held in his hand, he minutely surveyed Hepzibah's little arrangement of toys and commodities. At first it seemed not to please him, — nay, to cause him exceeding displeasure, — and yet, the very next moment, he smiled. While the latter expression was yet on his lips, he caught a glimpse of Hepzibah, who had involuntarily bent forward to the window; and then the smile changed from acrid and disagreeable to the sunniest complacency and benevolence. He bowed, with a happy mixture of dignity and courteous kindliness, and pursued his way." pp. 64, 65.

The leading *dramatis personæ* have all been named, and the story may be told in brief. Hepzibah's brother is pardoned and sent back to her, dwarfed in intellect, enfeebled in body, dependent as a child of tender years, and the sole study of her life now is to soothe his petulance, to gratify his morbid tastes and appetites, and to woo back the intellect that has been prison-bound so long. Judge Pyncheon persists in seeking an interview with him, and dies, by the sudden visitation of God, in the very room and chair, and in the precise manner, in which the earlier heads of the family had been summoned to their account. The brother is cleared from the suspicion, which strong circumstantial evidence might well have cast upon him, of being his kinsman's murderer. It subsequently appears that the Judge had been the means, (as Hepzibah had never been unaware,) of arranging the evidence, which wrongfully consigned the brother to an almost lifelong incarceration, and had, through machinations of a like character, obtained possession of the great bulk of the family estate. The news of the death of the Judge's only son supervenes almost immediately upon his own death; and the occupants of the old house are the legal heirs of the childless intestate. Phœbe, a Pyncheon only in name, but inheriting from her mother a life unshadowed by the gloomy state and the respectable iniquity of her paternal ancestry, marries the daguerreotypist, who turns out to be the rightful representative of old Matthew Maule. The curse expires in their union; the prisoner, on whose deadened faculties the shadow of the Judge had lain as an incubus, draws a new lease of life from his kinsman's death; and he and his sister quit the old house for the judge's country-seat, under the kind tutelage of Phœbe and her bridegroom.

The successive scenes of this bold and startling fiction are portrayed with a vividness and power unsurpassed, and rarely equalled. The terrible Nemesis that waits on the extortion of the ancestor, and pursues the wages of his iniquity till the injured family receives its own again, reminds one of the inexorable fate of the Greek tragedy; and, in describing the successive footfalls of the angel of retribution in that ill-starred mansion, the author rises into a fearful sub-

limity worthy of the theme. In other portions, the narrative is sprightly, quaint, and droll, the dialogues seldom otherwise than natural and well managed, (though the daguerreotypist talks more than anybody but Phœbe could care to hear,) and the *denouement* free, for the most part, from abruptness and improbability. To many readers, the book has an additional charm, from its truth in numberless minutiæ to life, speech, manners, and appearances, as they were in and about Salem thirty years ago. We should have recognized the locality under any disguise whatever of names or pretexts. Hepzibah, the ancient house, the peculiar fitting up of the shop, the customers young and old, Uncle Venner the wood-sawyer, nay, the outer man, (not the oleaginousness of conscience, we trust,) of Judge Pyncheon, and a hundred nameless objects and incidents, recall to our memory Salem, as we knew it, when, before the welding of place to place by railroads, there were local peculiarities.

The Blithedale Romance has its scene laid at Brook Farm, in Roxbury, at the time of its occupation by the well-known company of Socialists, of which Hawthorne was, for a little while, a member. He professes not to have selected his heroes from among his associates, nor to have so much as essayed an answer to any of the numerous questions that might be asked about the working of the institution; but simply has availed himself of its arrangements and environments, to give to the wholly fictitious figures a background never painted before. Yet, though his characters were not copied from actual life, they are in admirable keeping with the place and the miniature community. They are all abnormal; and where else should we be so likely to find an assemblage of abnormals as under the auspices of Socialistic reform? Indeed, in a country as prosperous as ours, with the comforts and prerogatives of home within reach of every man and woman not absolutely a pauper or a maniac, the Socialist might complain, with some color of reason, that the only materials for his experiments were insoluble precipitates from the crystallization of domestic life. Our author, therefore, might, without violation of poetic truth, give himself on this arena a wider range for his creations, than under the ordinary conditions of society.

The leading personage in the story is Hollingsworth, by profession formerly a blacksmith, now a philanthropist, but bringing the sledge-hammer mode of operation to bear upon the evils of society and their upholders, — a genuine Titan, without a spark of spiritual life to vitalize a ponderous frame, or to irradiate a no less massive intellect. Self-concentrated, absorbed in his dreams of social regeneration, yet intolerant of any line of march toward a brighter future in which he bears not the leader's truncheon, he loves man in the aggregate too fiercely to be kind, gentle, courteous, or even just, to men and women individually. The main design of the story is to depict the malign agency of such a spirit, in kindling into fierce antagonism, or stinging to madness, souls which it cannot wholly master; in crushing and absorbing minds of less power of resistance; and, finally, in turning its desolating energies upon its own happiness, and crowning its sacrificial pile by self-immolation. In the Blithedale family, he is brought into association with two women of widely dissimilar person and character, sisters by their father's side, but the one the child of his early and prosperous years, the nurseling and heiress of affluence, — the other the child of his penury and shame, by a second marriage with a poor seamstress. The elder daughter was separated from her father on the ruin of his fortune and fair fame. In some unaccountable way, whether as a renegade wife, or as an affianced but protesting bride, she has been under the control, and is still liable to the persecutions, of a professor of Mesmerism, Biology, and kindred humbugs, who had also enjoyed the services of her younger sister as a "medium," under the title of the "Veiled Lady." The elder is a queenly character, with as much of the man in her nature as is consistent with a feminine loveliness of person and intensity of passion, — of large intellectual resources, of brilliant social endowments, and resolutely bent on making conquest of other hearts without surrendering her own. She has arranged her sojourn at Blithedale as an episode, or rather as a series of interludes, in a career of gayety and splendor. Her sister, the secret of whose parentage, as well as the continued existence of their father, she learns only at a late period of the story, is sent by him because she is

there, and he, though he has not seen her from her infancy, regards her almost as an object of worship, and feels that, in her society, his fragile and timid child will be as under the wings of a guardian angel.

The elder of these sisters, who bears throughout the name adopted by herself as a contributor to magazines, Zenobia, determines on subduing Hollingsworth's pride of self-isolation, and on replacing his own image by hers as the object of his paramount devotion; but succumbs in the effort to the very power on which she relies for his conquest, and grows enamored of him to the utmost capacity of her lofty, earnest, and impassioned being. Meanwhile, the heart-tendrils of the gentle Priscilla turn toward the strongest support within their reach, and, without her own consciousness, become indissolubly twined around the stalwart form and rough colossal nature of the Vulcanian philanthropist. Long unimpressed by either, then balanced between the two loves, he at length spurns Zenobia, who, too proud to survive rejection or to let mortal eye behold the traces of her agony, seeks refuge in suicide. He marries Priscilla; but his own mental peace and energy are forever buried in Zenobia's grave, and she who had at first clung to his love in very feebleness and fear, is now the sole and the strong prop of his nerveless and broken spirit. So perfectly consonant with the "spiritual wickedness" of such a nature is the retribution awarded it, that we can hardly do our author justice without quoting an interview represented as occurring some years after the catastrophe. We should premise by saying that the story is told in the first person by Miles Coverdale, a member of the Blithedale household, who not till the closing sentence of the book confesses himself to have been an unavowed lover of Priscilla.

"But Hollingsworth! After all the evil that he did, are we to leave him thus, blest with the entire devotion of this one true heart, and with wealth at his disposal, to execute the long-contemplated project that had led him so far astray? What retribution is there here? My mind being vexed with precisely this query, I made a journey, some years since, for the sole purpose of catching a last glimpse at Hollingsworth, and judging for myself whether he were a happy man or no. I learned that he inhabited a small cottage, that

his way of life was exceedingly retired, and that my only chance of encountering him or Priscilla was to meet them in a secluded lane, where, in the latter part of the afternoon, they were accustomed to walk. I did meet them, accordingly. As they approached me, I observed in Hollingworth's face a depressed and melancholy look, that seemed habitual; — the powerfully-built man showed a self-distrustful weakness, and a childlike or childish tendency to press close, and closer still, to the side of the slender woman whose arm was within his. In Priscilla's manner there was a protective and watchful quality, as if she felt herself the guardian of her companion; but, likewise, a deep, submissive, unquestioning reverence, and also a veiled happiness in her fair and quiet countenance.

"Drawing nearer, Priscilla recognized me, and gave me a kind and friendly smile, but with a slight gesture, which I could not help interpreting as an entreaty not to make myself known to Hollingsworth. Nevertheless, an impulse took possession of me, and compelled me to address him.

"'I have come, Hollingsworth,' said I, 'to view your grand edifice for the reformation of criminals. Is it finished yet?'

"'No, nor begun,' answered he, without raising his eyes. 'A very small one answers all my purposes.'

"Priscilla threw me an upbraiding glance. But I spoke again, with a bitter and revengeful emotion, as if flinging a poisoned arrow at Hollingsworth's heart.

"'Up to this moment,' I inquired, 'how many criminals have you reformed?'

"'Not one,' said Hollingsworth, with his eyes still fixed on the ground. 'Ever since we parted, I have been busy with a single murderer.'

"Then the tears gushed into my eyes, and I forgave him; for I remembered the wild energy, the passionate shriek, with which Zenobia had spoken those words, — 'Tell him he has murdered me! Tell him that I'll haunt him!' — and I knew what murderer he meant, and whose vindictive shadow dogged the side where Priscilla was not.

"The moral which presents itself to my reflections, as drawn from Hollingsworth's character and errors, is simply this, — that, admitting what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession, to be often useful by its energetic impulse to society at large, it is perilous to the individual whose ruling passion, in one exclusive channel, it thus becomes. It ruins, or is fearfully apt to ruin, the heart, the rich juices of which God never meant should be pressed violently out, and distilled into alcoholic liquor, by an unnatural process, but should render

life sweet, bland, and gently beneficent, and insensibly influence other hearts and other lives to the same blessed end. I see in Hollingsworth an exemplification of the most awful truth in Bunyan's book of such; — from the very gate of heaven there is a by-way to the pit!" pp. 281 – 283.

As a story, we are inclined to esteem this inferior to either of its predecessors in similar form. The Biological Professor is an ugly and repulsive excrescence; and, as his connection with the plot is but imperfectly explained, while at the same time his agency is wholly unnecessary in shaping the character or accounting for the conduct of the sisters, we believe that the romance would be greatly improved by expunging the chapters in which he makes his appearance. Then, too, the dialogues of the Blithedale optimists are often prolix, wearisome, and we should say unnatural, were it not for our ignorance of the way in which people thrown into the closest society, with no preëxisting bond of kindred or of sympathy, would be likely to talk. But whether from the life or not, a great deal of Arcadian material is wrought into the sayings and doings of this community, and it makes but an incongruous woof on the homespun warp of New England farm life. We feel also constrained to enter our protest against the gratuitous horrors of Zenobia's suicide. True, indeed, the nocturnal dragging of the river for her body, and the whole subsequent story of that night have few parallels for terrible lifelikeness in all modern fiction, and would hardly yield in the anti-climax of beauty to Matthew Lewis's or Maturin's most appalling prison and death-scenes; but here there is not the slightest need of a catastrophe so violent, or even a fitting preparation for it. The tone of her conversation, on the very eve of the event, indicates a mind too strong, too self-possessed, too rich in its own independent resources, to attach even poetic probability to the desperate act.

But with all these drawbacks, the Blithedale Romance is a work of no ordinary power, and indicative of all its author's mental affluence. In character-painting, he has overtaken his highest previous skill in Hollingsworth, and exceeded it in Zenobia. Then, of lesser personages, who could fail to recognize, in Silas Foster, the agricultural foreman of the farm, a

marvellously accurate type of the New England yeoman of the generation just now passing the meridian of manhood? The descriptions of the kitchen, the table, the style of dress, the manner of labor, and the Sunday habits of the Blithedale community, attractive as they are in themselves, are doubly so, as being beyond a question the portions in which observation and experience, rather than fancy, furnished the material for the narrative. The following is manifestly a passage of this sort; but we should hardly quote it in full, did it not embody so much of the obvious philosophy of socialism.

"In the interval of my seclusion, there had been a number of recruits to our little army of saints and martyrs. They were mostly individuals who had gone through such an experience as to disgust them with ordinary pursuits, but who were not yet so old, nor had suffered so deeply, as to lose their faith in the better time to come. On comparing their minds one with another, they often discovered that this idea of a Community had been growing up, in silent and unknown sympathy, for years. Thoughtful, strongly-lined faces were among them; sombre brows, but eyes that did not require spectacles, unless prematurely dimmed by the student's lamplight, and hair that seldom showed a thread of silver. Age, wedded to the past, incrusted over with a stony layer of habits, and retaining nothing fluid in its possibilities, would have been absurdly out of place in an enterprise like this. Youth, too, in its early dawn, was hardly more adapted to our purpose; for it would behold the morning radiance of its own spirit beaming over the very same spots of withered grass and barren sand whence most of us had seen it vanish. We had very young people with us, it is true, — downy lads, rosy girls in their first teens, and children of all heights above one's knee; — but these had chiefly been sent hither for education, which it was one of the objects and methods of our institution to supply. Then we had boarders, from town and elsewhere, who lived with us in a familiar way, sympathized more or less in our theories, and sometimes shared in our labors.

"On the whole, it was a society such as has seldom met together; nor, perhaps, could it reasonably be expected to hold together long. Persons of marked individuality — crooked sticks, as some of us might be called — are not exactly the easiest to bind up into a fagot. But, so long as our union should subsist, a man of intellect and feeling, with a free nature in him, might have sought far and near without finding so many points of attraction as would allure him hitherward. We were of all creeds and opinions, and generally tolerant of all, on every

imaginable subject. Our bond, it seems to me, was not affirmative, but negative. We had individually found one thing or another to quarrel with in our past life, and were pretty well agreed as to the inexpediency of lumbering along with the old system any further. As to what should be substituted, there was much less unanimity. We did not greatly care — at least, I never did — for the written constitution under which our millennium had commenced. My hope was, that, between theory and practice, a true and available mode of life might be struck out; and that, even should we ultimately fail, the months or years spent in the trial would not have been wasted, either as regarded passing enjoyment, or the experience which makes men wise.

"Arcadians though we were, our costume bore no resemblance to the beribboned doublets, silk breeches and stockings, and slippers fastened with artificial roses, that distinguish the pastoral people of poetry and the stage. In outward show, I humbly conceive, we looked rather like a gang of beggars, or banditti, than either a company of honest laboring men, or a conclave of philosophers. Whatever might be our points of difference, we all of us seemed to have come to Blithedale with the one thrifty and laudable idea of wearing out our old clothes. Such garments as had an airing, whenever we strode a-field! Coats with high collars and with no collars, broad-skirted or swallow-tailed, and with the waist at every point between the hip and arm-pit; pantaloons of a dozen successive epochs, and greatly defaced at the knees by the humiliations of the wearer before his lady-love; — in short, we were a living epitome of defunct fashions, and the very raggedest presentment of men who had seen better days. It was gentility in tatters. Often retaining a scholarlike or clerical air, you might have taken us for the denizens of Grub-street, intent on getting a comfortable livelihood by agricultural labor; or Coleridge's projected Pantisocracy in full experiment; or Candide and his motley associates, at work in their cabbage-garden; or any thing else that was miserably out at elbows, and most clumsily patched in the rear. We might have been sworn comrades to Falstaff's ragged regiment. Little skill as we boasted in other points of husbandry, every mother's son of us would have served admirably to stick up for a scarecrow. And the worst of the matter was, that the first energetic movement essential to one downright stroke of real labor was sure to put a finish to these poor habiliments. So we gradually flung them all aside, and took to honest homespun and linsey-woolsey, as preferable, on the whole, to the plan recommended, I think, by Virgil, — '*Ara nudus, sere nudus*,' — which, as Silas Foster remarked, when I translated the maxim, would be apt to astonish the women-folks.

"After a reasonable training, the yeoman life throve well with us. Our faces took the sunburn kindly; our chests gained in compass, and our shoulders in breadth and squareness; our great brown fists looked as if they had never been capable of kid gloves. The plough, the hoe, the scythe, and the hay-fork grew familiar to our grasp. The oxen responded to our voices. We could do almost as fair a day's work as Silas Foster himself, sleep dreamlessly after it, and awake at daybreak with only a little stiffness of the joints, which was usually quite gone by breakfast-time.

"To be sure, our next neighbors pretended to be incredulous as to our real proficiency in the business which we had taken in hand. They told slanderous fables about our inability to yoke our own oxen, or to drive them a-field when yoked, or to release the poor brutes from their conjugal bond at night-fall. They had the face to say, too, that the cows laughed at our awkwardness at milking-time, and invariably kicked over the pails; partly in consequence of our putting the stool on the wrong side, and partly because, taking offence at the whisking of their tails, we were in the habit of holding these natural fly-flappers with one hand, and milking with the other. They further averred that we hoed up whole acres of Indian corn and other crops, and drew the earth carefully about the weeds; and that we raised five hundred tufts of burdock, mistaking them for cabbages; and that, by dint of unskilful planting, few of our seeds ever came up at all, or, if they did come up, it was stern-foremost; and that we spent the better part of the month of June in reversing a field of beans, which had thrust themselves out of the ground in this unseemly way. They quoted it as nothing more than an ordinary occurrence for one or other of us to crop off two or three fingers, of a morning, by our clumsy use of the hay-cutter. Finally, and as an ultimate catastrophe, these mendacious rogues circulated a report that we communitarians were exterminated, to the last man, by severing ourselves asunder with the sweep of our own scythes! — and that the world had lost nothing by this little accident.

"But this was pure envy and malice on the part of the neighboring farmers. The peril of our new way of life was not lest we should fail in becoming practical agriculturists, but that we should probably cease to be any thing else. While our enterprise lay all in theory, we had pleased ourselves with delectable visions of the spiritualization of labor. It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial of worship. Each stroke of the hoe was to uncover some aromatic root of wisdom, heretofore hidden from the sun. Pausing in the field, to let the wind exhale the moisture from our foreheads, we were to look upward, and

catch glimpses into the far-off soul of truth. In this point of view, matters did not turn out quite so well as we anticipated. It is very true that, sometimes, gazing casually around me, out of the midst of my toil, I used to discern a richer picturesqueness in the visible scene of earth and sky. There was, at such moments, a novelty, an unwonted aspect, on the face of Nature, as if she had been taken by surprise and seen at unawares, with no opportunity to put off her real look, and assume the mask with which she mysteriously hides herself from mortals. But this was all. The clods of earth, which we so constantly belabored and turned over and over, were never etherealized into thought. Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish. Our labor symbolized nothing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of the evening. Intellectual activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise. The yeoman and the scholar — the yeoman and the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity — are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or welded into one substance." pp. 74 – 80.

We have no disposition to enter at large on the subject opened by the foregoing extract, yet we may not unaptly crave a moment's heed for reflections which this book forces upon us. Blithedale has left upon our memory only associations of sadness and desolation, and that not alone on account of the tragedy consummated within its domain, but from the utter homelessness of its inmates. The shades wandering on the hither side of the Styx hardly offer a more dreary image to the fancy, than these inmates of the phalanstery on their holidays. We can, indeed, conceive of the relations and affections of life as subsisting in some sort independently of separate homes. The conjugal relation, though fearfully imperilled, might be kept sacred, and the parental tie, if loosened, not wholly dissolved, in the gregarious life which the socialist reformer would have us lead. It has also been pretty fairly demonstrated that there would be not only a more equal diffusion, but a more profuse creation, of the elements of material comfort and enjoyment, did men, women, and children herd together in organized groups, by fifties, hundreds, and thousands. But, after all, there is in human nature an irresistible tendency to the erection of a distinct abode for every household. There are chords of sentiment in every heart, which can respond only to the word HOME. There are profound and

almost universal wants which could be met, there are joys which could be experienced, under no other condition of things.

Domestic life bears a close analogy to the whole system of the universe. In the material creation, every object is at once a centre and a satellite. The sun has its own orbit of revolution, while lesser worlds describe their path around it. The planets, secondaries to the sun, are primaries to their moons. Every object, every particle of matter, itself drawn by mighty attractions, is itself a centre of attraction to surrounding objects or adjacent particles. In human society, almost all are in circumferences, moving around distant centres — with reference to the Supreme Being, all are so. But in his home, every human being is himself a centre, — the parent, of reverence; the child, of love; the dependent, of tender care. Here the little become great, and the obscure are clothed with honor. Those made to feel their insignificance in other relations, grow important here. Those whose outward life seems a blank, have here a life on which others hang with loving interest. Each is here looked upon with distinguishing regard, though elsewhere he may be counted as a unit rather than reckoned as an individual. Nor can we say what multitudes of our race would be given over to the consciousness of an utterly forsaken, neglected, barren, worthless existence, were there not in their homes something to make their life worth living, some dear appreciation on the part of others, some tender offices for them to find happiness in rendering. Never do we feel the blessedness of home more deeply than in looking at a promiscuous group of children. There may be many in the group, filthy, misshapen, ungainly, coarse, awkward; many in whom, individually, no possible self-discipline could awaken in us a spark of tender feeling, and who, in the multitudinous nursery by which socialism proposes to simplify and cheapen the process of juvenile training, would grow up like calves in the stall, nourished with sole reference to what work they might do when grown. But among them all, we may not find an unhappy face; the most squalid or uncouth have not any thing in look or manner that betrays them as objects of pity. For each of them has a

home, where he has a close and a dear place in a few hearts. On the patched garment of that ill-clad urchin, the mother has wrought lovingly, and appended to it some hoarded remnant of obsolete finery, and to her it is not unseemly. The boisterousness of that rude lad is deemed at home the exuberance of good humor and the ebullition of precocious wit; while that girl, who studies hard all day, yet is always at the foot of her class, in the eyes that love her is quiet and unambitious, but by no means stupid. The deformed boy has a little sister who thinks him beautiful, and his misfortune consecrates him to the assiduous offices and cheerful sacrifices of every member of the home circle.

But socialism pleads for its institutions in the name of the poor, and promises to banish pauperism and want from the civilized world whenever it gains supremacy. Yet the extirpation of penury would hardly be a social benefit, if with it were to be rooted up the sympathies and charities which result from the intermingling of the rich and poor. We do not believe that the Creator ever intended that human institutions and arrangements should produce worthy and valuable results independently of individual virtue. It is incident to our probation as moral agents, that the bands, wheels, and pullies of the social machine should be constantly liable to be thrown out of gearing, without weights of our own addition, and compensations of our own devising,—without the unintermitted and earnest exercise of the best powers and the purest affections. It is a wakeful sense of justice, a religious love, an active humanity, that alone can distribute the gifts of God with equity. The only self-adjusting social system must be that of a thoroughly Christianized commonwealth. We look with entire complacency on large accumulations of property by individuals. They have their types in the most beneficent arrangements of nature. Water, without which no plant can grow and no creature live, is not distributed, on the socialistic plan, in equal tiny reservoirs, at brief intervals, but gathered into those deep channels and vast hollows which the Creator has scooped out for it from the solid ground. But as the sun broods over ocean, lake, and river, they yield their trust, to be borne by the winds of heaven, dropped in dew upon the

flower-cup, shed in gentle rain into the hillside spring, poured through the saturated earth into the cottage well; and then, when it has made the desert blossom, and refreshed all the tribes of animated nature, it flows back in paths which it clothes with verdure to the source whence it came. Thus, were the reservoirs of superfluous wealth only open to the rays of Christian benevolence, clouds of mercy would rise, and dews of charity fall, from them unceasingly, — the waste places of humanity would be glad, and there would be springs in the wilderness. The wealth would as now return to its source, and the reservoirs would be kept full; but its whole circuit would be marked by comfort, abundance, and gratitude.

For the very sake of the poor, would we preserve the sacredness and tighten the bonds of domestic life. Home is the laboratory of all generous affections. A voluntarily homeless being is, with the rarest exceptions, intensely selfish. Those who seek no near claims on their kind offices seldom have a heart for the more remote objects of charity. From a little loved or a distracted home, there go forth scanty alms, or none. The relations of domestic life, when enjoyed in their rightful intimacy and tenderness, create a genial good feeling, an overflowing kindness of spirit, which is sure to diffuse its own blessedness in an ever-widening circle. The substitution of barracks for homes, in arresting the fountains of domestic sympathy, would freeze the little rills of charity which now flow round from house to house, and from heart to heart, unite the rich and poor in mutual benefit, and blend the extremes of social life in sincere fellow-feeling, esteem, and love.

Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *A History of the Second Church, or Old North, in Boston, to which is added a History of the New Brick Church, with Engravings.* By Chandler Robbins, Minister of the Second Church. Published by a Committee of the Society. Boston. 1852. 8vo. pp. 320.

The early history of the Colony of Massachusetts is ecclesiastical rather than civil. The Church was identified with the State, — not by express enactment, not by any cunningly devised scheme of theocratic polity, but through the character of the Colonists, and the intentions with which they came hither. One who may be ranked with the Fathers of the Colony, though he was not born till nine years after Winthrop landed, in his "Last Testimony to the Churches," written at the age of eighty-four, says with great solemnity, — "I do declare, that *the principal design* upon which these Colonies were first planted was to profess and practise and enjoy, with undisturbed liberty, the holy religion of God our Saviour, and more particularly to set up churches for our Lord Jesus Christ, that shall keep themselves loyal to him, their glorious king." The body politic was an aggregate of individual churches, or congregations, each one of which acted as a unit, either in colonizing a new town, or in removing from one town to another, till it had found a suitable locality for settlement. Weathersfield, Windsor, and Hartford, in Connecticut, were thus founded by emigrant churches from Massachusetts, — the original type of the proceeding being the removal, in a body, of Mr. Robinson's congregation, first from England to Holland, and afterwards from Holland to Plymouth, in America. It was not that other ties, political and social, did not, then as now, exist and operate; but the church tie, the bond of religious union and brotherhood in Christ, in the eyes of the Puritans of New England, so far transcended in interest and importance all other relations, that the latter sank into comparative insignificance. Religion was not confined to Sundays, but extended over all the days of the week; in like manner, it was not limited to the proper observances of the sanctuary and the closet, but it covered all the purposes, relations, and conduct of life. The state, like every thing else, was made subservient to it. Clergymen were not, indeed, made magistrates or legislators, and were not ambitious of such distinction, which would have been no promotion for

them. But magistrates and legislators came to the clergy for counsel and direction, seeking their aid and guidance in the conduct of the State, just as, in their other or domestic relations, they went to them for ghostly counsel in the management of their families. In fact, the State, in the early days of New England, was only a large family, the magistrates bearing a sort of patriarchal relation to it, with ill-defined but very extensive powers, and the clergy, its spiritual guides, — the province of religion then being deemed coextensive with human affairs, — directing it in every thing. Thus, the State was hardly at all theocratic in form, while it was radically, and almost exclusively, theocratic in essence and principle.

The theocratic *form* hardly anywhere appeared, except in the peculiar regulation, that to be a church-member was a necessary qualification for becoming a freeman or a voter. And this regulation, under the circumstances, was the most natural thing in the world. It was not at all intolerant. The Colony was formed of such materials, that this was the most liberal qualification that could have been devised; for it included nearly all the heads of families and males of mature years, hired servants excepted, who had emigrated for the distinctive purpose for which the Colony was formed. It was no more exclusive or illiberal than the rule universally adopted by such private corporations as banks and trading companies, that none but stockholders shall have a vote in the choice of the directors. When "the principal design" of the emigration was "to set up churches for our Lord Jesus Christ" in the wilderness, none but church-members were likely to join the Colony, and certainly none but church-members ought to have had a voice in the management of its affairs.

But it is not our object to enter into any disquisition upon the early polity of New England. We wished only to explain and justify the remark, that a large portion of our early history must be sought in the records of the churches, and in a careful study of the ecclesiastical system; and, therefore, that publications like this one by Mr. Robbins have here a wider interest and greater relative importance than in any other country in the world. We have too long delayed noticing this particular work, yet not from any lack of appreciation of the value of its contents or its literary merit. The author is the present minister of the Second, or Old North, Church, in Boston, one of the most venerable and remarkable establishments of its class in New England, and one which, in its history and in the lives and characters of the many eminent men who have at different periods ministered to it, may be said to be typical of that class. With a heartfelt interest in the subject, and after patient study of the old records and of the contempora-

neous history of Massachusetts, the writer has given, in perspicuous and graceful language, a very complete and trustworthy account of the earlier and later fortunes of the church, and a loving portraiture of those who have preceded him in its pastoral office. The story which he has had to tell is not one of unbroken prosperity. Through many changes and difficulties, — *per varios casus et tot discrimina rerum*, — the church has come to its present condition of ease and quiet action, though in a comparatively narrow sphere. But to trace its vicissitudes of fortune was not the hardest portion of his task; his subject led him to broach many disputed and delicate themes in history, politics, and theology, all of which he has touched with becoming frankness, yet in a temperate and tolerant disposition, and with the mild words that turn away offence. The volume is deeply imbued, as it should be, with the spirit of Christian piety, but is wholly free from sectarian dogmatism.

The chief interest of the work gathers around the characters of the two Mathers, father and son, who were ministers of the church, the first for sixty-two, and the second for forty-four years. For thirty-nine years, they labored together, as pastor and colleague. No names are better known in the early church history of New England, than those of Increase and Cotton Mather. Few have had more strongly-marked characters, have exerted a wider influence on the men of their generation, or have had so widely different opinions formed of them in the judgment of posterity. We have copious materials on which to found our knowledge of them; their works, which remain both in print and manuscript, are more abundant and voluminous than any one nowadays cares to read. Both kept private diaries, yet extant, in which they seem to have made it a point of religion to record all those inmost thoughts and feelings which ordinary men are not only chary of communicating to others, but are even reluctant to bring out in full consciousness to themselves. Diaries thus written are curious and valuable, from the light which they throw upon the imperfections and infirmities of our common nature; but they should obviously be used with great caution when we are forming an opinion of the diarist himself, as compared with other men, of whose secret purposes and failings we have no such complete record. All men have their weak hours; at times, and under the pressure of peculiar circumstances and temptations, we are all, more or less, simple, credulous, vain, jealous, ambitious, impure, or, perhaps, corrupt.

> "For where's that palace, whereinto foul things
> Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
> But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful ?"

But few men have strength of mind enough to acknowledge these failings, even to themselves, and very few indeed are willing to make a record of them, though with a reservation that it is to be seen by no eyes but their own. But if such diaries are sometimes written, and chance should bring one or two of them to light, let them be viewed as revelations of the general weakness of human nature, and not of the peculiar weakness of the unhappy diarist. Two characters of some distinction in English history have been treated, as we conceive, with great injustice, from neglect of this consideration; we mean Archbishop Laud, and Pepys, the well known Secretary of the Admiralty under Charles II. And among the Americans who have suffered in this way, the strongest case is that of Increase and Cotton Mather.

We are not going into a defence of the characters of these two men; Mr. Robbins has performed this task admirably. We are not sure that their characters need any defence, though President Quincy, in his excellent History of Old Harvard, has brought forward their faults rather more prominently than we could wish. Yet there is no necessary discrepancy between his portraiture of them, and the one which is drawn by the loving hand of a successor of theirs in the pastoral office. There is no discrepancy to one who keeps steadily in view the manifold contradictions and inconsistencies of human nature in general, and of the Mather nature in particular. The whole subject is summed up in the old apologue of the two sides of the shield. Both the Mathers had failings which a child might smile at, and virtues which a saint might admire. Some are led unconsciously, — perhaps by the nature of the work on which they are engaged, — to look solely at the failings; others can see nothing but the virtues. Perhaps a wise man will try to see both.

But Mr. Robbins's book opens so many of our favorite themes for disquisition, that we shall never make an end if we attempt to consider them all. We close abruptly, therefore, by strongly commending his labors to the student of our early New England history, and to the admirer of the virtues of the founders and spiritual fathers of Massachusetts.

2. — *Select British Eloquence, embracing the Best Speeches Entire of the most Eminent Orators of Great Britain, for the Last Two Centuries; with Sketches of their Lives, an Estimate of their Genius, and Notes Critical and Explanatory.* By CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D. D., Professor in Yale College. New York: Harpers. 1852. 8vo. pp. 947.

THIS bulky volume performs more than it promises. It is not only a collection, made with excellent taste and judgment, of the best specimens of English eloquence, whether parliamentary, forensic, or popular, but the biographical and illustrative matter annexed is copious enough to form a tolerable complete political history of England, from Queen Anne's time down to the present day. At any rate, a full acquaintance with the contents of this volume, taking the speeches and the commentary together, would be a very useful appendage to that knowledge of the political events of the period which may be derived from works professedly historical or biographical in their character. It is a proud characteristic of the history of England, that so much of it is contained in the records of parliamentary debate and judicial discussion. The French also excel in eloquence, but their eloquence is adapted to a different purpose; it is not practical, not addressed to the great public questions of the day, and, in great part, not even argumentative. It is varied, discursive, and poetical. A Frenchman speaks to the feelings and the imagination, an Englishman to the judgment and the understanding; the former seeks occasions for eloquence, the latter finds eloquence for great occasions. The aim of the one is to astonish and captivate; of the other, to persuade and convince. A French orator thinks of himself, and an English one of his audience. Chatham and Burke, Fox and the younger Pitt, Canning and Brougham, spoke history, in the severest sense of that phrase. Their speeches do not merely illustrate the annals of their times, but form a component portion of them.

That singular regulation of the two Houses of Parliament, which was strictly enforced for a century or two, and is not nominally rescinded to this day, which forbids the presence of strangers and the publication of the debates, has been one great cause of the practical character of English oratory. It compelled the speakers to confine themselves to the subject and the occasion. Whatever effect they might hope to produce was to be produced within the walls of the house, at the moment of delivery, and upon the minds of those whom they addressed. There was to be no afterclap of their oratory, no

reverberation of it from the popular mind without. As they could not speak to Buncombe, they were compelled to speak to their audience; and the habit, once formed, has continued to this day. We may regret that the rule was so long enforced, because it has deprived us of any record of many great debates, — because it has left us not a fragment of Bolingbroke's speeches, but a few scraps of Walpole's and Pulteney's, and only fragments of the great Lord Chatham's. But this evil had a great countervailing advantage, in view of which, any educated American will exclaim — O that a similar rule had always been enforced in our national Congress! The greatest and most interesting debate that ever took place in *this* assembly is, unfortunately, one of the few that have not been reported at all, — the debate on the Declaration of Independence.

We can see how it is, then, that Professor Goodrich has been able to comprise in a single volume — a very ponderous one, it is true — "the best speeches entire of the most eminent orators of Great Britain for the last two centuries." The whole record of English parliamentary and judicial eloquence, down to the beginning of George the Third's reign, is but a scanty one. It was a habit, in those days, a habit attributable to the cause just mentioned, to make very short speeches. The fox-hunting squires, who occupied most of the benches in the House of Commons under the first two sovereigns of the Brunswick line, would inevitably have gone to sleep under an oration an hour long, and it may be doubted whether even the thunder of the elder Pitt would have disturbed their slumbers. All of Chatham's speeches which are included in this volume, when taken together, hardly equal in length one by Mr. Erskine, that in defence of Hardy. We may observe, however, that the American editor is mistaken when he asserts that "*all* his speeches are here inserted." He has printed but eighteen of them, including the famous one in reply to "old Horace" Walpole, who had charged him with "the atrocious crime of being a young man,"— a speech which, as reported, is not Chatham's, but Dr. Johnson's. An English collection, which is now before us, of the great Earl's speeches, contains twenty-four of them. The six which Professor Goodrich has not seen, or has passed over intentionally, are but imperfectly reported, it is true; but the same may be said of all the others, which he has printed. Among those left out is a very important one, on the preliminary treaty of peace with France and Spain, delivered in November, 1762, and another, on the Duke of Richmond's motion for an inquiry into the state of the nation, in December, 1777.

Less than fifty pages suffice for reprinting all the parliamentary speeches of much note, that were made before Lord Chatham's day.

Among them is Strafford's touching and eloquent plea for his life, with the extracts from which, in Hume's History, all readers are familiar. Among those of a later day, we find all of Burke's speeches which he prepared for the press, except the one on Economical Reform. Fox supplies six, among which are the admirable ones on the Westminster Scrutiny, on the Russian Armament, and on the rejection of Bonaparte's overtures for peace. Only three are taken from Fox's great rival, the younger Pitt, while we find nine of Erskine's unrivalled pleadings at the bar, four speeches by Canning, and five by Brougham. Eight of the celebrated Letters of Junius are inserted, with doubtful propriety, as it seems to us; for they have no better claim to such a place than some of the eloquent political articles in the Edinburgh Review, or many of the "thundering" leaders in The Times newspaper. We grudge any honor paid to Junius, who did well not to allow his mask to be removed, even in the tomb. He was an anonymous libeller, malignant in purpose and savage in hate. Men forget the turpitude of his writings in their curiosity to ascertain his name.

We have said enough to commend Professor Goodrich's volume to the attention of our readers, especially of those who are engaged in directing the rhetorical studies of the young. It is founded mainly on a course of lectures delivered by the editor, in his capacity of Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Yale College. Should it meet with favor, an intimation is given that it may be followed by another volume, made up from a subsequent course of lectures, on American eloquence. The oration of Demosthenes on the Crown supplied a text for a third course, on the principles of oratory and the eloquence of the ancients.

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3. — *A Treatise on Some of the Insects of New England, which are Injurious to Vegetation.* By THADDEUS WILLIAM HARRIS, M. D. Second Edition. Boston. Printed by White & Potter. 1852. 8vo. pp. 513.

WE need not do more than announce the appearance of a revised and enlarged edition of a work so widely known and highly esteemed as Dr. Harris's treatise on the insects which are injurious to vegetation. It was first published about ten years ago, as one of the scientific reports on the Zoölogical and Botanical Survey of Massachusetts, which was executed at the expense of the State. The volume had long

been out of print, and the author having meanwhile collected much fresh material, this new impression of it appears with an addition of about fifty pages to the former contents, and with many changes and improvements in other respects. The plan of the work is an excellent one; it is neither exclusively scientific, nor exclusively practical. The skilful entomologist may derive instruction from it, while it teaches the plain farmer and horticulturist how to get rid of, or abate, many nuisances, which have annually diminished his crops and shortened the lives, besides marring the appearance, of his shrubs and trees. Thus far, we speak only theoretically, and upon the testimony of others; for entomology is to us an occult science, and the only gardens and cultivated fields that we really enjoy are those of our neighbors. But any one can safely maintain that it is pleasanter to read about insects than to hear or feel them; and he who reads only to satisfy a general curiosity, or to wile away the passing hour, will find Dr. Harris's book by no means an uninteresting one. It has really put us in better humor with some of the subjects it treats of — not with all of them; — for after all, they are less offensive and importunate than the flies and grubs of literature, whom it is our vocation to brush away and extirpate. Dr. Harris's style is clear, easy and natural; and in his account of the transformations and habits of the little pests, with which he appears to be so familiar, there is much to interest and instruct the reflecting student and the lover of nature. The farmer and the practical horticulturist will find it for their advantage to have the work constantly at hand for purposes of reference. A large edition of the work has been struck off at the expense of the State, to be circulated gratuitously in our farming towns; but a few copies remain for sale to those who may not be able to avail themselves of this general distribution.

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4. — I. *Historia de la Literatura Española*, por M. G. TICKNOR. *Traducida al Castellano, con Adiciones y Notas Críticas.* Por D. PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS y D. ENRIQUE DE VEDIA.

II. *Geschichte der Schönen Literatur in Spanien*, von GEORG TICKNOR. *Deutsch mit Zusätzen herausgegeben*, von NIKOLAUS HEINRICH JULIUS.

ON the first appearance of Mr. Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, an elaborate review of it was published in this journal. The

judgment then rendered upon its merits was confirmed by the unanimous opinions of the ablest men of letters in this country and in Europe. The English weekly papers and Quarterlies, with more liberal appreciation of American scholarship and talent than is common to them, acknowledged its brilliant character, and set forth its solid merits to their readers. On the continent of Europe, the History met, as was to be expected, with the heartiest acceptance; and now, it has not only superseded all other works upon the same subject, but has become an indispensable authority upon the literature of Spain. The works placed at the head of this notice are translations of it, the one into Spanish, the other into German. The author of the first is Don Pascual de Gayangos, a distinguished scholar of Spain, assisted by Don Enrique de Vedia. Gayangos is particularly well qualified for the work he has undertaken. He lived several years in England, and married an English lady. During his residence there, he was engaged in numerous literary employments, having written articles for the Edinburgh and other Reviews, and for the Penny Cyclopedia. But his principal contributions to literature at this period, were translations from Oriental MSS. for the Oriental Fund Society, especially "The History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain," extracted from the "Nafhu-t-tib min Ghosni-l-Andalusi-r-Rattib wa tarikh Lisanu-d-din ibni-l-Khattìb" (we like to give the whole name) of Ahmed Ibn Mohammed Al-Makkari, and published in 1840, in two quartos. He was afterwards made Professor of Arabic in the University of Madrid, and member of the Academy of History, and has been much occupied in collecting Arabic MSS. relating to Spanish history, both in Spain and Africa. His acquaintance with Spanish literature, and with all Oriental learning bearing upon it, is exact and profound; and his knowledge of English is not limited by the current literature of the day, but embraces the study of the earliest authors, as is shown by the allusions and illustrations in his notes. He is said to write and speak the language with the ease and elegance of a native. Mr. Ticknor, in his preface, speaks of him as "certainly, in his peculiar department, among the most eminent scholars now living, and one to whose familiarity with whatever regards the literature of his own country, the frequent references in his notes bear a testimony not to be mistaken."

The two volumes before us contain a translation of the original, including the first volume, and to p. 332 of the second. The translation is free, but faithful; and the numerous and valuable notes, with which Mr. Ticknor enriched his pages, are given entire, with few exceptions. In the terse and modest preface of the translators, they say, that instead of following the beaten path of eulogizing their author, they think it

better to leave the appreciation of his merits to the good taste and judgment of the readers of his work. They also acknowledge his courtesy in sending them the original sheets, and transmitting important corrections and additions which do not appear in the New York and London editions. The very few points in which they differ from the American author, they have discussed in the notes accompanying each volume, where they have also added whatever, in their judgment, would serve to complete and illustrate the work. The additions in the notes are not very considerable or important; in the appendices, the editors have published numerous extracts from books, both printed and in manuscript, which, however, though not without interest, add little or nothing to the illustration of the great features of the national literature, as delineated by Mr. Ticknor. These additions are intended, we presume, for the Spanish readers of the work, and they will amount to an entire volume. It is obvious that matter of this kind might be accumulated to any extent; but its accumulation would alter the proportions of the work, and the interest of the reader of literary history would be lost in a labyrinth of details, of no great attraction except as curiosities. It is gratifying to find — what, indeed, we had no doubt of before — that so able a native scholar as Gayangos has had so few occasions to correct our author, or even to differ from him in opinion. We do not profess to judge the style of this translation; but it appears to be flowing and elegant, and, while not adhering to the original, word for word, it sacrifices nothing of the meaning, and by its very freedom shows that the translator is treading a path already familiar to him. We shall look with eagerness for the continuation, which will commence at one of the most interesting points in Spanish literature — the life and works of Calderon.

The German translation completes the work. It is made by Dr. N. H. Julius, a gentleman of varied literary acquirements, and known besides for his researches on the subject of prison discipline, and other similar branches of social economy. He travelled through the United States in 1834 – 5 – 6, and after his return to Prussia, published an able work under the title of "*Nord-Amerikas Sittliche Zustände*," in which were embodied his observations during the three years of his American travels.* Dr. Julius prefixes to his volumes a biographical sketch of his author, in the main correct, we believe, and very

* There is an amusing misprint in his account of a negro celebration, held in Cincinnati, on the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in New York. Describing the procession, he says there were banners with mottoes, one of which was the following: —

" Though our shin be dark as shades of night,
Our souls are fair, our hearts are white."

interesting; and he has added a considerable amount of matter to the notes and appendices. He acknowledges himself, in the preface, to be indebted to the communication, from the author, of additions and corrections, and especially for a new and enlarged account of the distinguished poet, Luis de Leon; next, to the translation of Mr. Gayangos, which reached him while his own was in the press, from which he has reprinted the additional materials. Besides these, he has availed himself of the new edition of the *Romancero General*, published at Madrid by Don Augustin Duran; of Dozy's Political and Literary History of Spain during the Middle Ages, published at Leyden in 1849, drawn chiefly from Arabic sources; of Schack's German History of Dramatic Literature and Art in Spain, which reached Mr. Ticknor while his own work was passing through the press; and of the new work on the collection of Spanish ballads found in the University Library at Prague, by Ferdinand Wolf, an eminent scholar in Vienna, much occupied with Spanish literature for many years. These are the principal sources from which Dr. Julius has drawn whatever new materials he has added to his translation. The appendices contain an essay written by him, on the Asturian dialect, illustrated by a poetical dialogue, and several popular ballads communicated to Duran by Don Jose Pidal; and a biography of Böhl von Faber, a Hamburg scholar and merchant, who resided long in Spain, and exercised a great influence over the literary taste of the country. This gentleman was the first to translate into Spanish the critical views of Schlegel on Calderon, and thus to contribute powerfully to the overthrow of the old French classical despotism on the stage. To this he added many original articles, all tending to the same end of vindicating the ancient Spanish theatre, and driving out the French style, which had usurped the dominion of taste with the accession of the Bourbons. The labors of this scholar-merchant gave direction to the studies of Duran, and in various other ways exercised a great influence upon the poetical spirit of the present century. He died in 1836, at the age of 66 years.

Dr. Julius has added to the notes numerous references to works published since the first appearance of the original; and, here and there, a literary notice of interest and value. For the most part, however, these additions are only of value to the German scholar. Like Mr. Gayangos, he has had no occasion to make any important corrections, or to differ materially in judgment from Mr. Ticknor. The translation is faithfully executed, being closer to the original than that of Mr. Gayangos. This is partly owing to the German principles of translation, and partly to the nearer relationship between the German and English.

Both works are valuable contributions to the literature of their seve-

ral countries, and contain striking testimonials to the learning, accuracy, and taste of our countryman. No literary production of the United States has brought more honor to the American name, among the scholars of Europe, than the History of Spanish Literature.

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5. — *Woman's Record, or Sketches of all Distinguished Women, from "the Beginning" till A. D.* 1850," *arranged in Four Eras, with Selections from Female Writers of Every Age.* By SARAH JOSEPHA HALE, Editor of the Lady's Book, Author of Northwood, &c. Illustrated by 230 Portraits, engraved on Wood, by Lossing and Barritt. New York: Harpers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 904.

WE know not upon what principles the materials of this ponderous but handsome volume were compiled. Large as it is, it is not comprehensive enough, or sufficiently minute and precise in the information it affords, for a Female Biographical Dictionary; and it also contains much matter which would be foreign to the purpose of such a work. The rules of proportion, moreover, are not very skilfully observed. Only 150 pages are given to the first two eras, — that is, to all the distinguished women who lived before A. D. 1500; if the chronological order had been preserved, this portion of the Record would begin with Eve, the common mother, and end with Isabella of Castile. But the names are arranged alphabetically under each of the four eras, an order which is very inconvenient for reference, and which gives rise to some droll juxtapositions, if the book be read continuously, or like any other volume except a dictionary. The biography of Eve, for instance, is immediately preceded by one of Eurydice, and followed by one of Flora, "a famous courtezan of Rome." On the other hand, the notices of the remarkable women of the fourth era, all of whom are now living, occupy 337 pages, or considerably more than one third of the whole; and the editor's patriotic spirit, or greater familiarity with the subject, has tempted her to give the larger portion of this space to American female writers. If the women of the first two eras had been left out altogether, and the remainder of the work condensed, by omitting those notices which contain nothing but the record of a name and one or two insignificant facts, the book would have lost nothing, would have gained in unity of purpose and interest, and would not be quite so formidable in its dimensions.

We do not think the illustrations deserve all the praise that the editor gives them, though a number of them are good specimens of engraving on wood. But this kind of engraving is not so well adapted for portraits, as for scenes which admit striking contrasts of light and shade. It may reasonably be doubted, we suppose, whether the portraits of Semiramis, Andromache, and Tomyris are authentic; and if some of the others are not counterfeit, they ought to be, for they are hideous enough to be libels upon the sex. Most of the persons commemorated being authors, Mrs. Hale has illustrated the notices of their lives by extracts from their writings; and the selections being usually made with good taste, the volume contains a fair amount of interesting miscellaneous reading. The extracts from the living female poets of America are more copious than is just to their distinguished contemporaries in Great Britain; but as the book is probably intended for circulation in this country only, such partiality will render it more popular.

With regard to the excellence and the rights of women, Mrs. Hale propounds a somewhat novel theory. She has too much good sense to advocate the movement for emancipating the sex from all the restraints, whether of legal enactments or of fashionable garments, which are now imposed upon them. She even admits that man is the *intellectual* lord of creation; but she insists that, *morally*, woman is his superior. She holds to a sort of modified Calvinism, admitting "the fall" of man, but not of woman. Men are "totally depraved," but women are only partially so, and some of them have "saving grace" enough to redeem themselves and their husbands to boot. This doctrine she supports both from reason and Scripture. Woman was created *last*, and "every step in the creation had been in the ascending scale." Eve ate the apple, it is true; but Adam was "with her" when she ate it, because the serpent spoke to them in the plural number. And "the decision was, apparently, left to her. The woman led, the man followed. Which showed the greatest spiritual power, the controlling energy of mind?" The trial of the guilty pair came, and woman meekly confessed her fault, and was the first to receive sentence. "Her doom was sad, but not degrading." She was to suffer sorrow for her children, and be subject to her husband; "yet a promise of wondrous blessings for her seed preceded her sentence." "Not so with Adam;" he shuffled, and prevaricated, and tried to throw all the blame upon his wife. His sentence, therefore, was addressed to the material rather than the spiritual part of his nature. Mrs. Hale expresses it sharply, evidently thinking his fate was good enough for him: — "like a felon, he was condemned to hard

labor for life, on the ground cursed for his sake." As to the doctrine of St. Paul upon this subject, most advocates of woman's rights get over it by saying dogmatically that he was an old bachelor, and knew nothing about the matter. But Mrs. Hale thinks he has been greatly misunderstood; and that, rightly interpreted, his words bear out the true theory. His directions concerning woman's apparel, she maintains, reveal very clearly her high spiritual office. "*She must not uncover her head;* while he is commanded to uncover his. Is it not the privilege of the *superior*," she asks triumphantly, "to remain covered in the presence of the *inferior?*" The Italics, as well as the words, are Mrs. Hale's; and we confess that the question must be answered affirmatively.

We had some doubt, at first, about the correctness of this theory. But we have now high domestic authority for saying, that it is "very sensible doctrine indeed, and as true as the book."

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6. — *Japan: an Account Geographical and Historical, from the Earliest Period at which the Islands composing this Empire were known to Europeans, down to the Present Time, and the Expedition fitted out by the United States, etc.* By CHARLES MAC FARLANE, Esq., Author of "British India," "Life of Wellington," etc., etc. With Numerous Illustrations. New York: George P. Putnam & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. 365.

THIS is by far the most thorough account of what is known of the Japanese Empire, that we have ever seen within similar compass; and, though there is more of juvenile *brusquerie* in the style than we could have anticipated from a writer whose works authorize a double etc., it is a very easy and pleasant book to read. It is ostensibly and apparently accurate in detail, and carefully minute in statistics, so far as they are attainable. But while it justifies by undoubted facts the grounds on which the Japanese have been deemed among the most marvellous specimens of social humanity, it exhibits in the Dutch still more astonishing capabilities; for the absurdities which swarm alike in the domestic life, the industrial habits, and the public administration of the empire cease to surprise us, in comparison with the meannesses, straitnesses, privations, and systematized insults to which the Dutch submit, as the sole condition of the mercantile occupancy of an islet 600 feet long and 240 broad. It is perfectly evident that the

Japanese regard themselves as on the summit level of civilization, and apprehend deteriorizing influences from foreign intercourse. In default of an object so sacred as the forcing of opium upon their consumption, it is hardly probable that any attempt will be made forcibly to open their ports to European or American commerce. In case of such an enterprise, Japan would offer a much stronger resistance than China did, both on account of the vast extent, and the limited accessibleness at any one point, of its insular coast, and the superior bravery of its people. We are glad to be assured, by the last Message of the President of the United States, that no hostile demonstration is intended in the Japanese Expedition now in the process of fitting out. The design simply is, to facilitate negotiation by an imposing show of force in the armament, and of art, skill, genius, luxury, and munificence in the presents with which it is charged to the imperial court. But we fear that the *nil admirari* habit sits too strongly on court and nation, to be disturbed even by the "ten miles of railroad," or the most costly achievements of barbarian handicraft.

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7. — *A Memorial of Daniel Webster, from the City of Boston.* Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 8vo.

This beautiful volume is one of great immediate interest, and hereafter will be sought for as a precious record of the feelings called out by the death of Mr. Webster, in the city where he was best known. It contains an article, reprinted from the Boston Courier, of October 20th, only four days before the sad event which it foreshadowed, although it seems to have been the first warning which roused the public attention to a great impending calamity. This is followed by a sketch of Mr. Webster's last illness and death, from the pen of George Ticknor, Esq., the lifelong and faithful friend of the great deceased. The main body of the volume is taken up with the account of the most solemn and affecting meeting of the citizens of Boston, on the day following the death; the eloquent and moving speeches delivered on that occasion; the proceedings of public bodies in the city, and the addresses in which various members spontaneously poured out their emotions; the proceedings, speeches, and resolutions of literary and scientific bodies, such as the School Committee, and the American Academy; the proceedings and addresses in the Courts, in which the most eloquent

advocates expressed their sense of bereavement in the loss of him who was the brightest ornament of the bar; an account of the funeral at Marshfield on the 29th, and the simple and singularly appropriate address by the officiating clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Alden; and finally, the public solemnities, held in the city of Boston, on the 30th of November, with the eulogy delivered by the Hon. G. S. Hillard. This discourse possesses the highest and the rarest merits. It shows a careful study and a thorough appreciation of Mr. Webster's character, which is analyzed with masterly ability, and delineated with a clearness and simplicity beautifully harmonizing with the subject. The style has the transparent purity of the best days of the English language, and at the same time, is marked by manly strength and force. In the statements there is no exaggeration, no intensity of expression; but all that is said is strictly within the limits of sober truth, and is expressed with exquisite refinement of phrase. In some passages, the feeling of the moment, too strong to be kept down to the general tone on which the discourse is pitched, rises to fervid eloquence. The closing passages are among the finest ever spoken in Faneuil Hall. No one in the vast throng that crowded its floor, platform, and galleries, will ever forget the solemn and imposing scene of mourning presented by the Hall, clothed in the sable drapery of woe, the scattered lights contrasting with the heavy shadows that fell across the silent multitudes, as they listened breathlessly to the words of the speaker. But we need not dwell either on the scene or the discourse. Both live in the memories of all who shared in the mourning pageantry — heartfelt as pageantry never was before. The eulogy has been read all over the country, and will be read as long as Mr. Webster's name shall be known among men.

The sketch of the last days of Mr. Webster, by Mr. Ticknor, is drawn up with delicacy and tenderness of feeling. It presents a most impressive picture of the most memorable death-bed in history. We close this notice with a somewhat long extract. We are sure our readers will agree with us that we could lay before them nothing more interesting.

"The day when the preparation of the will was completed — Thursday — was one in which Mr. Webster had attended to much public business, besides giving his usual careful directions about every thing touching his household and his large estate. It was intended, therefore, to postpone the final signing and execution of that paper until the next morning; more especially as his forenoons were uniformly more comfortable than the later portions of the day. But, in the afternoon, his complaint assumed a new and more formidable character. Blood was suddenly ejected from his stomach. The symptom

was decisive. He fixed an intensely scrutinizing look upon Dr. Jeffries, — his attending physician and personal friend, — and inquired what it was? He was answered that it came from the diseased part. 'What *is* it?' he repeated, with the same piercing look, and then, without waiting for a reply, added, '*That* is the enemy; — if you can conquer *that*' — he was interrupted by a recurrence of the attack, but his mind, it was obvious, was already made up. He knew that his time must be short, and that whatever he had to do, must be done quickly.

"He determined, therefore, at once to execute his will. It was made ready and brought to him. He ascertained that its provisions and arrangements were entirely satisfactory to the persons most interested in them, and then, having signed it with a larger boldness and freedom in the signature than was common to him, he folded his hands together, and said solemnly, 'I thank God for strength to perform a sensible act.' In a full voice, and with a most reverential manner, he went on and prayed aloud for some minutes, ending with the Lord's Prayer, and the ascription, 'And now unto God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be praise forever more. Peace on earth, and good will towards men;' — after which, clasping his hands together, as at first, he added, with great emphasis, — '*That* is the happiness — the essence — *Good wil towards men.*'

"Much exhausted with the effort, he desired all but Dr. Jeffries and a favorite colored nurse, who had long been in his service, to leave the room, that he might rest. But, before he slept, he said, 'Doctor, you look sober. You think I shall not be here in the morning. But I shall. I shall greet the morning light.'

"The next forenoon, he repeated a similar assurance to his kind and faithful physician, who, as he thought, again looked sad, though he was only overcome with fatigue and long watching. 'Cheer up, Doctor — cheer up — I shall not die to-day. You will get me along *to-day.*' And so he went on through Friday, giving comfort and kind thoughts to all who surrounded him. In the course of the morning, he attended to the public business that needed immediate care, and gave directions for every thing about his farm and household as usual, and, in the evening sent for the person who managed his affairs, and directed him, with more than his customary exactness, concerning all arrangements for the next day.

"But when the next day — Saturday — came, he felt as he had not felt before. He felt that it was his *last* day. About eight o'clock in the morning, therefore, he desired that all in the room should leave it, except Dr. Jeffries, who had been his physician for a long period, and who had now been in constant attendance on him, living in the house, for above a week. During the night Mr. Webster perceived that he had grown weaker by excessive loss of blood from the stomach. He had just suffered afresh in the same way. But when he was certain that he was alone with his professional adviser, and that no loving ear would be pained by what he should say, he spoke in a perfectly clear and even voice, but with much solemnity of manner, and said, 'Doctor, you have carried me through the night. I think you will get me through the day. I shall die to-night.' The faithful physician, much moved, said, after a

pause, 'You are right, Sir.' Mr. Webster then went on: — 'I wish you, therefore, to send an express to Boston for some younger person to be with you. *I shall die to-night.* You are exhausted, and must be relieved. Who shall it be?' Dr. Jeffries suggested a professional brother, Dr. J. Mason Warren, adding that he was the son of an old and faithful friend of Mr. Webster. Mr. Webster replied instantly, 'Let him be sent for.'

"Dr. Jeffries left the room to prepare a note for the purpose, and, on returning, found that Mr. Webster had made all the arrangements necessary for its despatch, having given minute directions who should go; — what horse and what vehicle he should use; — what road he should follow; — where he should take a fresh relay; — and how he should execute his errand on reaching the city. He also desired that provision should be made for summoning some other professional friend, if Dr. Warren could not be found, or could not come; and on being told that this, too, had been foreseen and cared for, he seemed much gratified, and said emphatically, 'Right, right.'

"After some repose, he conversed with Mrs. Webster, with his son, and with two or three other of the persons nearest and dearest to him in life, in the most affectionate and tender manner, not concealing from them his view of the approach of death, but consoling them with religious thoughts and assurances, as if support were more needful for their hearts than for his own. On different occasions, in the course of the day, he prayed audibly. Oftener, he seemed to be in silent prayer and meditation. But, at all times, he was quickly attentive to whatever was doing or need to be done. He gave detailed orders for the adjustment of whatever in his affairs required it, and superintended and arranged every thing for his own departure from life, as if it had been that of another person, for whom it was his duty to take the minutest care.

"After nightfall, he received at his bedside each member of his family and household, the friends gathered under his roof, and the servants, most of whom having been long in his service had become to him as affectionate and faithful friends. It was a solemn and religious parting, in which, while all around him were overwhelmed with sorrow, he preserved his accustomed equanimity, speaking to each words of appropriate kindness and consolation which they will treasure hereafter among their most precious and life-long possessions.

"During the whole course of his illness, Mr. Webster never spoke of his disease or of his sufferings, except in the most general terms, or in order to give information to his medical advisers; but it was plain to Dr. Jackson, who was twice called in consultation; to Dr. Warren, who was with him during the last night of his life; and to Dr. Jeffries, who was his constant attendant from the first, that he noted and understood every thing that related to his condition, and its successive changes. His conversation on this, as on all other subjects, was perfectly easy and simple; — the deep tones of his voice remained unchanged; — his gentleness was uniform; — and the expressions of his affection to those who approached him, and even to those who were absent, but who were carefully remembered by him in messages of kindness, were true, tender, and faithful to the end. No complaint escaped from him; nor did he show the least impatience under his infirmities, or the least reluct-

ance to die. He felt the value and the power of life, and he was full of love for his home, and for all that surrounded him there and made him happy. But his submission to the will of God was entire. He said, on one occasion, "I shall lie here patiently until I die;" and he did so. But, through those wearisome days, he preserved his natural manner in every thing, and maintained, without effort, those just and true relations between himself and all persons, things, and occurrences about him, which through life had marked him so strongly and had given such dignity and power to his character.

"From the morning of Saturday, when he had announced to his attendant — what nobody, until that time had intimated — that he 'should die that night,' the whole strength of his great faculties seemed to be directed to obtain for him a plain and clear perception of his onward passage to another world, and of his feelings and condition at the precise moment when he should be entering its confines. Once, being faint, he asked if he were not *then* dying? and on being answered that he was not, but that he was near to death, he replied simply, 'Well;' as if the frank aud exact reply were what he had desired to receive. A little later, when his kind physician repeated to him that striking text of Scripture, — 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me," — he seemed less satisfied, and said, 'Yes;'— but the *fact*, the *fact* I want;" — desiring to know if he were to regard these words as an intimation, that he was *already* within that dark valley. On another occasion, he inquired whether it were likely that he should again eject blood from his stomach before death, and being told that it was improbable, he asked, 'Then *what* shall you do?' Being answered that he would be supported by stimulants, and rendered as easy as possible by the opiates that had suited him so well, he inquired, at once, if the stimulant should not be given *immediately;* anxious again to know if the hand of death were not *already* upon him. And on being told, that it would not be *then* given, he replied, '*When* you give it to me, I shall know that I may drop off at once.'

"Being satisfied on this point, and that he should, therefore, have a final warning, he said, a moment afterwards, 'I will, then, put myself in a position to obtain a little repose.' In this he was successful. He had intervals of rest to the last; but on rousing from them, he showed that he was still intensely anxious to preserve his consciousness, and to watch for the moment and act of his departure, so as to comprehend it. Awaking from one of these slumbers, late in the night, he asked distinctly if he were alive, and on being assured that he was, and that his family was collected around his bed, he said, in a perfectly natural tone, as if assenting to what had been told him, because he himself perceived that it was true, 'I still live.' These were his last coherent and intelligible words. At twenty-three minutes before three o'clock, without a struggle or a groan, all signs of life ceased to be visible; his vital organs giving way at last so slowly and gradually as to indicate, — what every thing during his illness had already shown, — that his intellectual and moral faculties still maintained an extraordinary mastery amidst the failing resources of his physical constitution.

"And so there passed out of this world one of its great, beneficent, and controlling spirits. As the sun rose on that quiet Sabbath morning, the expected, yet dreaded event, was announced as a public calamity, first, by the solemn discharge of minute guns, and afterwards by the tolling of bells, over a large part of the land — a spontaneous outbreak of the general feeling at the loss all had suffered. How heavily it fell on the hearts of men in this city, where he was best known, and especially what deep grief, mingled with bitter recollections of the past, and anxious forebodings for the future, marked each of the three memorable days, — consecrated as no three similar days ever were consecrated among us, to public mourning, — may be partly gathered from the records which this volume is intended to collect and preserve. The rest — little of which can be recorded — will dwell, among their saddest and most sacred thoughts, in the memories of all who shared in the moving services of those solemn occasions, or who gathered around that peaceful, sea-girt grave, and will be transmitted by them to their children, as the warning traditions of a great national sorrow."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Essays and Tales in Prose. By Barry Cornwall. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Private Life of Daniel Webster. By Charles Lanman. New York: Harpers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 205.

A New England Tale and Miscellanies. By Catherine M. Sedgwick, Author of "Hope Leslie," etc. New York: George P. Putnam. 1852. 12mo. pp. 388.

"To Daimonion," or the Spiritual Medium; its Nature Illustrated by the History of its Uniform Mysterious Manifestation when unduly excited; in Twelve Familiar Letters to an Inquiring Friend. By Travers Oldfield. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1852. 16mo. pp. 157.

The Industrial Resources, etc., of the Southern and Western States: embracing a View of the Commerce, Agriculture, Manufactures, Internal Improvements, Slave and Free Labor, Slavery Institutions, Products, etc., of the South, together with Historical and Statistical Sketches of the Different States and Cities of the Union, Statistics of the Commerce and Manufactures of the United States, etc., with an Appendix. By J. D. B. De Bow. 1852. 3 vols. 8vo.

Cornelius Nepos, with Notes Historical and Explanatory. By Charles Anthon, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. New York: Harpers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 391.

The Gentle Shepherd: a Pastoral Comedy. By Allan Ramsay. With a Life of the Author, and the Opinion of Many Eminent Men on the Work. To which is added a greatly Improved Glossary, and a Catalogue of the Scottish Poets. New York: William Gowans. 1852. 12mo. pp. 105.

Village Life in Egypt: with Sketches of the Saïd. By Bayle St. John, Author of "Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family," &c. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

Analytical Physics, or Trinology: A New Theory of Physical Science. By Robert Forfar. London: H. Bailliere. 1852. 12mo. pp. 119.

The First Epistle of John practically explained. By Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated from the German by Mrs. H. H. Conant. New York: Lewis Colby. 1852. 12mo. pp. 319.

History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. The American Revolution. Second Epoch. How Great Britain estranged America. 1763–1774. By George Bancroft. Vol. V. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1852. 8vo.

The Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States: with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations, by his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Vols. VI. and VII. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1852. 8vo.

Chambers's Pocket Miscellany. Vols. VI. and VII. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1852. 16mo.

Narrative and Miscellaneous Papers. By Thomas De Quincy, Author of "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, By W. H. C. Bartlett, LL. D. II. Acoustics. III. Optics. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1852. 8vo. pp. 360.

Footsteps of Our Forefathers: what they suffered and what they sought; describing Localities and portraying Personages and Events Conspicuous in the Struggles for Religious Liberty. By James G. Miall. Thirty-Six Illustrations, by Anclay, from Sketches by the Author, engraved by Dickes. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1852. 12mo. pp. 352.

Discourses on the Christian Body and Form. By C. A. Bartol, Junior Minister of the West Church in Boston. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. 376.

History of Romulus. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harpers. 1852. 16mo. pp. 310.

Palissy the Potter. The Life of Barnard Palissy of Saintes, his Labors and Discoveries in Arts and Science, with an Outline of his Philosophical Doctrines, and a Translation of Illustrative Selections from his Works. By Henry Morley. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles. New York: Harpers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 264.

An Essay on the Trial by Jury. By Lysander Spooner. Boston: Bela Marsh. 1852. 8vo. pp. 224.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution; or Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Scenery, Biography, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence. By Benson J. Lossing. With Six Hundred Engravings on Wood, by Lossing and Barritt, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author. New York: Harpers. 1852. 8vo.

Letter to Lord Mahon, being an Answer to his Letter addressed to the Editor of Washington's Writings. By Jared Sparks. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1852. 8vo. pp. 48.

Annual Report of the Boston Society for the Prevention of Pauperism. October 1, 1852. Boston: John Wilson & Son. 1852. 8vo. pp. 20.

Bulletin of the American Geographical and Statistical Society. Incorporated May 22, 1852. Vol. I. For the Year 1852. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1852. 8vo.

A First Letter to Rev. S. R. Maitland, D. D., formerly Librarian to the Late Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Genuineness of the Writings ascribed to Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage. By the Rev. E. J. Shepherd, A. M., Rector of Luddestown. London: Longmans. 1852. 8vo. pp. 43.

A Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and Others, on the Mode of editing the Writings of Washington. By Jared Sparks. Also, a Review of

of Lord Mahon's History of the American Revolution. From the North American Review for July, 1852. London: Trübner & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. 89.

A Eulogy on the Life and Character of Henry Clay, delivered before the Students of Dartmouth College. October 15, 1852. By S. G. Brown, D. D., Professor of Oratory, etc., in Dartmouth College. Boston: Printed by John Wilson & Son. 1852. 8vo. pp. 42.

Nature in Disease. An Address before the Norfolk District Medical Society of Massachusetts; at the Annual Meeting, May 12, 1852. By B. E. Cotting, M. D. Printed by Vote of the Society. Boston: David Clapp. 1852. 8vo. pp. 12.

An Address delivered at the Dedication of the New Building of Bristol Academy, in Taunton, August 25, 1852, by C. C. Felton, Professor in Harvard University. With an Appendix, containing an Historical Sketch of the Academy, an Account of the Festival, and a List of the Trustees and Preceptors. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1852. 8v. pp. 54.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of Daniel Webster. By H. A. Boardman, D. D. Philadelphia: Joseph M. Wilson. 1852. pp. 64.

Philip Doddridge, his Life and Labors; a Centenary Memorial. By John Stoughton. With an Introductory Chapter, by James G. Miall. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 16mo. pp. 222.

Handbooks of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. By Dionysius Lardner, D. C. L. Second Course. Heat, Magnetism, Common Electricity, Voltaic Electricity. Illustrated by upwards of 200 Engravings on Wood. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1853. 12mo. pp. 451.

A New Method of finding the Longitude, at Sunrise, Sunset, and at Noon. By William Leavitt, Teacher of Navigation. Second Edition. Salem: H. Whipple & Son. 1853. 8vo. pp. 8.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLIX.

APRIL, 1853.

ART. I.—1. *Rapport adressé à M. le Garde des Sceaux*, HÉBERT, *par M. le Procureur du Roi*, BOUCLY; *suivi du Procès intenté par* M. LIBRI *contre le Gérant du Moniteur Universel à l'Occasion de la Publication de ce Rapport et contre le Gérant du National en Raison d'un Article inséré dans le N° du 5 Avril*, 1848. Paris: Pancoucke, Rue des Poitevins, 14. 1850. 8vo. pp. 14.

2. *Réponse de* M. LIBRI *au Rapport de* M. BOUCLY, *publié dans le Moniteur Universel du* 19 *Mars*, 1848. Paris: chez tous les Libraires. 1848. 8vo. pp. 115.

3. *Lettres à* M. HATTON, *Juge d'Instruction au sujet de l'Incroyable Accusation intentée contre* M. LIBRI, *contenant de Curieux Détails sur toute cette Affaire; par* M. PAUL LACROIX, (*Bibliophile Jacob,*) *Membre de la Commission des Monumens Historiques et du Comité des Documens Inédits de l'Histoire de France.* Paris: Paulin, Rue Richelieu, 68. 1849. 8vo. pp. 64.

4. *Lettre à* M. PAUL LACROIX, (*Bibliophile Jacob,*) *contenant un Curieux Épisode de l'Histoire des Bibliothèques Publiques, avec quelques Faits Nouveaux relatifs à* M. LIBRI *et à l'Odieuse Persécution dont il est l'Objet; par* ACHILLE JUBINAL, *Ex-Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Montpellier.* Paris. 1849. 8vo., pp. 14.

5. *De la Necessité de commencer, achever, et publier le Cata-*

logue Général des Livres Imprimés. Par M. Paulin Paris. Paris. 1847. 8vo. pp. 63.

The history of the progress of polite learning, after its revival from the death-like trance in which it had been wrapped for so many ages, differs but little, perhaps, from that of the growth of many natural objects. While its youth was marked by but few incidents, maturity has brought the usual train of parasitical excrescences that ever attend success and continued triumph. If there be any truth in the old prediction, that the thirtieth century will find the world enveloped in a darkness more profound than that from which it was just emerging when the first book from the press of Guttenberg and Faust was issued, the career of letters may well be likened to that of the oak tree, to which three centuries are assigned to grow, as many to flourish, and three more in which to decline and gradually moulder away; so that, when a thousand years have come and gone,

> "The oak, that in summer was sweet to hear,
> And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
> And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
> Is gone, — and the birch in its stead has grown."

In the days of its youth, when all its nutriment was needed to cherish its lusty growth, no ivy clung to its sides, no mistletoe-bough waved from its wide-spreading branches; but no sooner has its progress ceased, and it lifts on high its gigantic head, the stately monarch of the forest, than these parasites begin to batten on its vital juices, and to increase upon riches not their own.

And so it has been with the progress of literature. For very many years after the invention of printing, it was enough if a taste for learning was diffused over the length and breadth of the civilized world. Mankind had other employments than to devote their days and hours to the collection of volumes which they would not, or could not, read. There was too much of action in the life of those days for the indulgence of such habitudes; and the formation of libraries was confined entirely to the ranks of the learned. Besides, when there was but a single edition of a work, there could be no controversy

about the *editio princeps*, or the *editio optima*. But the spirit of that most fascinating of all artificial tastes — Bibliomania — is founded upon an everlasting passion of the human heart; and it waited but the hour when peace and prosperity should have sufficiently spread their influence, to develop itself in all its glory, and to establish a permanent position among the national refinements of all Christendom.

Had we time to dwell on the subject, we might trace this madness of book-collecting to a very remote date, and give it a pedigree almost as respectable as that of the Gascon gentleman, who, claiming descent from an "original inhabitant" of the Garden of Eden, looked down in secret scorn upon the large body of mankind who come from "that *parvenu*, Adam." History, from age to age, gives us casual glimpses of the libraries of days gone by, from the countless tomes of the Ptolemies down to those few choice volumes, valued at more than a king's ransom, which the royal care of the great Alfred gathered together on the soil of Britain. The phrase, attributed to Julian, well expresses the feeling of a genuine collector: — "*Alii quidem equos amant, alii aves, alii feras; mihi vero a puerulo mirandum acquirendi et possidendi libros insedit desiderium.*" And we are all familiar with Chaucer's description of a *bibliophile* of his own days, who

> "Would rather have at his bed-head
> A twenty books, y-clothed in black or red,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
> Than robes rich, rebeck, or psaltery."

It was not, however, until the habit of collecting books and forming libraries had become well established, and, so to speak, *fashionable*, that the extreme refinements of bibliography came into vogue. Perhaps the birth of the new "science," (as it is fondly styled by its votaries,) in Great Britain, may be dated from the earlier part of the last century, when Mead, Harley, Sir Hans Sloane, and others, laid the foundations of collections that have since become of national importance. It is to the last named, for instance, that we owe the origin of the British Museum. Foremost among them was the celebrated Dr. Askew, who in reality was the first man, as far as we know, that collected upon the received principles of the present day. His

immense library was rich to excess in copies, printed on vellum and on large paper, of the rarest editions, particularly of the Classics; and long after his death, an *exemplar Askevianum* was sure to bring its full price in the market. We believe his Aldine Plato, (*editio princeps* of 1513, in two volumes folio,) printed on the purest vellum, is still regarded as one of the choicest books in the world. The sale of his library (*apud S. Baker et G. Leigh, in vico dicto York-street, Covent Garden, Februar*, 1775,) occupied twenty days, and it brought what was then considered a high price; one of the highest, we believe, being that paid for the Tezeide of Boccacio, (Ferar. 1475,) which sold for eighty-five pounds. Many amusing anecdotes are still told of Askew's singularities. So chary was he of his dearly-beloved volumes, that he would suffer no hand but his own to unlock the cases in which they were kept. Perched upon the ladder, he would thus exhibit some unique volume to the envious eyes of a less fortunate brother, who might indeed read it in that position, but could never hope to hold it in his own hands.

In the formation, indeed, of so many choice libraries, a discrimination in the selection of the best and rarest editions was at once a natural result; and the consequence is obvious. From the contentions of two rival amateurs arose, ostensibly, the most celebrated collection of its day in England. When Harley, Earl of Oxford, was forming his famous library, a hundred and fifty years ago, a bookseller brought to him one morning a book of undoubted rarity, the Decameron of Boccacio, printed at Venice, by Christofer Valdarfar, in 1475, being the first edition printed with a date. For this volume, then, and so late as 1807, (see Beloe, *Anec. Lit.*, II. 234,) erroneously supposed to be unique, he demanded the modest little sum of 100 guineas! Lord Oxford, like Mrs. Centlivre's "philosophical girl," was doubtless willing to accede to any demand "dictated by good sense and comprehended within the bounds of elocution;" but he did not look upon the price demanded in that light, and flatly refused to pay it. The dealer then offered it to Lord Sunderland, Harley's rival collector, and with as little success. Accident, however, threw him in the way of a young Lord Roxburghe, who had just succeeded to his title and to

an ample estate that had been long at nurse, and who, caring probably as little for this edition of Boccacio as for an old almanac, purchased it without a moment's hesitation, for the mere gratification, perhaps, of buying what was beyond the reach of the distinguished Lord Oxford and Mortimer. Having thus laid out his hundred guineas, he hastened to invite Oxford and Sunderland to dine with him, and their conversation naturally turning on the unique volume they had seen that morning, and which each hoped to buy at a cheaper rate, their host quietly pointed out to them the identical book upon his window-sill; — "*ce qui fut*," says honest Brunet, "*pour ces bibliomanes parcimonieux un véritable crève-cœur.*" This is said to have been the beginning of that princely collection, which, on the death of the last Duke of Roxburghe, was brought, in 1812, to the hammer. A few years before, Beloe had predicted that, if ever this volume occurred on sale, it would bring at least £500. Two other copies were subsequently discovered, both imperfect; one in the Ambrosian Library, wanting one leaf, and one in the Bibliothèque Royale, wanting three. But the Roxburghe copy, which was in perfect order, far outran even the anticipations of its reverend historian, being finally knocked down to the Marquis of Blandford (since Duke of Marlborough) at £2260, or rather more than ten thousand dollars! His unsuccessful opponent was Earl Spenser, who, however, lost nothing by waiting, since, in June, 1819, he bought this identical copy at the Marlborough sale for only £918 15*s.*; "*ce qu'est encore un prix fort honnête*," as Monsieur Brunet again naively observes.

From the number of distinguished amateurs who met in London on the occasion of the Roxburghe sale, was formed the well-known Roxburghe Club, an election to which was so highly prized by Sir Walter Scott, and which undoubtedly has suggested the host of printing clubs that have arisen in later years — the Bannatyne — the Maitland — the Camden — the Skakspeare — the Percy — the Hakluyt — and a score more of like learned associations for the preservation of such rare information as stands in likelihood of loss or destruction by reason of its being in a unique copy. Certainly, what-

ever opinion a philosopher may entertain of Bibliomania in the abstract, no one will deny that, in many of its results, it has been practically of the first service to the cause of letters.

To define in what this science consists, is a task that might well puzzle a more erudite lexicographer than old Scaliger himself. One favored votary, however, (himself no undistinguished son of the Muses,) paints, with the licensed freedom of a successful lover, the various charms which cause the bare sight of

"The small dark volume, rich with tarnished gold,"

bearing the mystic colophon of a Caxton, a Pynson, or a Wynken de Worde, to make the heart leap for joy and the purse-strings relax, till the precious tome — *rarus*, *rarissimus*, or *unique* —

"Is cheaply purchased at its weight in gold."

"Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best; here was a book valued because it had the author's final improvements, and there another which (strange to tell) was in request because it had them not. One was precious because it was a folio, another because it was a duodecimo; some, because they were tall, some because they were short; the merit of this lay in the title-page, of that, in the arrangement of the letters in the word *Finis*. There was, it seemed, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, provided the indispensable quality of scarcity or rare occurrence was attached to it."

In the conclusion of the last paragraph lies doubtless the root of the whole matter.

Of the extremities to which collectors are often carried in their zeal to procure the volume "*rarissimus*" of Brunet or Lowndes, there are examples innumerable. Witness the charming little tale of Charles Nodier, the most tasteful of amateurs, the most graceful of modern French writers; witness the *furore* with which Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck descants upon the story of Caxton's Book of the Chess, (1474) — the first book printed in England; — how "Snuffy Davy" bought it at a stall in Holland for twopence; how it came to Dr. Askew's hands, at sixty guineas; and how, at *his* sale, "this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was

purchased by Royalty itself, for one hundred and seventy pounds!" Witness the price paid by an American gentleman at Leigh's auction rooms, (London, March 15th, 1847,) for a Mazarine Bible, namely, five hundred pounds sterling, or about twenty-five hundred dollars; while three hundred pounds were freely given at the same time for Tully's Offices, 1465, on vellum. Or, — what is more directly german to the subject to which we had originally designed devoting this paper, — witness the facts elicited by the prosecution, at Paris, of the late Monsieur Libri, on the charge of stealing books, a prosecution which has excited the deepest interest in all the literary circles of Europe; and which, partaking, in the language of the London Examiner, in about equal degrees of the character of the Lion's Mouth at Venice and of the Inquisition at Madrid, not only affords the observer a certain amount of curious bibliographical information, but will probably give rise in his mind to some odd speculations on the beauties of French courts of justice. From some two or three dozen separate publications, containing about two thousand octavo pages, we have gleaned most of the following facts.

There is a very considerable difference, not only between the principles which govern the collection of books in England and in France, but also in the character of the collectors. In the one country, it is a taste that is, in general, not much indulged but by gentlemen of hereditary fortunes, whose position in society is assured, and whose hobby it is to lay out forty or fifty thousand pounds upon a library. In France, on the contrary, (though, of course, there are numerous exceptions to these rules on either side of the Straits of Dover,) the principal collectors are men of letters, whose income is derived from no fixed capital, and to whom, therefore, the practice of selling off from time to time so much of their libraries as may be convenient or necessary is not discreditable. Again, there are refinements in French collections that are not yet entirely in vogue in England. The distinction between a plain copy of a rare edition, on ordinary paper, with fair margins and modestly bound, and another, fresh and clean, as when it first left the press, on Holland paper or on vellum, spotless and uncut, and sumptuously bound in the most expensive style, is

much less marked in the former country than in the latter. In France, the process of *renovating* books is carried to an extreme. Two or three imperfect copies, for instance, of the same edition will be brought together; taking a part from this and a part from that, a complete set of the most perfect leaves will be formed. Then it passes under the hands of a person whose business it is, by means of washing it with certain preparations, by careful erasures, by sizing, and by a thousand other modes, to cleanse each page from every stain or blot that it has received. Should a part of a leaf be gone, he finds paper precisely similar to that on which the pages are printed, (in a case of the last necessity, taking a fly-leaf from the book itself,) and prints the missing portion in type of the same character; and joins the whole together so artfully that the most practised eye is often deceived. By this process, (which by Boisde is called *biblioguiancie*, but which is now known, according to the nomenclature of Boissonnade, as *la biblialatrique*) perfect copies of the rarest works are constantly produced; and our readers may judge of the skill with which it is performed, when we assure them that 1000 francs are not unfrequently paid for such a restoration of a single volume. MM. Gaignat, Girardot de Prefond, Lavalliére, etc., are well known for the large sums they have so expended; and most collectors will always have at hand a portfolio of odd leaves of costly books, which are preserved in the hope of some day picking up other fragments, so as to complete the volume. From the hands of the restorer, they go to those of the binder; and here, again, is a field for the indulgence of taste and expense. Hundreds of dollars may be spent in giving to an octavo or quarto its costly garb of morocco and gold; so that, by the time a foreign collector has filled a single shelf, he may easily have expended an American income. It is true, that, in these last two arts, France has the decided advantage over the rest of the world. Highly as we rate the abilities of the English binders, — of Riviere, of Hayday, of Mackenzie, or of Clarke and Bedford, — we must confess that we have never seen binding of a living workman equal to that of Bauzonnet; and whoso desires specimens of his best workmanship may well count over his golden eagles very carefully,

ere he sends them on such a flight. But of all the Parisian amateurs there was none, five years ago, whose collection was in any respect more elegant than that of M. Guillaume Libri, Member of the Institute, Professor in the College of France, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; — consisting of some thirty-two thousand volumes of printed books and MSS.

In 1847, finding his library too large for his space, and too costly for his means, M. Libri determined, according to a custom very common and perfectly respectable in France, to sell a portion of it at public auction. His MSS. he had already disposed of for £8000 to Lord Ashburnham, after having vainly endeavored to induce the Bibliothèque Royale to accept of *all* of his books and MSS. as a present, on the simple condition of keeping them together in one room. Such a plan would have interfered with the habit of that institution of classing every thing according to its subject-matter, and it felt itself rich enough to refuse the proffered gift. Accordingly, from the 26th of June to the 4th of August, 1847, so much of Libri's collection as related to Belles-Lettres, amounting to 3025 separate articles, was sold to a throng of bidders from all parts of Europe and America. We cannot say that the sum total of the sale was very large, considering that many of the works were of the most exquisite rarity and sumptuously bound, and that it was notorious that 12,000 francs would not cover the cost of *restoration* (independent of first cost and binding) of certain of the volumes; — the full proceeds were about 116,000 francs. It was under the head of Italian Belles-Lettres that the collection was especially rich, containing some 2500 articles, or nearly 1000 more than had ever appeared before in one collection; — that of Morelli, sold in London about fifty years previously, numbering but about 1600. The *Catholicon* of 1460, printed by Guttenberg, brought 1505 francs; an Aldine Theocritus of 1495, entirely uncut, and to all appearance just as it came from the press, 635 francs; — a sad falling off from Caillard's sale, when a Homer (edition of Florence, 1488) brought 3601 francs, mainly on account of its being in the same good condition. A Musæus of 1494, the first volume printed by Aldus, and bound by Bauzonnet, brought but 395 francs; being one hundred and fifty less than

it had last sold for. An Aldine Martial, of 1501, on vellum, brought 700 francs; Sannazarius *De Partu Virginis*, (Naples, 1526,) on vellum, 1102 francs, or double what a copy sold for at the Brienne sale, owing to the superior condition of this one; while the Aldine edition of 1537 of the same work, though it bore the beautiful binding of Grolier and the celebrated inscription, *Io. Grolierii et amicorum*, (I belong to John Grolier and his friends,) brought but 300. Dante's Inferno, (Venice, circa 1500,) on vellum, sold for 1100 francs; and the Orlando Furioso, (Milan, 1524, uncut, and bound by Bauzonnet,) for 1480. There exist but two other copies of this edition, (one of which brought thirty-five pounds at Hibbert's sale,) which is chiefly curious as showing Ariosto's improvements upon the poem from the first edition of 1516, in forty cantos, to that of 1532, (in which form we now have it,) in forty-six. A unique copy of another edition, likewise bound by Bauzonnet, printed in black and red in 1530, brought 1530 francs. The poems of Giustiniana, (Venice, circa 1471,) supposed to be the first book printed in Italy, sold for but ninety-seven francs; while a copy of Gasparianus, (Paris, circa 1470,) the first book printed in France, brought 520. Two prodigiously rare Italian novels ("*Novella travagliata d'Amore composta in ottava rima, per Amadore Grilli, pistolese, Lucca*, 1550," bound by Duru, and "*L'infelice Amore de i due fedelissimi amanti Giulia e Romeo, scritto in ottava rima da Clitia*, Venise, 1553," bound by Bauzonnet,) from which Shakspeare is supposed to have taken the Merchant of Venice and Romeo and Juliet, brought respectively but thirty and ninety francs. A Decameron, (circa 1483,) sold for 1600 francs, about half its cost at the Borromeo sale; a Cortegiano of Castiglione, on large paper, with the usual indications of its former possessor, Grolier, 519 francs; and a unique copy of Bembo, (Rome, 1548,) on vellum, 1105 francs. The gem of the sale was, however, a book on which, as it cannot be uninteresting to any student of American History, we will dwell at some length. Its full inscription runs thus: "*La lettera* (*in ottava rima*) *dellisole che ha trovato nuovamente il re dispagna. — Finita la storia della inventione delle nuove isole dicannaria indiane tracte duna pistola di Cristofano Colombo et per . . . . Giuliano Dati tradocta . . . . a di* 26 *doctobre*, 1493. *Florentie*."

This little poetical tract, of four small quarto leaves, richly bound in blue morocco by Bauzonnet, was sold for 1700 francs, and is the only copy in existence. In the enthusiastic account of it by Brunet, in the *Manuel du Libraire*, there is an error (of the press, we presume,) dating it as of 1495, instead of 1493. It is simply a translation of the first letter of Columbus, written in Latin, announcing his discovery of the New World. The translator gives it in the form of Italian verse, and it was probably designed to be sung by the peasantry and the lower orders through the streets, as was the custom in those days, when every grave event — the death of a king, the conflagration of a great town, the vision of a comet, "with fear of change perplexing nations" — furnished matter for these rhymed bulletins. We need hardly remind our readers of the Sicilian Vespers, or cite those verses with which all the peninsula was familiar during the thirteenth century: —

"Deh come egli è gran pietade
Delle donne di Messina
Veggiendole iscapigliate
Portando pietre, e calcina."

A singular but attractive wood-cut, that is placed in the commencement of this tract, is nothing but a reproduction of that which is found in the Latin letter. Altogether, it is perhaps the rarest and most interesting curiosity in the annals of American bibliography.

It may well be supposed that such an event as this sale excited no little remark in the city where it occurred, and of which its founder was one of the most distinguished inhabitants. Let us glance for a moment at his previous history. M. Libri was an Italian, a native of Tuscany. Educated at the University of Pisa, he was in his earliest days distinguished not less for his love for rare books, and the skill with which he had accumulated a most valuable collection, than by his standing as a scholar. At the age of sixteen, he had published a treatise on mathematics, which commanded the praise not only of his own countrymen, but of the *savans* of France. At twenty, he was appointed mathematical professor in his University, where there was hardly a student who was younger than himself. A year later, his health gave way

under the effect of his unremitting application, and he was compelled to resign his charge; not, however, without the Grand Duke honoring him with the title and emoluments (such as they were) of *emeritus* professor for the rest of his life. He visited Paris, where he was received in society with great distinction, and where Fourier, in the Academy of Sciences, passed the warmest eulogiums on two papers of his, published in the *Recueil des Savans Étrangers.*

When the three days of July in Paris set the whole of Italy in a ferment, Libri espoused warmly the patriotic cause. The liberal party were in undisturbed possession of Modena, and nothing was to be heard but the dreadful note of preparation for wiping out the Austrian Empire from the face of Europe. But while the whole town was frantic to be registered in the National Guard, no drilling, no manœuvring could take place. Not even the common care to procure a supply of muskets and cartridges could be thought of, till the vital question, whether the troops should wear feathers or pompons in their hats, was decided. On this point, the whole population was divided, after the fashion of the big-endians and the little-endians of Gulliver. True, pompons were the most soldier-like; but then a plume was so free and wavy. Libri was one of those who thought these not exactly the best kind of warlike preparations to repel any nation, except, perhaps, the Chinese; and, consequently, he was voted a traitor both by the rebels of Tuscany and their Austrian lords.

On the downfall of the liberal party, Libri, (but this time in the quality of a refugee,) again sought the soil of France. He was warmly received, became naturalized in 1833, and about the same time was elected into the Institute by thirty-seven out of fifty-three votes — an unusually large majority. Soon after, he was appointed by the government a mathematical professor in the College of France, in which capacity he became an editor of (or rather a constant contributor to) the *Journal des Debats.* It seems a little strange to our ears, this jumbling together of offices; but in France, we apprehend, such an appointment is expected to be attended with a warm advocacy of the party in power; and the most powerful defences of M. Guizot in the *Journal des Debats* and the *Revue des deux Mondes* were from the pen of M. Libri.

The story of the downfall of the *régime* of July is a twice-told tale. Despite the assistance of one of the ablest ministers that the world has ever seen, the government of the King of the Barricades was daily losing popularity, and the hour was at hand when all who shared its shelter should perish in its fall; and Libri, one of the most conspicuous of Guizot's advocates, came in for a full share of the obloquy so freely bestowed upon his chief. Whichever way he turned, he seemed to make enemies. As a politician, he had all the hosts of the Legitimists, the Bonapartists, and the hydra-headed Republican party to contend with. Clever with the pen, he had always the dangerous knack of turning the laugh on his adversaries. Mankind will sometimes forgive the murderers of their fathers, the plunderers of their fortunes, or the destroyers of their domestic peace; but they will never pardon him who makes them the butt of the town. Nor were these the only enemies Libri had to encounter. Among his scientific brethren, he had made a phalanx of foes. For instance, there was once in the Institute a sort of mental epidemic on the subject of well-attested showers of frogs. Session after session, members rose and debated gravely on the why and the wherefore of divers frog falls, which had been communicated from certain most trustworthy sources, to certain other most respectable correspondents of the speakers; but all of which, most unfortunately, came, at nearest, at third or fourth hand. Libri put a period to all this, by solemnly presenting to the assembly, one night, an exceedingly well-attested shower of oxen! One heard, to be sure, no more of the frogs; but there were not a few of his associates who never forgave him the ridicule which this occurrence gave rise to. With the Jesuits, too, he was soon at daggers drawn; and with the political refugees in Paris, and their allies, the ultra republicans, he was on no better terms. It seems that, for some time, mindful of his own misfortunes, he was a generous and a true friend to those whom political offences had exiled from their native land. But a slight occurrence produced a difficulty between himself and their head men, which time only served to make more wide and more deep. A certain Romagnol had drawn largely on his sympathies, on the score of the persecution he had

endured for the slightest provocation. He had been compelled to fly from his house and his country, to save his neck, and all for an act which was, at most, worthy but of a magisterial rebuke or a light fine. "*Ho ammazat' un' gatt*," said this worthy; —"I had killed a cat."

> "The very head and front of his offending
> Had that extent, no more."

Libri thought that the cat, at the outside, was but the cat of a cardinal, or of some great man's mistress, and naturally expended a proper quantity of wholesome indignation upon the heads of the tyrants. But when he discovered that, in Romagna, the fashion of the liberal party was to style every one in the service of the government a *cat*, and that the particular cat in question was a poor devil of a *gendarme*, who had been shot through the back, from behind a hedge, by this friend of his country, he took another view of the matter. According to his notions, Italian liberty was a very fine thing, but assassination was not precisely the step which he would recommend to be employed to advance its consummation. Others found his ideas illiberal and narrow-minded; and Libri was soon on no better footing with the refugees of Paris, than with their friends the Red Republicans. Of these last named gentry, M. Arago was the warm leader in the Deputies; and, as a matter of course, when he and Libri met in the Institute, it was but to fight out their political differences, and to nourish for each other precisely that sort of feeling which has lately made every attempt at a change of government at Paris a scene of persecution and of blood.

In 1846, the attention of the police was first drawn towards M. Libri by several anonymous letters, addressed to the *préfet* at Paris. A secret investigation was commenced, which, in January, 1848, reaching his ears, caused him to demand redress for the stigma, as he asserted it to be, upon his reputation. The result was a report from the Minister of Justice to the President of the Council of Ministers. Had Louis Philippe remained upon the throne, the whole affair would doubtless have terminated entirely to Libri's satisfaction. But, on the flight of M. Guizot, this document fell into the hands of the party in power, at the head of which was Libri's old antago-

nist, Arago; it was not long before its effects were made manifest. A note, put into Libri's hands, in the Institute, on the 28th of February, 1848, determined him to follow the example of his political chief. Here is as much of it as has been preserved.

"*Epargnez au peuple Français un de ces actes de vindicte populaire qui répugnent au caractère de notre nation. Ne venez plus à l'Institut; disparaissez!*"

"Spare the French people one of those acts of popular vengeance which are repugnant to the character of our nation. Come no more to the Institute! Disappear!"

In the month of February, 1848, such a warning as this was not to be despised. M. Libri took the hint; he *did* disappear. That is to say, he went forthwith to London; which, we suppose, was considered a sufficient disappearance by all concerned.

The report in question had strongly intimated that Libri had supplied his shelves by a system of petty larceny; and on the faith of it, a prosecution was at once instituted against him, which, to say the least of it, was conducted with a degree of vindictiveness such as seldom pollutes an Anglo-Saxon court of justice; and, after enduring several years, it was concluded by his condemnation, *par contumace*, to ten years' imprisonment (which includes hard labor *ad libitum*, etc.), a fine of some 10,000 francs, and the total abrogation of all his civil rights. As he refused to appear, all the charges against him were, we suppose, taken *pro confesso*. It is certainly not our custom to proceed to conviction on a criminal charge, against a person whose body has never been in the custody of the court. But they manage these things better, we suppose, in France.

We have before remarked, that this trial possesses an unusual interest, both because of the number of bibliographical facts that are interwoven with its course, and on account of the clearly defined position in which it places some of the peculiarities of the French system of criminal jurisprudence. With us, the preliminary proceedings in a criminal case being entirely of an *ex parte* character, the prisoner, while on his examination before the committing magistrate, or while the

charge is before the grand jury, being forbidden to offer the slightest rebutting evidence, the records of these proceedings are mainly considered inadmissible against him on the trial. To such an extent, as we are told, does the common law carry this principle, that the notes of what a witness swore to on the preliminary examination, (though he is the only witness in the case, and he dies before the day of trial,) taken down at the time by the committing magistrate, cannot be received against the prisoner. And the reasons for this are too obvious to be recapitulated here. In France, just the contrary rule prevails. The *procès verbal* is a long, rambling instrument, filled with disconnected and often irrelevant facts, vague surmises, and every thing, said by anybody, in court and out of it, that has the slightest relation to the matter in hand. This is the official protocol, to be read by the government on the trial, differing widely in its nature from our indictment, (the place of which it seems to occupy,) but infinitely more dangerous to the accused, and, of course, greatly complicating the issue to be decided. Like the man in the play who was charged with committing false report, the astonished prisoner will find himself presently accused of as flat burglary as ever was committed, of perjury, and of being an arrant knave. To some of these statements, in M. Libri's case, we propose for a moment to advert.

He is therein charged with having stolen certain books, manuscripts, and autographs, from various public libraries in France — the Mazarine, the Nationale, and that of the Institute, in Paris; and those of Grenoble, Montpellier, and Troyes, in the provinces, — to the number of one hundred or more separate items. The anonymous charges brought forward in the first report of M. Boucly, on which the whole prosecution, as we have seen, was based, were, long before, proved to be so ridiculously and wantonly false, that they were, to a great extent, abandoned on the trial.

The evidence, to support the bulk of these accusations, was, simply, that the articles mentioned were at one time in the possession of the libraries; that they were so no longer; and that they had been found in the possession of M. Libri (that is to say, in the case of printed books, copies of the same edi-

tion, and of MSS., the identical articles,) all bearing either the stamp of the library, or what was alleged to be the mark of its erasure. For there, a public library impresses the title-page of its books with a small cut-metal stamp, instead of pasting in a book-plate, as among us.

So far as it went, this evidence was, to a great extent, clear and distinct; the facts were undoubtedly so. But other facts, giving a somewhat different coloring to the case, also came to light. Libri proved that he had been, for years, a sort of speculator in libraries, (there are scores of such in Europe,) being in the habit of buying a collection of books or MSS. *en bloc* — in the lump — and, after sorting out all that he wanted for himself, of sending the balance to auction: — that books, etc., bearing the stamps of public libraries, were constantly turning up in these purchases, and that his agents, his binders, restorers, etc., had always orders from him to return any such that they should find to the institutions where they belonged: — that many — in fact, nearly all — of these libraries had been in the habit of selling or exchanging their books, as occasion served; and that it was a well-known thing that large quantities of articles, notoriously taken from their shelves, were frequently sold at the sale of the effects of deceased officers of such institutions in Paris. Considering that nothing like being caught in the act had ever been charged against him, he thought the inference from these facts, that the few articles in question might well find their way into a collection of 32,000 volumes, a perfectly fair one. He also argued, that, of some of these pieces, he was perfectly able to state the origin, and to show where he got them; and he did so. Some of them, by the way, were fairly bought by him from the libraries themselves; but of many others, he could render no other account than to say, he might as well be expected to tell where he had got every pair of pantaloons during the last ten years; — that he had bought hardly one pair of pantaloons to every five hundred books; and yet, if he were charged with stealing his pantaloons, he could not prove his innocence. He thought his opponents should first prove his guilt.

But it was in regard to other volumes, mentioned in the *procès verbal*, that his defence was most successful; — volumes

which either never had existence at all, or were by no means identical with any thing found in his collection, or were never lost by the library to which they belonged. And the conduct of the three "experts," who were sworn to examine his library and make their report to the government, and who, paid by the day, had, for twenty-five months, enjoyed exclusive possession of his dwelling, his property, and his most private papers, did not by any means contradict the insinuation that they had busied themselves to manufacture evidence against him, and to introduce on his shelves articles that had no place there when he fled from France. Selected from an association which Libri had not spared, and which, in turn, had looked on him

> "With as favorable eyes
> As Gabriel on the devil in Paradise,"

these three experts had not shown themselves very impartial in the affair. For example, they had covered his walls with caricatures, representing him receiving every variety of corporal punishment, and had even (inspired by the *genius loci*, most probably,) soared into the regions of poetry! e. g.

> "Aspice Libri pendu,
> Quod librum n'a pas rendu.
> Si Libri librum reddidisset,
> Libri pendu non fuisset!"

One of them discovered among Libri's papers a portfolio containing the title-pages of five books, each with the stamp of the library at Troyes, and evidently waiting their turn to have the traces of their origin effaced. But lo! it came out that these very books, title-pages and all, were still on the shelves at Troyes, from which they had never budged; and that was the last we ever heard of this wonderful discovery. Now, how came this portfolio among Libri's papers, and why was there never any thing more said on the subject by the prosecution?

This was not a singular instance. Other articles, charged to have been stolen from particular libraries, were found to be still there, and to have never been lost at all. Such errors were doubtless due to the circumstance, that any stain or blur on the title-page, which would at all accommodate its circum-

ference to that of the stamp, was held to be proof positive that the stamp had been there, and that Libri had erased it. We will cite the instance of *le Recueil des histoires des Troyes par venerable homme Raoul Lefebvre* (*sine loco aut anno*), a copy of which, printed by William Caxton, he had sold to the British Museum for £200, its regular price. On this simple fact, he was accused and convicted of stealing the volume he had thus sold from the library of Troyes, the principal town of the department of the Aube. Now, mark how plain a tale will put this down. The town of Troyes had undoubtedly, at one time, owned a copy of this work; but, in the first place, it was of the edition published at Paris by Philippe Le Noir; and, secondly, it had never been, and is not yet, missing from its shelves. The fact seemed to be, that the learned court, understanding no difference between Troy, the chief city of Pergamos, concerning which the book was written, and Troyes, the chief town of Champagne, from which, scarce a hundred years before Caxton printed, the kings of France drew their court buffoons, (if their honors ever should turn aside into the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, or that of Saint Maurice de Seulis, they may see their tombs,) naturally thought that the *Histoire des Troyes* must have belonged to the latter place; and, as Libri sold it, *argal*, Libri stole it; — as honest Fluellen has it, there is a river in Macedon, and there is also a river in Monmouth; *quod erat demonstrandum*.

Our readers may think that there could be no greater absurdity committed in judicial proceedings than this; but we will convince them of their error. Montpellier has lost an Aldine Catullus of 1515, worth, in its modern binding, about three francs. Libri had a copy of the same edition, *in its original binding*, worth fifty or sixty. True, there was no stamp, nothing to indicate that it had come from Montpellier. True, the highly respectable firm of Payne & Foss, of London, declared that Libri had bought that same copy (easily identified by certain curious manuscript notes in it) from them for £2. 12*s*. 6*d*., in October, 1846. There was one startling feature in the matter, which, in the opinion of the officers of the law, was quite sufficient to convict him of the theft. It will be recollected that the early Aldine publications had no title-

pages, but carried their date, etc., at the conclusion. Now, on the initial fly-leaf of this volume appeared these words, written or printed, (the court could not decide which!):

BIBLIOTHECÆ S. IO. IN CANALIBUS PLACENTIÆ;

which even a tyro would have rendered "from the library of St. John *in Canali* (St. John Baptist), at Plaisance." There was a celebrated convent of that name, whose library, at one time very large, has long since been broken up, and of which a full account, even to its very manner of stamping its books, may be found in history, (vide Campi, *dell' Historia ecclesiastica di Piacenza*, 1651–2. Part III. p. 286.) But the court could not read it otherwise than thus:

BIBLIOTHECÆ S. IO IN CASALIBUS PLACENTIÆ;

and, naturally enough, found it rather difficult of translation. Therefore, the only conclusion they could come to was, that Libri, to disguise his theft, had actually forged this new title-page; and, so far as a legal decision can control common sense, we suppose we must henceforward translate it thus:

CATULLUS, TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, PLACENTIÆ;

a way of reading Latin that we have not yet learned. These are but specimens of the stultifications of its own case by the prosecution; and we sincerely cry Amen to its own remarks on the instance just cited,— *de tels faits ne se discutent pas, ils s'exposent!*

We are not here to act the part of M. Libri's advocates, through thick and thin. In the matter of the autograph letters, we certainly think, that, despite his explanations how he *might* honestly have got all that were found in his possession, and which were undoubtedly purloined from the libraries by *somebody*, and how he actually did so get some of them, there still remain some lingering clouds of suspicion over the matter, (caused, it may be, by the incessant clamors against him and the result of the trial,) that we cannot penetrate. Still, it is impossible for us to admit that there was any thing like sufficient evidence to convict him. We cannot find a man guilty upon mere suspicion. A Scottish jury would probably have found this part of the charge "not proven;" neither entirely whitewashing the accused, nor yet

stretching the evidence to such an unwarrantable length as to pronounce him guilty. But, in regard to the printed books, candor and conscience compel us to declare, that there was no evidence that should even have left a doubt as to his innocence. It is incomprehensible to us, how any large library in France should not, without diligent weeding, find itself constantly increased by volumes coming from some public institution, and this with the purest and most honorable motives on the part of the collector.

The number of public libraries in France is exceedingly great, almost every large town having at least one, and Paris a score and more. Of these there is not a solitary instance of one that has, either in its books or MSS., the slightest pretensions to entireness. Hœnel, a German *savant*, who long ago published the result of his explorations of the French Libraries between 1821 and 1828, gives us some important facts relative to their dilapidation. We cite a few of the chief towns.

At Amiens, the whole collection was sold, at so much a pound, for 13,000 francs; and Hœnel himself had bought MSS. of the tenth century, which came into the market through this transaction. At Arras, among other losses, 200,000 francs' worth of MSS. had been sold in one lump to a bookseller, to be retailed in London. At Autun, a Virgil of the sixth, and a Horace of the seventh centuries, manuscripts of inestimable value, had disappeared, no one knew or cared how or where. At Auxerre, the bulk of the MSS. were sold, in 1825, to a bookseller. At Carpentras, there were 2,000 volumes of manuscripts in 1808; in 1826, there were but 629. The whole of the autograph collection of Peiresc (some fragments of which Libri was convicted of stealing,) belongs to this library. A certain great library in Paris has recently had bound up for itself ten folio volumes of just such fragments. How they came there, we cannot say; but, if everybody had his own, these ten volumes would soon find their way back to their old quarters in Provence. At Châlons-sur-Marne, all the vellum archives were bought by Hœnel in the mass; at Saint-Dié, the prefet, in 1828, sold off, in the same way, the archives of that ancient town, some of which were under the hand and

seal of King Chilperic, A. D. 663. From Lyons, the precious MSS. of the Cathedral, among which was a highly important Theodosian Code, are gone; and so of the collection of Greek MSS. at Moulins. At Nantes, the library had been sold, pellmell, at five sous a pound. But it was at Rouen that the most stupendous ravages had taken place. Here, after the violence of the first Revolution had all past and gone, a library of 250,000 volumes had been instituted; Hœnel found but 20,000 left. M. Theodore Licquet, the librarian of Rouen, (*Voyage pittoresque en France*, Paris, 1825,) puts, it is true, the number remaining at 26,000; but this correction still leaves the amazing fact, that 225,000 volumes should have disappeared from a public library in thirty years! And there is no reason to believe that the libraries of the north and west of France are preserved with much more care than these of the south. So lately as 1845, the municipal council of La Ferté Bernard sold off, by the pound, their beautiful library, containing many precious MSS., in order to raise money to pave the streets. The library of Avranches was more fortunate; a similar sale being arrested, at the eleventh hour, by the intervention of a well-known Parisian collector. At Bourges, a beautiful collection of sacred MSS. has been entirely destroyed by the clergy, who, with the approval of the local authorities, have thought it their duty to reclaim, in the name of the church, every volume that had once been ecclesiastical property.

In Paris, though the instances are comparatively rare of libraries selling or exchanging their books, yet, from other causes, their losses have been very great. The literary treasures of this city are not less known than the generous liberality with which they are thrown open as well to its own people as to strangers. The Bibliothèque Nationale (we may suppose it will soon resume its title of Impèriale, as under Napoleon I.) besides 100,000 manuscripts, 5,000 volumes of engravings, and 1,000,000 historical autograph documents, contains over 800,000 printed volumes. And there are, at least, twenty other great libraries, the Mazarine, the Arsenal (formerly known as the Bibliothèque du Monsieur,) that of the city, &c., the contents of which, according to their foundations, are equally respectable. It will be sufficient, for our

end, to point out the condition of the first. Despite an appropriation, in 1838, by the legislature, of 1,262,000 francs, for the purpose of cataloguing and otherwise improving the usefulness of the Bibliothèque Nationale, there were, in 1847, but 250,000 of its 800,000 volumes catalogued; and there were at least 50,000 missing from its shelves. M. Achille Jubinal, whose name must be well known to many of our readers, estimates the number at 60,000. There is one part of the Hall, called *l'Enfer*, where are kept such books as are too utterly gross to be looked at. Two thirds of its contents have been purloined. Probably, many of the books missing from the library have been borrowed and never returned; but the larger part have undoubtedly been stolen outright. They are, in fact, to be found on almost every bookstall in Europe, generally conspicuously bound in old red morocco, with the royal arms, and the LL, displayed upon their sides. The British Museum contains any number of them, even some of the identical volumes which Libri was convicted of having stolen; and in fact, there is scarce a public library in Paris that does not boast a few plumes borrowed from its neighbors; nor is the British Museum, in its own turn, entirely unrepresented upon their shelves. M. Libri made a great capital, during his trial, by forwarding to the French authorities 203 volumes, bearing the stamps of their libraries, (chiefly those of Paris just now mentioned) that he had found in four shops in London, joining to each the bookseller's receipt; and M. Paul Lacroix, (le Bibliophile Jacob) about the same time, kept on, during 101 days, buying at bookstalls in Paris and sending to the Minister of Justice a new volume every day, marked with the stamp of a public library, and adding to each volume a stinging letter on the injustice of the prosecution against Libri; all of which, in due season, he carefully arranged and published, to the great delectation of the people of Paris. In fact, it seems clear beyond dispute, that, from the Bibliothèque Nationale to the Archives of the Institute, there is hardly a library in Paris that has not been for years plundered freely and with impunity; though, we are glad to add, we have heard of no case there like that which occurred at Tours, in 1843, when the librarian himself was convicted of stealing by

wholesale, and selling his spoils in London. So far as we can learn, the integrity of the Parisian librarians is as distinguished as their courtesy and information.

Under these circumstances, then, we repeat, that when it was not pretended to be shown that the accused had ever been seen in any thing like the suspicious removal of a book from a public library, or had ever been charged with stealing from a private one, we cannot but think that there was no evidence to justify the conclusion of the Court. He *may* have been guilty; he certainly did not show whence he obtained every individual article he was charged with stealing; but a man in his position should not be convicted because he does not prove his innocence, before his antagonist has proved his guilt. And this is the opinion of many of the most competent judges in France, and of pretty much all out of it. An ex-Chancellor of England has given his written opinion, that Libri's is the most perfect and conclusive defence that he has ever seen in his life, and characterizes the motives as well as the conduct of the prosecution in no very flattering terms; and we might add the well-known names of Professor de Morgan, of the Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, and of many others of celebrity all over Europe. But we think the testimony of such men as Mr. Panizzi, the chief of the department of printed books in the British Museum, and of Mr. Holmes, the senior Assistant of the Manuscript department, will have as much weight with our readers as it had with the English public. They are gentlemen of the highest experience in the matter of books, and occupy precisely the position most likely to be affected by the perpetration of such offences as M. Libri is charged with; and, after a careful and prolonged examination of the whole case, they have cheerfully published their entire conviction of his innocence.

The principle of law which governs in England, in the matter of stolen books, differs essentially from that of France. In the latter country, it seems now settled, that a public institution may have a *reclamation* of any of its books that it finds in a stranger's hands, without compensation, and that the *onus probandi* of his not having stolen it lies with the possessor. In England, the case is otherwise. Were there no

fixed principle ruling the question, we have no doubt that, on a case where it was shown that, for years, a Library had been in the habit of selling its books, the point might possibly arise of a breach of trust of the librarian, yet even then, the inference would be, that the buyer bought the book fairly and in good faith. But the cases there, we are told, turn on the principle of *market overt*, that any chattel, bought in good faith at a regular shop for the sale of such articles, no matter whence or how it got there, is lawfully vested in the purchaser. In such of our States as do not admit the law of *market overt*, we apprehend the same rule must hold as in France, that nothing can give a title to stolen property.

There have been several instances of cases precisely analogous to that of M. Libri in every thing but their treatment, which have occurred in England during the last few years. In 1845, Mr. James Orchard Halliwell, an antiquarian of some note, sold to the British Museum a number of MSS., among which were several that, without moral doubt, had come from Trinity College, Cambridge; e. g., a MS. "Theophilus *de arte pingendi*," that had been published by Raspe, at London, in 1781, with a fac-simile, and a notice that the original was at Trinity. Mr. Halliwell, whose collection was not one tenth as large as M. Libri's, could not say positively how or where he had got it. The College instituted proceedings at law for its recovery from the Museum, but, at the eleventh hour, was wise enough to discontinue the suit, paying all the costs of both parties. They could neither prove when nor how it had left their shelves; for that Raspe had declared, in print, half a century before, that it was then there, though very reasonable ground of presumption out of court, was no legal proof of the fact. In Mr. Rodd's case, the controversy was about a record worth three or four dollars, forming one of a large number that had been publicly sold without any practical opposition of the government, and large masses of which had found their way into most of the great collections of the kingdom. The government brought a test suit for this particular article in 1844, and judgment was given in Rodd's favor. As no costs are ever given against the crown, Mr. Rodd was compelled to petition for his, and the force of

public opinion caused the authorities to grant them. A still stronger case is that of the records of the Privy Council for 1545 and 1546, which, we do not think any one knows how, came into the possession of the British Museum about 1818. About 1842, the Council discovered the fact, and made strenuous exertions to reclaim the volume, which was actually necessary to complete their archives. The effort was totally unavailing; the Museum would not give it up, and could not be made to; so there was an end of the whole matter. Now, suppose the Theocritus of Mr. Halliwell had been found, under precisely analogous circumstances, with M. Libri; what would have been said and done? or rather, what not, since we see what *has* followed on facts of much less importance?

However, our tale has already been overlong, and there remains nothing to add that can elucidate the *vexata quæstio* of the guilt or innocence of the accused. The charges against him were warmly urged, but weakly sustained; and there is no one now living who can say how much of the evidence was garbled or false, how much true. Libri

> "is in his grave:
> After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

Heart-broken by his misfortunes, he lingered on long enough to behold his fortune confiscated, his reputation blasted, and his name covered with ignominy; and to hear, in a foreign land, of the death of a mother who could not survive the disgrace of her only son. Then, in poverty and in exile, "he died, and made no sign." The secret of his history, if indeed there be any, lies buried in a felon's grave. But it is gratifying to add, that Guizot, whose opportunities of judgment were great, and whose purity and integrity in pecuniary matters are unquestionable, has never faltered in his friendship for his unhappy partisan, or in his firm assertions of his innocence.

ART. II.—1. *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.* By WILLIAM STIRLING, Author of Annals of the Artists of Spain. London: J. W. Parker & Son. 1852. 12mo. pp. 271.

2. *Correspondence of the Emperor Charles the Fifth and his Ambassadors at the Courts of England and France; from the Original Letters in the Imperial Family Archives at Vienna.* Edited by WILLIAM BRADFORD. London. 1850.

THE decay of calligraphy was a matter of continual vexation and complaint with scholars, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Instead of the clear and beautiful characters exhibited by the MSS. of the early monks, the copyists of that time scattered half-formed letters over the parchment, and made use of numerous and tortuous abbreviations, that overtasked the eyes of the reader, and distracted his attention. An exception was indeed made in favor of missals, and other works held in peculiar veneration, and often possessed by persons comparatively unlearned. But the pale student, who pored over his classical treasures, muttered many an imprecation when forced to pause in the midst of an ecstasy, and to gather, syllable by syllable, the glowing thoughts that his impatient mind would fain have plucked at a single grasp. A race of scribes, who received the appellation of *cursores*, were accustomed to dash across the page without raising the pen, leaving what seemed but a single long word in every line. No doubt, the blear-eyed enthusiast, whose only passion was the love of letters, was accustomed to expatiate upon the degeneracy of an age that dealt thus recklessly with the works of genius, every particle of which had once been regarded as a hallowed repository of truth. But the real significance of this deterioration at length became apparent. The copyist could no longer write so clearly, because he was compelled to write faster. The human mind had awakened from its long torpidity. Long-buried stores of literature were constantly dug up. New beams of light were glimmering here and there, that foretold a glory which should rival that of antiquity. There was a growing circle of readers; for knight and squire were beginning to hang up their battered arms, and

to cultivate the arts of peace. The bewildered scribes could no longer supply the demand for books. This was evident to John Guttenberg, who, in the middle of the fifteenth century, invented types, and thus enabled the copyist to rest from his labors.

It is from the invention of printing that we commonly date the close of the Middle Ages, and the commencement of the Modern Era. With what simultaneous activity, with what variety of development, did the human intellect start forward in its new career! A world was discovered and colonized; the bonds of ecclesiastical thraldom were broken; the nations of Europe were consolidated in the forms which they have since retained. The great literature of England, the great literature of Spain, the art of Italy, bloomed. No wonder that the sixteenth century — that age of busy fermentation, of fierce struggle between the Old and the New — should have great attractions for the student of history. The picturesque forms of chivalry still lingered on the scene, but the contending principles were the same that have struggled for the mastery ever since. Even at this day, therefore, any thing that illustrates the character of the man who, during the first half of that eventful century, occupied the most conspicuous station, will have interest for intelligent readers.

The public life of Charles the Fifth is one with which, in the main, the world is tolerably familiar. English readers derive their knowledge of it chiefly from the pages of Robertson, in whose stately periods the monarch glides along as through the mazes of a court minuet. Even the shuffling of the gouty foot is all but concealed; and, like the chamberlain of the Queen of Spain, who asserted that his mistress "had no legs," the dignified historian finds it hard to confess that his hero had a great toe. It is not probable that the career of Charles will ever be exhibited *in extenso*, by a writer who shall combine imagination with profound research. History is transacted fast, and written slowly. But the last few years have been fruitful of publications that throw light on the Emperor's personal qualities, and on certain parts of his career.

Born in 1500, Charles became a sovereign in his seventh year. At that early age, he inherited the Netherlands — the

workshop and the mart of Europe — with a people that excelled all others in wealth, industry, inventive genius, and general education. It was also a free people. Each province, each town, possessed its peculiar privileges, the safeguards of its manufactures and its trade, bought with the wealth of the burghers, and promptly defended with their blood. Here, therefore, Charles was a limited monarch. But in his seventeenth year, he came into possession of Castile and its dependencies, and also of Aragon, and united all Spain under a common sceptre. The authority he thus obtained was subject to scarcely any check besides that of opinion; for the charters of popular freedom, which formerly existed in different parts of the Peninsula, had lost their vitality; and the nobles, once almost independent, had been so tamed under the politic rule of Ferdinand, and the nobler influence of Isabella's feminine yet chivalric character, that, though still haughty beyond all others, and the most exclusive as a caste in Europe, they had raised loyalty to the level of a passion and a faith, thus saving their pride by the excess of their servility. The union of all the Spanish provinces under his sway, with their tributary golden world beyond the ocean, joined to the possession of the Low Countries, made Charles the most powerful sovereign of the age. But he had not yet reached the pinnacle of his greatness. He was destined to wear the highest secular title in Christendom, as well as to possess the greatest authority. In 1520, he received, by election, the imperial crown of Germany, and thus attained a rank which had not been united to dominions so vast and power so absolute since the reign of his great namesake, Charlemagne. He had not yet completed his twenty-first year.

Such was his splendid position. But the splendor existed for the world, as the sun's light exists for the universe over which it is diffused. For the orb itself, there is the daily march at "thunder speed," on its "appointed course." No life of empty magnificence awaited Charles. His power was real. He must act and govern. He had no "constitution" to do the work for him. It was impossible to shirk the labor or the responsibility. His task was before him; and the

important question in regard to him, as in regard to the meanest of us, is, How was that task performed? Nor was he insensible of the necessity which lay upon him. If his youth lasted longer than is usual, if he was submissive to the trammels of his minority, and displayed no eagerness to shake them off, so much the firmer and more self-reliant was his sway, when at length established. No personal influence existed near him; no stronger mind overruled his own. He took counsel of himself, was the author of his policy, and instructed his agents how to execute it.

His difficulties were many; but two great problems, in especial, awaited solution. He received the imperial crown at a time when the German people (as since, in our day) was striving to consolidate itself into a nation. The disorders throughout the Empire amounted almost to anarchy. Many years had been spent in devising plans for strengthening the federal union — for enlarging the central authority, yet making it more dependent on the collective members of the Empire, so that it might better represent the general feeling, and have a better claim to general support. The accession of a youthful prince was deemed auspicious; one who had given no hostages to the past might fearlessly encounter the future. Charles was not indifferent to the crisis; but, as was natural, he was inclined simply to aggrandize the imperial power — to establish order by gathering up all the reins of government in his own hands. And had he been able to effect this, he would have achieved all that was possible; he would have cut the knot. But the circumstances were too strong for him to master them; and the German Empire remained, what we believe it had been from the first, not a fact, but a mere idea. For the imperial system, as it seems to us, did not arise in Germany by any natural process of development, but was pedantically grafted upon the ancient Teutonic institutions. In form, it was an imitation of the Roman Empire; according to the theory, a continuation of it. It was called "the Holy Roman Empire;" and the title of "Cæsar" was preserved as the designation of the sovereign. In accordance with this notion, the Kaiser conceived himself to be the secular ruler of Christendom, the source of all temporal authority, just as

the Pope was the source of spiritual authority. The Papacy and the Empire were compared by the theorist to the sun and the moon. But, besides that it was not indigenous, the imperial power, we think, never rooted itself firmly in the German soil. It is true, that, in some few instances, a real and great authority was wielded, by men like Frederic Barbarossa, whose commanding talents bore down all opposition, and on occasions when temporary enthusiasm concealed the lack of unity and subordination. But, in general, these high-titled princes were powerful only as impediments to the establishment of power. Some of them passed almost their whole lives without the limits of the empire. Sometimes, for successive years, no single act was done by them, that testified their claim to be the rulers of the German people. Elections, depositions, struggles of rival claimants, strong appeals from all sides that the fact should be brought into accordance with the theory, and that a government which professed to be supreme should bring under its control the factions and classes that waged incessant war, — these things form the staple of the imperial history. The Empire was a legal fiction; and it is the great misfortune of Germany, that, for so many centuries, it was suffered to prevent the growth of healthy and natural institutions.

It is in connection with a far more important subject, that the policy of Charles will always continue to be studied. The Reformation, though generally regarded merely as a religious movement, had a twofold origin. It was not only an uprising of the common sense of Christendom against priestcraft, against formulas and dogmas, which had been heaped together until their absurdity was visible to all men; it was also an expression of that more earnest national spirit, which, everywhere in Europe, had been developed by the recent political revolutions. It had become intolerable that a foreign priest, with his bulls and rescripts, should control the acts and the career of an independent nation. In the Papacy lay at once the strength and the weakness of the Romish Church. Without it, the unity of the Church would be lost; but no ecclesiastical abuse was so open to general censure. During the Middle Ages, it had needed no bulwark. In times when there was

scarcely anywhere a state, but when everywhere there was the Church, the Papacy had been the great protector of the people against oppression and lawless violence, and in return, had been supported by the popular affection. But now, amidst the thunders of civil war, the system of rude force, of baronial anarchy, of *faust-recht* and *vehm-gericht*, had made its exit. National self-consciousness now cemented together the various classes that had hitherto been connected only by the inefficient bands of feudal allegiance; and this sentiment was outraged by the pretensions and exactions of the Pope. If, in Germany, this spirit of "nationality" had hitherto been unable to embody itself in appropriate institutions, so much the more vehement was the opposition to a system that was itself one of the chief obstacles to the accomplishment of that endeavor. The existing authority of the Pope was incompatible with the establishment of a more united government or a firmer imperial sway. Several of the electoral princes were ecclesiastics. A large portion of the country was under the direct dominion of bishops and abbots, as lords of the soil. By means of *annates*, fees of investiture, and other contrivances for spiritual extortion, the papal government obtained from Germany a revenue immeasurably greater than any supplies which the Diet could be induced to vote for the general expenses of the Empire. It is not strange, therefore, that the German people should have entertained the hope that Charles would be led, by his own instincts, to concur in the demand for a great ecclesiastical reform. The circumstances of his education made this opinion appear still more reasonable. He was the countryman and the contemporary of Erasmus. He had been growing to manhood at a time when the keenest intellect and the happiest wit were directing an incessant fire against the more vulnerable points of the ecclesiastical system; and yet, as the faith itself had not then been assailed, no alarm had been taken by the orthodox, and no effort had been made to fortify the creed of the young sovereign with a triple wall of bigotry, that should defy all assaults of reason.

In looking at the course which Charles actually took, in regard to the Reformation, we are struck, at the outset, by the

fact that he quite underrated the importance of the movement. It is not strange that his own mind should have been unaffected by its spiritual influence. But a great statesman — and such Charles is usually considered — would have seen but one of two courses to take at this critical moment. Such a ruler would either have acknowledged the necessity of a change, and controlled the revolution by putting himself at its head; or he would have exerted all his endeavors to crush it in the germ. But Charles did not see this necessity for prompt and decisive action. He was on the eve of a great struggle with France, by which he hoped to regain the Italian provinces that, by conquest or cession, had, in times of weakness, been severed from the Empire. In this contest, it was of the utmost importance to him to secure the alliance of the Pope. He consented, therefore, to the condemnation of the Lutheran heresy by the Diet; and Leo, in return, joined him in a secret treaty for the expulsion of the French from Italy. But the Emperor was far from taking any active measures for suppressing the reform. He looked to ulterior consequences, and saw, in the continuance of the division, sources of future profit. As the papal government reaped no advantage from the war, which Charles carried on with such vigor and success as led to the general belief in Europe that he aspired to universal dominion, a rupture soon occurred between the allies. Clement VII. complained that, instead of gaining new territory, the States of the Church had been more closely clipped by the Emperor's ambitious hand; and he transferred his support to the other party. Hereupon Charles began to see the necessity for ecclesiastical reform. He consented to abrogate the penalties which, by the Edict of Worms, had been attached to the profession of the new doctrines. He listened to the representations of those who insisted on the necessity of a compromise between the old opinions and the new. While the dread apparition, which he had undertaken to lay, was thus suffered to raise its threatening form in the background, Charles administered more directly a lesson to the pontiff that could not fail to make a lasting impression. An imperial army marched against the Holy City — an act of sacrilege which had not been witnessed since the irruption of

the barbarians. Rome was taken and sacked; the untold wealth of its shrines became the spoil alike of the German Lutheran and the Spanish Catholic. And Christendom rose not to avenge the outrage — only looked on with silent wonder. Thus it was made apparent that those foundations of popular faith on which the Papacy had once stood were undermined — that, as an independent power, the Papacy was extinct. Thenceforth it must lean for support on the great princes whose authority it had so often abased. It must become dependent, and a state of dependence is a state of servitude. Its policy could no longer spring direct from the Vatican, but must be dictated at Vienna, at Paris, at Madrid. Such was the condition in which the revolutions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries left that pontifical throne, whose occupants had once boasted that they were regarded throughout the West as "gods upon earth." The successes of Jesuitism did not restore the ancient authority of the Pope. It is not by a comparison based on the respective numbers of their adherents that the relative condition of the two great creeds — Catholicism and Protestantism — can be ascertained. As well compare the corpse which corruption has not yet resolved into its elements with the living man. The limbs are there, but the breath is wanting. The papacy is dead. Vain have been all efforts to reimbue it with vitality. Paul the Fourth, that "old man of high designs," was powerless to wield the thunderbolts of Hildebrand. And in our own days, the good Pio Nono, striving to reëstablish the mild, apostolic rule of the early pontiffs, to rally the affections of the people around an obsolete idea, to restore the simple faith and pious unity of primitive times, met with such success as is fresh in our recollections.

It is the fine remark of a writer of exquisite genius, that "amongst the qualities of a great man, success is one of the greatest." But we ought not to attribute this quality to a statesman until we have before us the sum of his achievements. We cannot judge him by a single enterprise, however fortunate the issue. From a single book, or a single picture, we may estimate the genius of the author or the artist. Each work of theirs is a whole, standing in no relation of cause or

effect to any other production of the same mind. But in politics, each separate measure is but part of a work that is still in progress; we see the creation in its successive stages; but we ought to suspend our censure until the general design has become apparent, and the fitness of the parts can be determined. But it is not so that the impatient multitude judges. It raises the loud acclaim, when the runner has but made a gallant start; it presses the laurels on his brow, when his overtasked energies are about to succumb. The prosperity which attended Charles the Fifth in his war with Francis, and in all the struggles for supremacy in Italy, made an impression upon his contemporaries which now fills the student with amazement. He was placed among the Cæsars and the Alexanders — among men whose deeds are the wonder of all time. At this altitude posterity has not allowed him to remain. After all his achievements, his career ended in failure and defeat, and these reverses had their origin in the incoherent nature of his policy. In the conduct of a particular enterprise, his abilities were unmatched. But his plans were inconsistent. His successes, instead of confirming, neutralized each other. No man could see more clearly the means to a given end; none could be blinder to the ultimate results. He had, in fact, no general principles of action; he was guided by no firm convictions; all he thought of was the present advantage. We do not design to fall into the cant that condemns a regard to expediency as a sacrifice of what is right. Expediency is the rule by which a statesman limits his aims and shapes them for practical fulfilment. But it cannot take the place of principles and ideas. A man who has no creed, no convictions of his own, no object except to float on the current in whatever direction it may bear him, will have as little success in the long run as the conceited theorist, who refuses to bate a jot of his darling scheme, and scorns the "base degrees" by which alone it is possible to ascend. In the Netherlands, Charles was an unrelenting persecutor; heresy was dangerous to the civil power as well as an offence against heaven; and by a nicely regulated scale of punishments, the heretic, according to the degrees of his guilt, was either beheaded, or burned, or buried alive. In Germany,

where the tendency of the new doctrines was favorable to the growth of the imperial power, and where the papal pretensions came into direct collision with those of the sovereign, the movement was winked at or encouraged. In Italy, where the head of the Church resisted the yoke that Charles sought to impose on him, a ruthless horde was let loose upon the metropolis of Christendom, and suffered to insult the ministers and the ceremonies of the ancient faith. Thus Charles fed the flame on one side, while he strove to quench it on the other. Had he resolutely opposed the Reformation in Germany at the outset, such opposition could not have been without effect. In his retirement at Yuste, he regarded it as the mistake of his life that he had respected the safe-conduct which he gave to Luther. There can be little doubt that this opinion was correct. Had he followed the example of Sigismund, the result would, in all probability, have been even more disastrous to civilization than the martyrdom of Huss. Had a civil war ensued, Charles, at that early stage, must have gained an easy victory, and with permanent results. He could not, indeed, have reëstablished the Romish Church upon its old foundations. It could never again, as in its palmy days, have enlisted in its service all the highest and purest souls of the age. But the Reformation would have been crushed; freedom and knowledge would have been crippled at their start; ages might have elapsed before another Luther rose to break the chains of nations. Northern Europe might, like southern Europe, have been locked fast in the embrace of superstition; Prussia might now be sleeping, as Italy sleeps; and England, like her great rival, Spain, might have sunk into imbecility. But Charles — not, as he flattered himself, from a too scrupulous regard for his plighted word, but from motives of near-sighted policy — suffered the arch-heretic to go free, and turned away his eyes from the havoc that light was making in the old domain of darkness. He felt, afterwards, that he had even been in some danger of conversion; and congratulated himself, with the shuddering joy of one who has escaped an imminent peril, that he had refused a personal hearing to the Protestant leaders. "These heretics," he said, "are always prepared with arguments, and

those so plausible, that a man might easily be deceived by them;" — an expression which makes us suspect that a doubt had crept into his mind, and not without difficulty been stifled.

However this may have been, Charles, for his own purposes, dallied and temporized, and could not be induced to strike with a bold hand at the assailants of the Church. With inconceivable rapidity, therefore, the new doctrine spread on every side. The Protestants of Flanders and Holland could not despair of obtaining religious liberty, when they saw their German neighbors, descendants of the same Teutonic ancestors, subjects of the same supreme sovereign, in the full enjoyment of that blessing. Throughout the length and breadth of Germany, the dogmas and ceremonies of the ancient Church were swamped by the irresistible torrent. The mass was discontinued, or performed in empty churches. Whole populations had become Protestant, that were subsequently reconverted by the exertions of the Jesuits. In the middle of the sixteenth century, it was computed that, in the Austrian States, only one thirtieth of the inhabitants adhered to the ancient creed. Nine tenths of the German people had abandoned the faith of their fathers. At length, the Emperor's eyes were opened. He had gained all the objects he had proposed to himself in tolerating dissent; the task now remained of healing the breach. It soon became apparent that this was not to be effected by negotiation or compromise. An appeal to arms was unavoidable. As usual, when Charles had determined on the course to be pursued, his action was prompt, and attended with immediate success. But this victory was fatal to him. The fermentation of parties and ideas, that had so long been going on, subsided. All the elements of opposition united. Germany proclaimed, with one voice, that the hour was gone by when it was possible to fetter thought. Without a single blow, the question was decided. Like a thief detected in the fact, the Emperor fled to an obscure refuge. His power in Germany, once so great, was totally wrecked. The Protestant Reformation reached a secure haven.

But let us turn from the defects which disqualify Charles,

as we conceive, for a place among great rulers, to the remarkable merits which he displayed in conducting his government, in the transaction of business, and in the prosecution of whatever schemes he undertook. It was his first great principle, from which he never for a moment swerved, to keep in his own hands the entire direction of affairs; to be in fact, what he was in name, the sole ruler of his dominions. He made himself acquainted with all important details of information regarding the internal condition of his own states, and of those with which he maintained diplomatic relations. Such information he was willing to receive from every trustworthy source. But he seldom asked for advice; when he did, it was of men so accustomed to act at his dictation, that they merely echoed his sentiments, or assisted in making clear to him the sequence of his own thoughts. Before acting, he pondered long and silently; when the decision had been arrived at, he was inflexible. If scruples arose, he dismissed them; it was then too late to doubt. Thus, not only was every step he took the result of ideas originated by his own mind, but it was clear to all the world that this was so. No man could flatter himself that any suggestion of his had had much weight in the royal deliberations. It is the more remarkable that Charles should have preserved this independence and undivided sway, since, left an orphan at an early age, he had for many years been the ward of powerful vassals; and it is seldom that a long minority does not leave a prince with his hands weakened by faction, or the approaches to his ear obstructed by favoritism. But these, Charles well knew, were the two great besetting evils of absolute government, tending not only to intolerable oppression of the people, but to the utter subversion of the royal authority. "Suffer no parties to be formed in your council," was the advice he privately gave to Philip, when appointing him regent of Spain. "Let it be well understood that all your servants must live together as brethren, without animosities and without partialities. Put yourself in no one's hands; treat of affairs with all, but do not connect yourself peculiarly with any. Otherwise it will be said that you are governed, and that you yourself know not how to govern. Such a report is in itself a great evil;

how much greater an evil that it should be well founded!" Above all, Charles steadily followed up that system of depressing the influence of the aristocracy, by which, in Spain, under Ferdinand, in France, under Louis XI., in England, under Henry VII., absolute monarchical government had been firmly established. The great nobles received from Charles appointments in his household; they were the generals of his armies, and the viceroys of his provinces. They were invested with pompous titles, with ribands and badges, and all the glittering distinctions that impose upon the world. But it was seldom that they obtained any real share in the civil administration, or were admitted among those confidential agents who aided the royal deliberations, and were intrusted with the secrets of the state. "The Duke of Alva," said the Emperor to his son, "is the best soldier and the best statesman in the kingdom. Yet I have not given him a place, as he desired, in the council. I have laid it down as a rule to admit no grandee, and therefore I have excluded him. Treat him with all consideration; honor him, favor him, make use of him. But suffer neither him nor any other grandee, neither an individual nor a faction, to gain a large share of your confidence, or to exercise an influence in your cabinet. The nobles have great thoughts of themselves. Under a seeming humility, they mask high aspirations. Beware of them, or it will cost you dear." *

In fact, the persons whom this sagacious prince habitually summoned to his closet were of humble origin, men whose fortune was entirely dependent on the favor of their master, and who had little to gain by consulting any will but his — priests and lawyers, who looked for the solid rewards of benefices and sinecures, and who had no ambition to appropriate to themselves such a share of external dignity as might give umbrage to their sovereign. These men were indeed servants, (*criados*) *creatures*. It was his smile that warmed them into life; and their sole desire was, that the source of those vivifying beams might ever increase in size and splendor. Such machinery could not fail to work smoothly. What a contrast did the government of Charles present to that of France,

* *Seminario Erudito*, tom. XIV.

where the hereditary animosities of great families and great factions continually impeded the wheels; and to that of England, where the court favorite and the haughty noble played a game for almost absolute power, and, if unsuccessful, paid their stake upon the scaffold.

Trained under such a master, it is not strange that the Spanish statesmen of the sixteenth century maintained a high and peculiar reputation. They did not, indeed, possess that kind of merit which, at the present day, and under free governments, confers the highest lustre upon men in public life. No scheme for improving the condition of the people — by promoting education, or commercial enterprise, or more equal legislation, or a better administration of justice — is connected with any of their names. These things, in fact, were not demanded of them. But they excelled in all those arts which, in their own day, constituted statecraft. None more adroit than they in wringing the last possible *maravedi* from the soiled hand of overtaxed labor; none more fertile of schemes to "keep the machine a-going," as their own expressive phrase was, when so clogged with debts that, to common eyes, national bankruptcy seemed inevitable; none bolder in devising measures for restraining "that wicked animal, the people," within necessary bounds. As negotiators, they were, perhaps, unrivalled. Diplomacy has always been held in higher estimation on the Continent of Europe than among the Anglo-Saxons, with whom it consists in making philanthropic protests when the "rights of man" are supposed to be assailed, and in sending ships of war to obtain prompt redress for any invasion of their own rights. But the sixteenth century was the golden age of diplomacy. The most trivial treaty could not be negotiated without such consummate displays of finesse, such laborious efforts of the parties to overreach one another, that a minister plenipotentiary of the nineteenth century, who should cast a retrospective glance on their operations, would be as much amazed as a child in watching the tricks of a juggler. Dissimulation was then the all-important requisite for success in public life. To dissemble on every occasion, whether treating with enemies or with allies, with a stranger or with a colleague — to conceal the real design, to gain

the end by any but direct means — was the universal practice, and in its perfection the summit of political art. It was the panoply of the statesman — of the patriotic as well as of the selfish, of the noblest no less than of the meanest. Charles himself was a finished dissembler. Philip II. would have been uneasy if his most simple and innocent thoughts — if he ever had such — had been known to any one besides his confessor. But the most profound master of this science was a man greater than either Charles or Philip, endowed with a higher genius than theirs, and with a nobility of soul and a liberality of view that were wholly foreign to their natures — William, Prince of Orange, called "the Silent," who stood by the council-board of the Emperor while a boy, and afterwards wrested from the tyrannical sway of his patron's son one of the fairest of his realms.

Excellence in such arts as these presupposes a keen insight into character. Charles the Fifth did not exhibit any profound knowledge of human nature in the abstract; but he was thoroughly acquainted with the designs, the motives, and the disguises of the ordinary denizens of a court. He knew how to baffle dangerous ambition, and to keep alive the meaner hopes of serviceable men. A niggard as regarded solid favors, he was liberal, yet discriminating, in the distribution of his smiles. He neither treated men as if they were his equals, nor, like Philip, as if they were all equally his inferiors. As he pressed the hand of an electoral prince, he raised his hat; while a smile and a nod acknowledged an old acquaintance in a lower position. Perhaps he had originally a kind heart; for high courtesy, though in a great degree the result of culture, can hardly be grafted on a hard or sour disposition. But it is the misfortune of men born to exalted rank, that every smile or word of theirs, instead of meeting, as among equals, with the careless, free response that nature prompts, is received as a favor and acknowledged with gratitude, and becomes a matter of pride and a matter of envy, like a jewel, or a woman's love. Things so precious must not be dropped at random. Impulse is therefore degraded into a system — is checked or forced, as the occasion demands; or rather, genuine emotion is lost, and replaced by a counterfeit.

However, it takes a very nice ear to perceive that these "sweet bells are jangled, out of tune, and harsh." Not every man has the cool reason of Sir Thomas More, and feels, when a Harry the Eighth leans familiarly on his shoulder, that "if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go." An affable prince, though his heart be as hard as the nether millstone, will be faithfully served, aye, and truly loved, by men who get neither solid rewards nor sincere affection in return. Charles the Fifth was popular among a people whose rights he disregarded, and whose gains he continually extorted; and he was beloved by servants whom he valued only for their use, and whose parsimonious wages were always in arrear. His gracious demeanor seemed to mitigate his despotism, and to amplify his bounty. In short, he was a thorough man of the world, and knew how to obtain solid profits from mere imaginary investments. In the business of common life, he would have been eminently prosperous. Born in poverty, he would have acquired great wealth; from obscurity, he would have climbed to a high station. But he was placed in a position which demanded higher qualities than those that ordinarily insure success. To conduct the affairs of a great empire, in times of danger and perturbation, requires that a man should be possessed of great and enlightened ideas; and here he was deficient. To maintain a sure footing in the midst of a moral revolution, high moral principle is a necessary support; and of moral principle we have found no evidence that Charles possessed an iota.

In his fifty-seventh year, the Emperor resigned his crown, and retired to the seclusion of a convent. This extraordinary action threw a halo of romance around the close of his career that has not yet been dissipated. It is related that he formed the design of abdicating many years before he executed it. This is not very improbable; such intentions have, no doubt, been often entertained by kings in seasons of anxiety and danger. The wearied statesman talks forever of exchanging the burdens of office for freedom and repose. The singularity in Charles's case lies not in the purpose, but in its fulfilment. Yet when we consider how he had been shattered by the storms of state, and that, in every part of the horizon, there

were threatening indications of a greater tempest, we may incline to the opinion that his abdication was less the result of choice than of a political necessity. How melancholy was his condition, physical and mental, in his latter years! At fifty, he was already worn out. He had been slowly developed; but his constitution does not seem to have been a bad one. It endured without injury the exposure and fatigue of the chase and the campaign. But it was not sufficiently tough to bear up under the inflictions of gluttony; and this lord of two worlds could find no substitute in the way of enjoyment for that which four full meals, of highly seasoned and unwholesome food, afforded every day. The flying visits of disease, which naturally ensued, were at first repulsed by medical skill or the efforts of nature. But at length gout, asthma, and dyspepsia advanced in a phalanx, and laid close siege to his frame. A deep gloom, the taint of which was hereditary in his blood, settled on him as his fortunes sank and his health deteriorated. His habits and condition at this period may be closely viewed through the medium of familiar letters written by his attendants, and other authentic documents, some of which have been lately printed. We are admitted to the presence of Charles when he has become an object of pity, and even of contempt. He is no longer able to hide those miserable contradictions which community of nature make us loath to pry into. They burst forth like a foul eruption. Sometimes he seems sinking into imbecility — the fate of his unfortunate mother. For weeks and months, he will not even put his signature to a necessary document. He makes little carts, on which to wheel himself about his garden, or sits for hours listening to the jests of a buffoon. In fits of remorse, he applies the saving scourge to his shoulders, until it is sprinkled with blood; or watches alone at midnight, in a chamber hung with black, and imagines that he hears his mother's voice calling him. Yet he must still have a capon stewed in milk brought to him at five in the morning, in the interval of his slumbers; and anchovies, and similar dainties, still form a portion of his evening repast. The cooks are at their wits' end to devise sufficiently unwholesome dishes, to the number of twenty, for his noonday meal. At night, "stuffed with

distressful bread," he cannot sleep; so listens with avidity — "*libenter et avide*" — to portions of Scripture read to him by poor Van Male; and is especially interested by the passages in the Prophet Esdras, which foretell the consummation of the world. At times, indeed, he rouses from his lethargy, and labors with his old energy and confidence. But these are fitful gleams, and the day that has been "so fair and foul" is hastening to its close.

Such was his state, bodily and mental. Let us now glance at the difficulties of his position. It almost seems as if he ceased to be a monarch long before his abdication; as if that act were but his own acknowledgment that the sceptre had slipped from his grasp. "Germany had cast him off," to use the expression of a Venetian minister of the time. If he still lingered within the borders of the Empire, the active control of its affairs was already exercised by Ferdinand. The Italian provinces, some of them new acquisitions, were threatening revolt. In 1555, Giovanni Pietro Caraffa ascended the papal throne; a man who carried thirty more years upon his shoulders, and yet was younger than Charles; a man of narrow mind, daring conceptions, inflexible will; whose soul was filled with the idea of reforming the discipline and reëstablishing the authority of the Church; who aimed at building up a great ecclesiastical state in Italy, and thus restoring the independence of the Papacy, which heresy, internal corruption, and the treachery and ambition of the Emperor had conspired to overthrow; who hated the Spaniards with the twofold hatred of a churchman and a patriot; who remembered the free republics, which, like the notes of a perfect chord, had in his youth constituted a united Italy, and who had witnessed the storming of the Vatican by the imperial troops; who, while a cardinal, had openly displayed his hostility to Charles, and whose first step, after assuming the tiara, was to enter into an alliance with France. With the latter power Charles was again at war, but no longer with his old success. He did not display the daring that had once characterized his operations in the field; his army manœuvred, and at length abandoned in despair the disastrous siege of Metz. The Netherlands — his native land, where alone he felt himself at

home, where alone he was beloved — were growing fretful under the sway of a prince who incessantly demanded new taxes, and too often disregarded old privileges. In spite of a ruthless persecution, the new religion was gradually leavening the mass of the population. "I see a new state of feeling growing up in these provinces," wrote Mary of Hungary, from Brussels; "such an irreverent disposition towards both God and the king, that I should not wish to continue in the regency even were I a man, and of great ability, much less being but a weak woman." *

Spain remained tranquil and intact. But, in regard to its government, a somewhat singular state of things existed. Charles had not visited that country since 1543. He had then established Philip as regent, and given him ample powers. That prince was as precocious as his father had been tardy in development. In his seventeenth year, he was already a husband, a father, and a ruler. He had, in fact, never known a boyhood. Laced round, as in an iron corset, by bands of religious bigotry, royal bigotry, and court-etiquette bigotry, his soul was cramped and dark. But he inherited much of his father's ability in transacting business, though none of his skill in winning golden opinions. He had not Charles's fire and rapid execution; but he had greater industry, greater perseverance, and an inflexible consistency in his aims, which made him formidable even when defeated. His path was tortuous, but it led to the goal; and he never wandered from it, never grew weary, never desponded; no reverse could cast him down, no temptation lead him aside. Like William of Orange, a profound dissembler; like William, too, he was no hypocrite. Each was honest and devoted in his purpose, and unscrupulous in the means for its accomplishment. Both were successful — one in creating, the other in destroying. The heroism of William saved Holland from the fate of Spain, the sources of whose national life were poisoned by the miasmatic policy of Philip. The instructions which Charles had given to his son, when investing him with the regency, related to the mode of conducting the administration, not to the particular measures with which he would have to deal.

* *Papiers d'État du Cardinal de Granvelle*, tom. IV. p. 476.

Nor have we been able to find any evidence that the Emperor, during that period of triumph and disaster, when Germany demanded all his thoughts, took an active part in the direction of affairs in Spain. It was natural that Philip, with the qualities and the talents we have mentioned, should think himself sufficient for all demands upon the government. The state which he maintained was equal to that of his father; and his household was formed in the Burgundian mode, and on the most magnificent scale. Thus established at Valladolid, *el Principe* must have seemed to the nation a more direct source of authority than *el Rey*, who was sailing up and down the distant Rhine. The very qualities, too, which, everywhere else in Europe, made Philip detested, gained for him in Spain a degree of respect and admiration which in that country was never entertained for "Charles of Ghent." A Spaniard by birth, Philip was wholly a Spaniard in character. He was noted for the extent to which he carried the national stoicism of demeanor — the *sosiego*, a haughty calmness amid discordant opinions and turbulent fortunes. Though he did not neglect his father's advice as to the means for preserving his authority, yet we find him — at least in the beginning of his career — much more inclined than Charles had been to favor the Spanish nobility. His first ministry was composed of grandees, who were also the great officers of his household, some of whom had been his companions and attendants from childhood. Thus the position of Philip in 1555 was very different from the usual position of an heir-apparent. He had conducted the government during several years, in which his mind had become mature and his experience ample; the nobility clustered around him as their head, and the people had a high opinion of his capacity. Under these circumstances, to have deprived him of the regency would have almost seemed like the deposition of a reigning sovereign. True, he had, by his marriage with Mary Tudor, in 1554, become the King of England; but his ambition could only have been tantalized by authority so cautiously granted and so jealously watched. While in England, we find Philip sending over Ruy Gomez to Brussels, to arrange with the Emperor which of them should assume the government of

Spain, and which that of the Low Countries; how the council of state should be formed, and on what plan the general administration of the various states should be settled.* Thus the prince appears in the active exercise of power, as a coördinate ruler, with Charles. But whatever arrangement had been made, the authority of the Emperor must soon have diminished; that of Philip would have continually increased. It was not unwise in Charles to execute the scheme on which he had pondered so long.

The spot selected by Charles, as the home of his remaining days, was the Vera, or Valley, of Plasencia, in the north-east corner of the province of Estremadura. He had some additions made to the conventual buildings of Yuste — a Jeromite monastery — for the accommodation of himself and his personal attendants. Mr. Stirling describes the place, both from the accounts given by those who saw it three centuries ago, and his own inspection of it in 1849.

"Backed by the massive south wall of the Church, the building presented a simple front of two stories to the garden and the noontide sun. Each story contained four chambers, two on either side of a corridor, which traversed the structure from east to west, and led at either end into a broad porch, or covered gallery, supported by pillars and open to the air. Each room was furnished with an ample fireplace, in accordance with the Flemish wants and ways of the chilly invalid. The chambers which look upon the garden were bright and pleasant; but those on the north side were gloomy, and even dark, the light being admitted to them only by windows opening on the corridor, or on the external and deeply shadowed porches. Charles inhabited the upper rooms, and slept in that at the north-east corner, from which a door, or window had been cut in a slanting direction into the church, through the chancel wall, and close to the high altar. The Emperor's cabinet, in which he transacted business, was on the opposite side of the corridor, and looked upon the garden. From its windows, his eye ranged over a cluster of rounded knolls, clad in walnut and chestnut, in which the mountain dies gently away into the broad bosom of the Vera. Not a building was in sight, but a summer-house peering above the mulberry tops at the lower end of the garden, and a hermitage of Our Lady of Solitude, about a mile distant, hung upon a rocky height, which rose like an isle out of the sea of forest. Immediately below

* *Papiers d'État du Cardinal de Granvelle*, tom. IV. p. 450.

the windows, the garden sloped gently to the Vera, shaded here and there with the massive foliage of the fig, or the feathery boughs of the almond, and breathing perfume from tall orange trees, cuttings of which some of the friars, themselves transplanted, in after days vainly strove to keep alive, at the bleak Escurial. The garden was easily reached from the western porch or gallery by an inclined path, which had been constructed to save the gouty monarch the pain and fatigue of going up and down stairs. This porch, which was much more spacious than the eastern, was his favorite seat when filled with the warmth of the declining day. Commanding the same view as the cabinet, it looked also upon a small parterre with a fountain in the centre, and a short cypress alley leading to the principal gate of the garden. Beyond this gate and garden was the luxuriant forest; a wide space in front of the convent being covered by the shade of a magnificent walnut tree, even then known as the great walnut tree of Yuste, a Nestor of the woods, which has seen the hermit's cell rise into a royal convent and sink into a ruin, and has survived the Spanish order of Jerome and the Austrian dynasty of Spain." pp. 77 – 78.

The monastery is now in ruins; but Mr. Ford (Handbook for Spain, p. 553) gives a pleasant account of a day which he passed there in 1832, when a few old monks were still sheltered by the falling cloisters.

"When I visited it in 1849," continues Mr. Stirling, "it was inhabited only by the peasant bailiff of the lay proprietor, who eked out his wages by showing the historical site to the passing stranger. The principal cloister was choked with the rubbish of the fallen upper story, the richly-carved capitals which had supported it peeping here and there from the soil and the luxuriant mantle of wild shrubs and flowers. Two sides of the smaller and older cloisters were still standing, with blackened walls and rotting floors and ceilings. The strong granite-built church, proof against the fire of the Gaul and the wintry storms of the Sierra, was a hollow shell; the classical decorations of the altar, and quaint wood-work of the choir, having been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Quacos. Beautiful blue and yellow tiles, which had lined the chancel, were fast dropping from the walls; and above, the window through which the dying glance of Charles had sought the altar, remained, like the eye-socket in a skull, turned towards the damp, blank space that was once bright with holy tapers and the coloring of Titian. In a vault beneath, approached by a door of which the key could not be found, I was told that the coffin of massive chestnut planks, in which the Emperor's body had lain

for sixteen years, was still kept as a relic. In his palace, the lower chambers were used as a magazine for fuel; and in the rooms above, where he had lived and died, maize and olives were gathered, and the silk-worm wound its cocoon in dust and darkness. His garden below, with its tank and broken fountain, was overgrown with tangled thickets of fig, mulberry, and almond, with a few patches of pot-herbs, and here and there an orange tree or a cypress, to mark where once the terrace smiled with its blooming parterres. Without the gate, the great walnut tree, sole relic of the past with which time had not dealt rudely, spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation. Yet, in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill and forest and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his imperial wings." pp. 263 – 264.

Charles arrived at Yuste in February, 1557. In September, 1558, he died there. No one who traces his career down to the former date, will leave it until it terminates at the latter. The pursuits, the feelings, and the opinions of the imperial recluse have been the subject of much idle conjecture, of many absurd falsehoods, and latterly of minute investigation. The reader is familiar with the picture which Robertson has painted of Charles in his retirement. The imperial robe has been thrown aside; royalty and state have altogether vanished. Not the less is dignity still the chief characteristic of the scene. In the gabardine which hangs upon those shoulders where once the purple hung, he who was every inch a king is now every inch a sage. The only feature that does not altogether suit with this conception is a morbid religious feeling, the sole weakness which the Scotch divine of the eighteenth century found it impossible to exalt into a virtue. But he does his best to excuse it — confines it, in defiance of notorious facts, to the last six months of the Emperor's life, when disease had "enfeebled his mind as much as his body," and when "hardly any traces can be discerned of that sound and masculine understanding which distinguished Charles among his contemporaries."

Let us look a little closer at the drawing and the coloring of this distinguished artist. Admire first the soft outlines and mellow tints of the landscape. "It [the convent] was seated

in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees." Every reader knows this vale, which lies, not in the province of Estremadura, but in the cockney land of sentimental fiction. The ballad-mongers paint it with a grove at the end, where lovers may meet by moonlight, and whisper the tale that must be told by moonlight alone. It is, in fact, one of the stock properties at the service of every writer of the "picturesque school." It is what the grammarians call an "abstract conception;" as, when the word "horse" is mentioned, the notion conveyed is of a horse without color, and of no particular size. This "vale," with its "rising grounds" and "small brook," bears, we venture to say, no more resemblance to any real valley than Macedon to Monmouth. To none does it bear less resemblance than to the Vera of Plasencia, if there be any truth in the descriptions of travellers, or any credit to be given to the impressions of those who once resided there. In spite of the beauty of the vineyards and pastures, the wide extent of the view, the height of the mountains, the torrents that dash down their precipitous sides, the steep and rugged paths, and the many fearful ravines make sublimity the principal characteristic of the scenery. When Luis Quixada, the faithful steward of the Emperor, first visited Yuste, and saw it under the dreary aspect of a winter sky, he was shocked by its appearance. "I saw nothing," he wrote, "but immense mountains, some of naked rock, others covered with stunted oaks." But this view was obscured by the mists of prejudice, as well as by the fogs of December. The historian Sepulveda, who, on his way across the Sierra, stopped to salute the "setting orb which he had venerated in its noonday glory," noticed, indeed, the extreme beauty of the Vera, but described the "rising grounds" as more lofty, steep, and difficult to climb than the ascent to virtue; and recalled, not without shuddering, the narrow path, "*quæ diu per capita et marginem magnorum præcipitiorum ducit, unde in ima fluenta per celsissimas crepidines et abrupta saxa despectus ipse horrorem nobis incutiebat.*" Mr. Stirling, in the manner of a true artist, paints the approach of Charles to the Vera by "as wild a mountain path as mule ever traversed," and the panorama that at length presented itself to his admiring gaze.

"Overhung, for the most part, with the bare boughs of great oaks and chestnuts, the narrow and slippery track sometimes followed, sometimes crossed torrents, swollen with the late rains, wound beneath toppling crags, climbed the edge of frightful precipices, and reached its culminating horror in the pass of Puertonuevo, a chasm rugged and steep as a broken staircase, which cleft the topmost crest of the Sierra. On this airy height, the traveller, pausing to take breath, suddenly sees the fair Vera unrolled in all its green length, at his feet. Girdled with its mountain wall, this nine-league stretch of pasture and forest, broken here and there with village roofs and convent belfries, slopes gently to the west, where beautiful Plasencia, crowned with cathedral towers, and throned on a terrace of rock, sits, queen-like, amongst vineyards and gardens and the silver windings of the Xerte." pp. 27, 28.

But before proceeding with our comments, let us do Robertson the justice to extract his account of Yuste, and of the Emperor's residence there, in full.

"The building consisted only of six rooms, four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground, with a door on one side into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and had filled it with various plants, which he intended to cultivate with his own hands. On the other side they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during almost half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subdued by his power. . . . . When Charles entered this retreat, he formed such a plan of life for himself as would have suited the condition of a private gentleman of a moderate fortune. His table was neat, but plain; his domestics, few; his intercourse with them familiar. All the cumbersome and ceremonious forms of attendance on his person were entirely abolished, as destructive of that social ease and tranquillity which he courted, in order to soothe the remainder of his days. As the mildness of the climate, together with his deliverance from the burdens and cares of government, procured him, at first, a considerable remission from the acute pains with which he had been long tormented, he enjoyed, perhaps, more complete satisfaction, in this

humble solitude, than all his grandeur had ever yielded him. The ambitious thoughts and projects, which had so long engrossed and disquieted him, were quite effaced from his mind. Far from taking any part in the political transactions of the princes of Europe, he restrained his curiosity even from any inquiry concerning them; and he seemed to view the busy scene which he had abandoned with all the contempt and indifference arising from his thorough experience of its vanity, as well as from the pleasing reflection of having disentangled himself from its cares. Other amusements and other objects now occupied him. Sometimes he cultivated the plants in his garden with his own hands; sometimes he rode out to the neighboring wood, on a little horse, the only one that he kept, attended by a single servant, on foot. When his infirmities confined him to his apartment, which often happened, and deprived him of these more active recreations, he either admitted a few gentlemen who resided near the monastery, to visit him, and entertained them familiarly at his table, or he employed himself in studying mechanical principles, and in forming curious works of mechanism, of which he had always been remarkably fond, and to which his genius was peculiarly turned. With this view he had engaged Turriano, one of the most ingenious artists of that age, to accompany him in his retreat. He labored, together with him, in framing models of the most useful machines, as well as in making experiments with regard to their respective powers; and it was not seldom that the ideas of the monarch assisted or perfected the inventions of the artist. He relieved his mind at intervals with slighter and more fantastic works of mechanism; in fashioning puppets, which, by the structure of internal springs, mimicked the gestures and actions of men, to the astonishment of the ignorant monks, who, beholding movements which they could not comprehend, sometimes distrusted their own senses, and sometimes suspected Charles and Turriano of being in compact with invisible powers. He was particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, it is said, with a mixture of surprise as well as regret, on his own folly, in having bestowed so much time and labor on the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the profound and mysterious doctrines of religion."

We are sorry to say that the errors, in this passage, are more numerous than the sentences. The rooms were not six in number, but eight; they were not all on one floor, and those of Charles were in the second story. The furniture was

handsome, and the dark cloth, instead of arras, in the imperial chamber, was a matter of taste, not of affected simplicity. The number of the servants was not twelve, but sixty, some of whom found lodgings in the convent, while others, whose personal attendance was unnecessary, took up their abode in a neighboring village. Of the table and the ceremony we shall speak hereafter — merely remarking here, that, so far from Charles familiarly entertaining any of his neighbors at his own table, it was thought an extraordinary mark of favor when he ordered a dish to be carried from it to the apartment of one of his most distinguished visitors. The Emperor was not accustomed to ride his little horse. He once mounted it, Sandoval tells us, but being seized with a dizziness, was immediately lifted off, and never renewed the attempt. "The useful machines," constructed by Turriano, were hand-mills for grinding wheat; and the profound reflection upon the folly of persecution, — wholly inconsistent with the sentiments often expressed by the Emperor at Yuste, and with the terms of a codicil to his will, executed a few days before his death, which Robertson had before his eyes, — is not mentioned by any writer of credit, and was probably picked by the historian out of some book of *ana*, such as are strung together by gentlemen of an epigrammatic turn.

Most of these errors are individually of little importance; nor do we mean to assert that they are all downright blunders of Robertson. But they are proofs of negligence, and of want of proper research and comparison of authorities. The great mistake is that which runs through the whole passage. The general effect is false. The life of Charles at Yuste, his habits and his thoughts, were very different from what is here described. He was not more of a philosopher, not more indifferent about what was passing in the world, not more calm and dispassionate in his reflections, not more simple in his tastes or moderate in his appetites, than he had always been. No doubt, particular expressions might be picked out of the Spanish chroniclers, which would accord with the representations of the Scotch historian. But in studying that class of writers, it is not to their general statements that any weight is to be given; these are usually to be

rejected as mere ornaments, in the carving of which fancy had the greater share of the labor. The details which they give of particular transactions are what constitute the value of the chronicles; and if, on a critical examination, many errors be detected, we shall generally discover a truthful intention. There were works in Robertson's hands, or within his reach, containing many particulars which showed that Charles, while at Yuste, took an interest in public affairs; that he transacted important business with agents of the government; that he regarded the progress of the Reformation in a spirit of fierce intolerance; and that he expressed himself, on that and on other topics, in language characterized neither by moderation nor refinement. But these were facts that did not harmonize with the preconceptions of the historian, and he therefore passed them by unnoticed. Having dipped into Sandoval and Vera only to extract one or two erroneous statements, that tallied with his own erroneous idea, he abandoned those respectable authorities, for the loose statements and vapid declamation of De Thou, and the still more elaborate embellishments of the notorious Gregorio Leti. It was not enough that, under the influence of disease, constitutional melancholy, premature old age, disappointed ambition, and a complication of political difficulties that demanded exertions of which he was no longer capable, Charles resigned his crown, withdrew from the control of affairs, and retired from scenes where to exist was to be active, and where, if active, he must still have been supreme. We know how great must be the contrast between the condition of a prince on the throne and that of a prince who has abdicated. In Charles's case, so much had his activity diminished before his resignation, and so great was his interest, and even his participation, in the conduct of the government after that event, that we find the contrast less striking than might have been expected. But Robertson paints it in glowing colors. He heightens it by every possible misrepresentation and omission; and the very art with which he does this, is the strongest evidence against him. The skill with which he selects the errors of truthful writers, and avoids whatever particles of truth he finds in dishonest writers, precludes the plea of ignorance, and convicts him of design. A

great "conqueror," whose ambition had been "insatiable," quitting the world that he may find time for serious meditation, and looking back upon the scene he had left only to smile at its vanities, and to wonder that he could ever have been their dupe, — such is the picturesque conception to which the historian has sacrificed — Truth. Thus it is that, instead of the few grains of fact which it is possible for the historic sieve to retain, of all that Time pours into it, we are presented with elegant chaff, in full measures, which the respectable public carefully grinds, kneads, swallows, and with much facility digests.

If a thorough examination of the authorities whom Robertson consulted would always have provoked doubts of his accuracy, testimony has lately been brought forward which leaves him without the shadow of a case. There exist in the Archives of Simancas many letters written during the Emperor's residence at Yuste, by himself and by various members of his household, to Philip, to the Regent Juana, and to Vazquez de Molina, the secretary of the council of Castile. From these documents Tomas Gonzalez, who was keeper of the archives in the reign of Ferdinand VII., drew up an elaborate paper, which he probably intended for publication in the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of History. This intention was frustrated by his death; and his brother, who came into possession of the MS., instead of printing, offered it for sale to several public libraries and wealthy *literateurs* for the modest sum of 15,000 francs. At this price it was declined — among others, by the eminent American historian, Mr. Prescott, who was then engaged in collecting the materials for his History of Philip II., and who has since succeeded in obtaining from Simancas full copies of all important portions of the correspondence. Manuel Gonzalez, being at length obliged to lower his terms, sold the Memoir, in 1844, to the directors of the *Archives des Étrangers*, for 4,000 francs. The successive changes of government in France have delayed the publication of the MS., but the nature of its contents has long been known to scholars who have taken an interest in the subject. Last year, permission to inspect the Memoir was obtained by Mr. Stirling, who is favorably known as the

author of a graceful account of Spanish art and artists. That gentleman had previously made himself acquainted with all printed matter relating to the subject, and had contributed to "Frazer's Magazine" an account of the latter days of Charles, in which his greater industry and truthfulness had enabled him to shun the rocks upon which Robertson had run. He has now recast this article, with large additions, and has embodied in it the substance of the MS. of Gonzalez. We know of but one reason why the work should not be reprinted here; and as that objection applies equally to the republication of all foreign works, and has not, in any instance that we know of, prevented such publication, we trust that the Messrs. Harper will not allow the want of an international copyright, and the consequent impossibility of making a proper remuneration to the author, to deter them from putting forth an edition of the Cloister Life of Charles V. As the volume contains every thing in regard to the subject which the most curious reader can desire, we shall close our sketch of the Emperor's career with a brief account of his *dichos y hechos* in the convent.

Instead of a mode of life suited to "the condition of a private gentleman of a moderate fortune," the etiquette of a royal household was sedulously maintained at Yuste. Charles always ate alone; he was served and addressed upon the knee, and was addressed as Emperor by all who approached him as well as by his correspondents. In fact, any change in this respect could have proceeded only from affectation, and would have produced only embarrassment. It is no relief for persons accustomed from their birth to ceremonious observances, to adopt the common manners of social life. Charles and his former subjects would have felt a greater restraint in omitting, than they did in retaining, the forms to which they were accustomed. If there be sometimes an Arbaces, who is overjoyed to be "found no king," it is seldom that a Bessus takes him at his word, and greets him on the instant as "fellow-subject." How far the Emperor was from foregoing, in the convent, the luxuries by which he had been surrounded in the palace, may be seen by the list of his attendants and the inventory of his effects. In the former we find enumerated a

mayor-domo, a keeper of the wardrobe, a secretary, a physician, two apothecaries, and eight gentlemen of the bedchamber, besides cooks, brewers, and other inferior domestics. In the latter, we have "tapestries of gold, silver, and silk;" "robes lined with eider-down, ermine, Tunis kidskin, and velvet;" "an arm-chair with six cushions and a foot-stool;" costly works of art, such as pictures by Titian, and vases by Cellini; knick-knacks and articles of *virtù*, as "a piece of the true cross," and "eighteen files to file his majesty's teeth with;" and more than 13,000 ounces of plate, including "cups, basins, jugs, bottles, pitchers, candlesticks, warming-pans," and other meaner utensils of the imperial chamber.

Nor was there any falling-off in the more substantial luxuries and comforts which Charles prized above all others. One might almost suspect that he retired from the world only that he might indulge, unnoticed and uncensured, in the delights of the table. Salmon, tunny, anchovies, eels, and frogs (especially the last), were still among his frequent and favorite dishes; and while he did not neglect the juice of the grape, his customary beverage was iced strong beer. One of his last occupations was stocking a trout pond, and one of his last appointments that of an additional gamekeeper. Scarcely any degree of suffering could limit his appetite; a frogless world was no world for him; and as, by his gormandizing, he had disabled himself for the active business of life, so now, by the same means, he exhausted the small stock of vigor which he had gained in the beginning of his residence in the most salubrious part of Spain.

But if Charles was thus assiduous in the gratification of sense, it must not be supposed that he forgot the still higher claims of religion. He knew there was a purgatory to come; and he was constant in the performance of all those expiatory rites, which were to shorten its pains and hasten his passage to a scene where enjoyment has no satiety and conscience no pangs. His devotions were as long and as frequent as his meals. "*Dalla messa alla mensa*," had always been his rule; and eating and praying, sometimes separate, and sometimes united, now absorbed the greater portion of the day. Every morning the confessor and the capon were simultaneous in

their appearance at his bedside. Mass followed hard upon the morning repast. Dinner was digested under the soothing influence of a sermon. At short intervals, the account of his penances and his peccadilloes was balanced by Father Regla, and a clean sheet prepared for the next entries. In times of ecclesiastical humiliation, Charles bared his wasted shoulders, and, with a knotted whip, extorted some drops of watery blood. One sin, to which we have already alluded, weighed heavily upon his soul — the good faith which he had kept with Luther. It had long been apparent that his temporizing course, in regard to the Reformation, was a political blunder; hence the sackcloth and ashes in which it was bewailed. There could not be a greater mistake than to suppose that Charles, in the last years of life, learned to view religious differences with a tolerant eye. His chief regret was, that he had not persecuted earlier and persecuted more. He was staking his own chance of salvation upon a discipline of external rites and blind submission; and the bigotry that naturally followed was deepened by political hatred and the bitter consciousness of defeat. When informed that heresy had been discovered in Seville, he raged like an inquisitor. He would have gone himself to investigate the "black business," had he not been chained fast by an access of disease. He charged Philip, by letter, to spare no pains in extirpating the evil. He expressed his satisfaction when he heard that men, whom he had once known and esteemed, were consigned to the dungeons of the Inquisition. It is well known to the student of ecclesiastical history that, in February, 1559, an edict was issued in Spain, which declared that recantation should no longer avail to save the life of a convicted heretic, but only to obtain for him the grace of a swifter kind of death. The proposal for this alteration of the law emanated from the imperial recluse at Yuste. To let such offenders escape, he said, only made them disaffected subjects, and tempted others into the same path; and he pointed triumphantly to his own edicts in the Netherlands — than which none, certainly, could be more barbarous, but none, happily, more ineffectual. The codicil, which about this time he added to his will, breathes the same persecuting spirit.

In fact, moderation of thought or speech, in regard to any subject, was no characteristic of Charles in his retirement. He could no longer act; so much the more strongly did he feel, so much the more vehemently did he express himself, in regard to the public transactions of that eventful time. He maintained a correspondence both with his successor and with the regent, and received reports of all that was passing on the stage which he had left. As the king was absent from Spain, he watched, with especial interest, the internal affairs of that country. He aided Juana with his counsel; and, on more than one occasion, when Philip sent urgent demands for money to assist him in carrying on the war, Charles pressed the matter forward by his earnest exhortations, and expostulated with the clergy, whom he saw unwilling to loosen their purse-strings. Whenever despatches from Flanders were read to him, he asked eagerly if there were not more. Messengers from the seat of war were plied with questions respecting the condition of the army, down to the minutest details. Charles's comments on what was done, whether in the camp or in the cabinet, were expressed, not merely with freedom, but with asperity and violence. Sometimes he was too indignant to speak at all, and would not even listen to an account of measures which he had condemned, lest he should be choked by his rage. On one occasion, when, on the arrival of the treasure-fleet from America, the merchants of Seville, either by force or connivance, had managed to get their share of the cargo out of the hands of the government officials, the anger of the Emperor passed all bounds. He demanded that the members of the *Casa de la Contratacion* — a board that regulated the American trade — should be seized, thrown into dungeons, loaded with chains, and tortured, and their goods confiscated, — and all this without any trial; for he knew, he said, that the judge appointed to investigate the matter would only be bribed into connivance. His denunciations extended to the whole government. "It is in vain for you to attempt to excuse yourself," he wrote to the secretary Vazquez; "you *must* have been in fault." The regent herself barely escaped. "I know, daughter," he somewhat ungraciously concludes one of his most angry epistles, "that you are not to blame; it is your advisers whom I accuse."

We may suspect, that Philip's officials would have been better pleased to have been exempt from the strictures of a critic, who was the more severe, as his view was from a distance, and his mind soured by mortification and disease. Charles censured the conduct of the Duke of Alva, when that general was in the full tide of a successful campaign; and condemned the peace which he made, insinuating even that corruption was at the bottom of it, although Alva was himself, in fact, disgusted with the terms, and subscribed them only at the king's express command.

In this picture of disappointment, peevishness, virulence, disease, gross appetite, as gross a creed, trivial amusements, forgetfulness of friends, implacable recollection of enemies, — we find few redeeming features. There was nothing sour or repulsive in Charles's manners, but neither was there any warmth or strength in his affections. He is said to have been much moved by the death of his sister, Eleanor of France; but it would be difficult to find proofs that he showed any tenderness for her while alive. She had been a meek sacrifice to his ambition. He refused to allow her and Mary of Hungary to pass a night at Yuste, when they visited him there. In his last moments, his daughter requested permission to come to him from Valladolid; but he preferred to meet death surrounded by priests and domestics. The only fine moral quality which he seems to have possessed was a love of art, and especially of music, with which he had a scientific acquaintance, as far as the science existed in that day. The choir at Yuste had been selected with especial reference to the requirements of his fastidious ear; and it is said, that if, during the celebration of divine service, some rustic auditor, carried away by devotional feeling, mingled his untrained notes with the melodious strains of the more cultivated performers, an imprecation of the least refined description would be hissed out from between the imperial teeth. In consideration of this trait, many sins may be pardoned — by the critic.

But let us hasten to the close. It was on the 31st of August, 1558, that Charles was attacked by his last illness. On the day before, he had caused funeral rites to be celebrated,

in anticipation of his death, and had joined in the performance of his own obsequies. While engaged in this strange ceremony, a sudden chill is supposed to have struck him, and an attack of fever was the immediate consequence. The doctor spoke encouragingly; but Quixada, who had been his faithful attendant for thirty years, knew there was no hope; — the patient had lost his appetite. Minute accounts of his state were sent every day, by members of his household, to the court at Valladolid; and many of these we have had an opportunity of perusing at length. The *mayordomo* records many of the expressions that fell from his master's lips, and exhibits the fluttering of hope and fear among his anxious attendants; the confessor relates his pious preparations; the physician numbers his eructations. Propped upon his "two beds and thirty-six bolsters," Charles waited the signal for his last battle. He was not afraid to die — few men are. Those whose lives have been most selfish, and whose consciences are least sensitive, have the slenderest ties to this life, and the weakest apprehensions in regard to the next. Whatever may have been Charles's faults, however shallow his repentance, he had a courageous soul; and he received all the comforts of a religion which knows best how to comfort such a mind. Holy tapers and images were brought from Montserrate, to be placed in his hands at the last moment. A crucifix, of peculiar virtue, which had comforted the Empress Isabella in her last moments, was held in readiness to meet the expiring gaze of her lord. Archbishop Carranza was summoned from Toledo, to perform that solemn rite which is the last act of courtesy from the Church to the guest that is leaving her portals on his journey to a distant and an unknown land. On the 19th, Charles received extreme unction; on the 20th, he requested the eucharist. "I have a long way to go," he said, "and it is best to be well provided." On the 21st, at midnight, the summons came. All who could obtain admission, hurried to the scene. Image, crucifix, and taper were placed as the dying man desired. "*Ya es tiempo!*" he exclaimed — "Now it is time." At once a convulsive agony seized upon his frame; wrenched from him a loud cry of "*Ay Jesus!*" — so

loud that it was heard in the adjoining rooms; — then passed, and left

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay."

ART. III. — 1. *Études Biographiques sur la Révolution d'Angleterre.* Par M. GUIZOT. Paris: Didier, Libraire-Editeur. 1851. 8vo. pp. 373.

2. *Footsteps of our Forefathers: what they suffered and what they sought; describing Localities and portraying Personages and Events conspicuous in the Struggles for Religious Liberty.* By JAMES G. MIALL. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1852. 12mo. pp. 352.

THE period of the English Revolution, including the experiment of the Protectorate, possesses the highest interest for all students of history, and for those active politicians who would consider the philosophy of change, and regulate the policy of nations. This is shown, both by the great number of writers who have engaged on both sides of the question, and by the acrimony with which they have discussed it, — coloring recorded facts with the hues of their theories or prejudices. For the last sixty years, the argument, instead of growing pale with age, has received fresh importance from the tenor of French history during that time. The historic parallel thus set forth elicited fresh inquiry; and, in England, the free spirit of the time was led to question, more decidedly, the conclusions of the philosophic Jacobite, David Hume, who had almost become the classic authority on the subject during the Tory reign of George III. The temporary remission of the Whig spirit, on the fall of the great Earl of Chatham before the strength of Toryism, left the pendulum of English opinion to be swayed in the direction of the Stuart cause and the prerogative of kings. But with later thinkers, and particularly with Carlyle, it has been tending the other way, and we have been called on to do homage to Oliver Cromwell, as one of the first and most heroic of Englishmen. All this

leads us to reconsider our first impressions of the subject, along with what later aids have been furnished us, and to take up, with fresh interest, the argument agitated a short while ago, and scarcely yet decided, concerning the omission of the great Protector's *effigies* from the niches or ornamental frescoes of the new English Houses of Parliament. It is safe to say, with respect to the probable exclusion of any busts or portraits of that famous Englishman, what Tacitus observes of the images of Cassius and Brutus, absent from the funeral of Junia, — "*Eo ipso præfulgebant, quod non visebantur!*"

Meantime, we are not without such light as the thinkers of France can throw upon the theme. The shame or the surprise of so many of their own revolutionary failures has led them to inquire if any thing similar ever occurred at any other time or place; and they, doubtless, find a sort of desperate consolation in the fact that their sarcastic neighbors had also their own abortive attempts at accelerated progress; that the English Revolution and reaction resembled, in many of their features, those of their own country. Indeed, when the whirligig of change had reached Louis Philippe and 1830, the French thought they had pretty nearly finished a parallel to the English movements ending in 1690; and, full of this preoccupation, they doubtless dreamed of nothing farther. But they have now greatly outrun the resemblance. The fearful outbreak of 1848, and the still more surprising *coup d'état* of 1852, give them an advantage over England and every other country in the world. None can compete with them, or desire to do so. None but themselves can be their parallel, in this *bathos* of revolutionary progress.

The French writers, we say, have found many attractions in the subject of the Puritans and the Stuarts, and have written several works upon it, the chief of them being a History of the Counter-Revolution in England, by M. Armand Carrel, a History of the Revolution of 1688, by M. Mazures, and — the most highly appreciated of all — several publications of M. Guizot. He has written a philosophical History of the English Revolution, an Inquiry into the Causes of the Success of that revolution, a Biography of Monk, and other inferior biographies, comprised in the book now before us. We need

hardly say that M. Guizot, the *Decus et Tutamen* of the Doctrinaires, is a hater of revolutions and revolutionists. Considering what his experience of revolutions has been, we are inclined to deal very leniently with this strong prepossession. His father was beheaded at Nismes during the reign of Robespierre. His own experience of the inconstancy and ferocity of his countrymen, at many subsequent revolutionary epochs, has been a sad one. At the present time, his contempt of popular movements and the popular judgment is strongly fortified by the fickle and base conduct of the French; and any disparagement which his politics and opinions may have suffered through his obstinacy in 1848, has been converted into eulogy by the rise of Louis Napoleon. The rights which Louis Philippe's minister was accused of trampling upon, have been flung under the Emperor's feet by the people themselves. Still, we think he is too much disposed to look upon all revolutions through the light of French experience. In his latest work, he says: —

"Revolutions begin with fanaticism and end with incredulity. In their origin, they are moved by pride; the dominant opinion is indignant at every thing, and suffers no contradiction. In the end, pride gives place to scepticism; no one trusts his own thoughts, or continues to have any belief in truth. It is the sad condition of man; faith blinds him, and experience corrupts him." p. 299.

This is altogether too sweeping. It is not true that revolutions commence in fanaticism or pride. Human nature was never yet in love with change. Man is more of "a bundle of habits" than his philosophy would be disposed to admit. The history of our race, in society, shows how reluctantly men are forced from the beaten ways of tradition and custom — how wildly and ignorantly they attempt, when goaded, to rush into new courses — and how often they fall back, breathless and discomfited, and more content to "bear the ills they have, than fly to others which they know not of." In all the revolutions of civilized nations, which we have read of, we see men enduring wrong, neglect, and insult, for years — protesting, entreating, threatening — and then borne into outbreak by the intolerable stress of circumstances. For fifteen

years, the Commons of England implored Charles I. to go by the written rules in taxing them, and to relax the severity of his Star Chamber. They also desired to have liberty for a new mode of worship, which, surely, cannot be called fanaticism. The French endured a corrupt court and priesthood for many generations; and would have done so longer but for bankruptcy, the *gabelle*, and hunger, which last Bacon calls the most dangerous instigator of rebellion. Our own righteous Revolution was prefaced by expostulations, petitions, and professions of attachment to the old ties of blood and language. Certainly, history does not everywhere declare that revolution grows out of theoretic pride and fanaticism; but rather, that it proceeds from the *venter artifex*, or the pocket. This may be considered degrading to the spiritual pretensions of our nature. But such is the fact; and we would test all theories — M. Guizot's among them — by facts. No doubt, a people are subject to sudden fits of passion, as in 1830 and 1848; but the reactions always show that necessity of some kind had pushed them on, and that the impulse carried them too fast and too far. As regards the middle course, and the winding-up, of some revolutions, we are not much disposed to differ in opinion from M. Guizot. No doubt, when a people find their excellent theories of right and justice are impracticable, they are disposed to give way to incredulity in many respects, and say, in the sense of a Greek fragment quoted by Brutus, after the battle of Philippi, "*Te colui Virtutem ut rem; ast tu nomen inane es!*"

Regarding the English Revolution of 1640 – 1688, M. Guizot asserts that it was never thoroughly understood till that of France had taken place. He means, of course, that the motive and the courses of the more modern convulsion had their antitypes in the other. This is not correct. Certainly, the general motives of rebellion against arbitrary power, as well as the divergencies and distractions, and the ultimate failure, were common to both. But, not to speak of the differences of national manners and passions, the incitements and character of the outbreak in the two cases were by no means the same. The French Revolution proceeded chiefly from physical causes — from the feudal incubus, which pressed the nation

into poverty. The English Revolution grew out of spiritual causes. Among the thinking classes, the Bible did in England what the Philosophic Dictionary did in France, in the way of national excitement. The illegal imposts of the Stuarts did not press very heavily on the people. If there had been nothing to be amended but the King's mode of taxing the nation, the English would not have gone vigorously into the argument. But causes were at work which closely touched their household sentiments and beliefs, and, coming home to men's business and bosoms, exasperated the quarrel into its extreme consequences. These causes we find traced in the other book now under notice — Mr. Miall's Footsteps of our Forefathers — a work, the aim of which, conducted through a series of striking historic *tableaux*, is to set forth the evils inherent in any system of state religion.

The Puritan Revolution was derived, by slow but sure degrees, from the religious reform of England, a reform which the temper of the population, weary of the black, white, and gray friars, with all their trumpery, had made easy of experiment, long before Henry VIII. began to give it shape and validity, and which this king and his successors endeavored to check, in its legitimate progress, after the power of the crown had wrested its prerogative from the Holy See, and gorged itself on the spoil of the old Catholic temporalities. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth desired the abolition of a haughty hierarchy no more than Mary did. They still wished to have the mysteries of religion, like the rites of the ancient Ceres, kept aloof from the familiarity of the vulgar. Henry forbade the reading of the Scriptures by any below certain noble and worshipful degrees, and persecuted people like a Pope; while Elizabeth, in her sentiments and measures in favor of the Act of Uniformity, and against the newly-risen Puritans, showed herself worthy of such a theological sire. To allow the religious revolution to be carried out in all its consequences, never entered the heads of either the Tudors or the Stuarts. They laid under ban the insolent piety of the vulgar, and the wild license likely to result from their interpreting the sacred oracles for themselves; and they held in particular distrust the democratic sentiments which would be

gathered from the Gospel doctrine. It must, indeed, be allowed, in justice to these regal theologians, that there was not wanting a good deal of fanaticism and visionary extravagance, sufficiently startling, in many instances, to justify the angry prohibitions of authority. In spite of all these, however, the great majority of the nation had become familiar with the Bible, and the independent exercise of their own judgment on the subject of religion; and they would neither be persuaded nor frightened from the exercise of so dearly prized a privilege. No power of repression could avail against that spirit of sacred rebellion, which was destined to grow in strength till the King's throne should be swept to destruction before it.

When James I. came to rule over the English people, the poor, persecuted vanguard of the Protestant reform hoped benign things from one who had signed the first Scottish Covenant and Confession, in 1580. But they were cruelly disappointed. When James was in Scotland, he thought as a Scotsman and wrote as a Scotsman, among a people who were not afraid to preach against him, as they used to do against his mother, and to call him "God's silly vassal;" but when he arrived in England, he put away all Scottish feelings, and listened only to those who called him the "Solomon" of rulers, and God's representative before the nation. He had scarcely set foot upon the prelatical soil of England, when he felt himself free to declare that there was more pride under the cap of Diogenes, or of a Puritan, than under a king's crown; and there might have been some truth in the saying. Having received a highly important petition, from about a thousand of the Puritan ministers, complaining of their grievances, he called a Conference at Hampton Court, in January, 1603. Mr. Miall's description will give the reader a good idea of the way in which the religious *ultras* of the beginning of the seventeenth century were treated by the conservative head of the Protestant church.

"When the Bishop of London petitioned 'that pulpits might not be made pasquils, wherein every humorous or discontented fellow might traduce his superiors,' the King threatened 'that if he should but hear such an one in a pulpit, he would make him an example; concluding

with a sage admonition to his opponents, that every man should solicit and draw his friends to make peace; and if any thing were amiss in the church officers, not to make the pulpit the place of personal reproof, but to let his majesty hear of it — *yet by degrees!*'

"The next point was a sore one, and related to subscription. Rainolds said that there was no objection to subscribe to the articles, and to *the king's supremacy;* but that there were other points to which serious objections were felt; among others, to the books called apocryphal. The bishops were here somewhat at a loss; till the monarch himself, with a vast display of useless and impertinent learning, came in to their rescue, concluding with the observation, as he turned to the lords, 'What, trow ye, make these men so angry with Ecclesiasticus? By my soul, I think he was a bishop, or else they would never use him so.'

"Certain other of the Puritan objections were afterwards raised *seriatim.* The day was now closing, and the patience of the King was ebbing fast. When, therefore, Rainolds proceeded to ask for 'liberty of prophesying,' James broke out into a flame. 'I will have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion in substance and ceremony. Never speak more to that point, how far you are bound to obey!'

"After other observations of the same kind, he asked if they had any thing more to say. Upon their answering in the negative, he ended the conference, declaring, 'If this be all, I shall make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of this land, or do worse!'

"The utter indecency of the King's conduct was only to be surpassed by that of the bishops. Bancroft declared, 'he was fully persuaded that his Majesty spoke by the instinct of the Spirit of God!' Lord Cecil declared, that they were much bound to God, who had given to the King an understanding heart. And the Lord Chancellor added, that he had never understood the conjunction of the monarch and the priest till that day. Barlow adds, that the King was 'a living library and a walking study.' Comment is utterly superfluous!

"The third day's conference was worthy of its precursors. During a considerable period, the Puritans were kept waiting in the outer chamber, whilst the divines of the Church were endeavoring within to satisfy the King — no difficult matter — respecting some points of his prerogative relating to the Church, especially the High Commission Court and the *ex-officio* oaths.

"The King said that he regarded subscription as wise and requisite. 'If any, after things are well ordered, will not be quiet and show his obedience, the Church is better without him, and he is worthy to be hanged. Better that one perish, than the whole body.'

"He then described the *ex-officio* oath, 'in such a compendious, but absolute order, that all the lords, and the rest of the present auditors, stood amazed at it.'

"*Whitgift.* 'Undoubtedly, his Majesty speaks by the special assistance of God's Spirit.'

"*Bancroft*, on his knees. 'I protest that my heart melts within me with joy, that Almighty God has given us such a King, as, since Christ's time, the like hath not been.'

"This sentiment was unanimously applauded!

"After the discussion of questions regarding the High Commission, and plans for instituting schools, and appointing ministers in Ireland and the border, the Puritan ministers were called in for the last time, but it was now only to receive the royal pleasure touching the points in issue. The King announced to them the parsimonious alterations agreed on in their absence; gave them a special exhortation to unity — that is, to uniformity; — and, in answer to requests for indulgences to weak consciences, said, among other matters:

"'This is just the Scottish argument; for when any thing is there concluded which dislikes some humors, the only reason why they will not obey is, that it stands not with their credit to yield, having so long time been of the contrary opinion. I will none of that; and, therefore, either let them conform themselves, and that shortly, or they shall hear of it!'

"And thus ended the Hampton Court Conference." pp. 58 – 60.

The plaintive sectaries were so discomfited in this Conference, that a humorous cotemporary, with a good deal of comic felicity, said he now knew "that a Puritan was a Protestant frightened out of his wits;" and the King informed some of his friends in Scotland that he "had soundly peppered off the Puritans." Sir J. Harrington said of the proceedings: "The King talked much Latin, and disputed much with Dr. Rainolds, telling the petitioners that they wanted to strip Christ again, and bade them get away with their snivelling." The result of the Conference was, that the Puritans were required to conform; and a Book of Canons was promulgated, which caused the suspension of 1,500 ministers. The non-conformists were now without any hope of justice from the government of England, and began to sigh for other lands, which the power of the Stuarts could not reach, and where they might worship God according to their consciences,

without molestation. Robinson, the founder of the English Independents, gathered about him a small flock in the fens of Lincolnshire, and soon went with them into Holland. It is usual to consider the mountain peaks and high places of the earth as the refuge of liberty; but in Europe, she has more often found a refuge in the fens and marshes. From Leyden, the refugees turned their thoughts to the Virginian colonies of America; and, in 1620, the Mayflower brought to the New World the germs of our New England civilization.

Prelacy being abolished by act of Parliament in 1642, the Assembly of the Westminster Divines took place in 1643, for the purpose of framing a uniform system of national worship — a Procrustean theology, to which the consciences of all Protestant Christians were expected to adapt themselves. But the laborious undertaking was destined to have as little success as the Hampton Court Conference. The Parliament indicated the delegates of whom it should be composed; but among the representatives of sects, no Catholics, Quakers, or Baptists were admitted. Commissioners came down from Scotland on this important occasion. And the general character of the synod was strongly Presbyterian. The Assembly first sat in Henry VII.'s Chapel, at Westminster, and afterwards in the Jerusalem Chamber.

"The history of what the Westminster Assembly, or rather the parliament under their guidance, did accomplish, must be briefly told. They suppressed the liturgy — forbade the use of the common-prayer in public or in private, under the penalty of five pounds for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and a year's imprisonment for the third. They set up a directory for public worship, according to the presbyterial model, including sitting at the communion, and burying without the necessity of a religious ceremony; and imposed a fine on those who did not observe this directory, of forty shillings, whilst such as should 'preach, write, or print any thing in derogation of it,' forfeited a sum of not less than five pounds, nor more than twenty pounds. They ordered all prayer-books found in churches to be disposed of according to the pleasure of parliament. They enforced the observance of the Sabbath, ordaining 'That no person, without cause, shall travel or carry a burden, or do any worldly labor, upon penalty of ten shillings for the traveller, and five shillings for every burden;' and 'if

children are found offending in the premises, their parents and guardians to forfeit twelve pence for every offence.' They put down the observance of Christmas, by a special decree, which commanded a fast in its stead; they determined 'what degrees of knowledge in the Christian religion were necessary to qualify persons for the communion, and what sorts of scandal deserved suspension or excommunication.' They passed a presbyterian form of church government, 'as narrow,' says Neal, 'as the prelatical; and as it did not allow a liberty of conscience, claiming a civil as well as ecclesiastical authority over men's persons and properties, it was equally, if not more insufferable.' The Assembly of Divines claimed presbyterian government as a divine right, and, therefore, independent of parliamentary control; but this the parliament would not acknowledge. The same assembly denied the right of the independents to form separate congregations, till they forced the moderate Burroughes to declare, on behalf of the independents, that, 'if their congregations might not be exempted from the coercive power of the classes, if they might not have liberty to govern themselves in their own way as long as they behaved peaceably towards the civil magistrate, they were resolved to suffer, or go to some other place of the world, where they might enjoy their liberty.' Prynne himself, the victim of Laud, declared, 'that if the parliament and synod establish presbytery, the independents and all others are bound to submit, under pain of obstinacy.' But the debate on this subject was never ended. They imprisoned one of their own members, Dr. Featley, as a spy, mainly for his attachment to the church of England, sequestrated his livings, and he died in their hands. They demanded of the king that he would sign the covenant; confirm the proceedings of the Assembly of Divines; establish an oath whereby papists should be required to renounce the pope's supremacy, provide for the education of the children of papists by protestants, prevent the hearing of mass, enforce the observance of the Lord's day, and declare those who had taken arms against the parliament incapable of preferment or employment, without consent of the houses of legislature, — the king intriguing, in the mean time, with the independents on the one hand, and the presbyterians on the other. They abolished 'archbishops and bishops, and forbade their ecclesiastical jurisdiction, or the use of their titles.' They denounced lay-preachers, and published an ordinance to prevent 'the growth of errors, heresies and blasphemies;' they authorized the larger and shorter catechisms, and confession of faith, and Rouse's metrical Psalms; they declared stage-players punishable as rogues, and decreed that they should be publicly whipped, whilst all spectators should be fined five shillings for every

offence; they proclaimed that any person holding certain heresies, — atheism, Socinianism, universalism, free-will, quakerism, &c., — should be, for some offences, committed to prison, and, unless he abjured, should suffer the pains of death; whilst for others, he should be imprisoned till he found sureties that he would maintain such doctrines no more! Such was presbyterian uniformity!" p. 172 – 174.

Such was the celebrated Convocation of the Westminster Divines; and it would be hard to say whether its decisions were regarded with more contempt by Charles and his Bishops, or by Cromwell and the Independents. At this time, Oliver was a Lieutenant-Colonel, under the earl of Manchester, doing his best to obey the orders of the Parliament and to organize the nucleus of an effective army. His whole soul was in that fierce business of the time. He was eminently practical, looking sharply to the provisions and details that are the prerequisite of all military success. Writing to Colonel Hampden, he had already remarked, "your troops are, most of them, old decaying servant-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirit of such base and mean fellows will be ever able to encounter gentlemen that have honor, and courage, and resolution in them?" In organizing his Ironsides, he knew that nothing but the fervor of religious principle could enable them to cope with the loyalty of the high-hearted cavaliers of Charles Stuart. "I have a lovely company," he says; "you would respect them, did you know them; no Anabaptists; they are honest and sober Christians; they expect to be used as men." Cromwell's keen eye perceived, at this time, that neither the principles of government nor the tactics of war were sufficiently understood or consistently carried out. His vigorous resolution silently undertook the remedy of both. He quarrelled with his rather slow commander, Manchester, procured his dismissal by the self-denying ordinance, managing, at the same time, to retain his own command, and prepared for the day when his imperative order should be the law of the state, and the "bauble" of an English House of Commons be replaced by the truncheon of the Protectorate.

The Solemn League and Covenant had supplanted Prelacy,

only to be denounced, in turn, by the Independents. Baillie, a Presbyterian writer of the period, says, in 1644, — "The heretics increase marvellously; yet we are hopeful, if God might help us to have our Presbyteries erected, as we shortly expect to have them, and get the chiefs of the Independents to join with us in our practical conclusions, as we are much laboring for it, and are not yet out of hope; we trust to win about all the rest of this wild, enormous people. The humor of this people is very variable and inclinable to singularities, to differ from all the rest of the world, and from one another, and shortly from themselves." Meanwhile, the Independent leaven worked, as the war continued. Charles was defeated at Naseby, in 1645; and, two years afterwards, was surrendered to the Parliament by the Scottish army. In 1647, the House of Commons ordained a day of fasting and humiliation against "the blasphemies and heresies" of the Independents and others, — those "wild, enormous," sectaries, who, with their swords in their hands, and their Bibles in their knapsacks, had swept away the soldiers of the king and beaten down his banner in the fierce overthrow at Marston Moor, and on other fields. This was a very bad sign of the revolutionary progress, and it caused Cromwell, doubtless, to groan in spirit over such blind ingratitude. But his resolution was fixed — to beat down these barriers raised by the Solemn League and Covenant, to admit the Independents, according to the true principle of religious liberty, and then to keep out the Catholics, Prelatists, Anabaptists, and other heretics. "These men," he groans in the ear of Ludlow, during a long wrangling logomachy in the House — "these men," (meaning the Presbyterian men of the Covenant), will never leave off, till the army pull them out by the ears!" This was rather strong language to use, at that period of parliamentary liberty and dignity, to the members of the House. Charles himself did not attempt to take out a mere handful of them in so rough a way. But Cromwell was about to do much more than Charles ever dared.

Presbytery was looked upon as little better than Prelacy. The army, which was now a religion in itself, "a gathered church," a church militant, finding that nothing was to be

hoped from the restoration of a faithless king, who was always endeavoring to foment and profit by the divisions of his enemies, and that little more was to be had from a Parliament so intolerant of a full liberty of conscience, pushed forward and demanded the fulfilment of the revolution — freedom of religious worship and an act of justice on the king. The leaders of the Scottish Presbyterian party, Hamilton, Lauderdale, Farquhair, Carnegie, and others, had been put down, and, from that quarter, the Independents had nothing to fear. The remnant of the Westminster divines, on behalf of the Solemn League and Covenant, protested against the death of the king. This seemed to show a leaning to royalty which might result dangerously to the national cause, and it only urged the Independents to a more vigorous use of their power; and the Parliament felt itself justified in proceeding to extremities. The House of Commons destroyed the king, who had refused to extend religious toleration to the Presbyterians; and then the Independents crushed the House of Commons, for imitating the same harsh and exclusive policy.

After the death of the king, Cromwell went into Ireland, where he annihilated the Catholic rebellion. In Scotland, those who had taken the Solemn League and Covenant, determined not to admit any farther religious liberties and refinements, invited the Prince of Wales to Scone, crowned him, lectured him, and obliged him to swear to support the Covenant, and extirpate Popery and Prelacy, together with the "wild, enormous" Anabaptists, Levellers, and Republicans. Against this Solemn League and Covenant, therefore, the resolute head of the Republican Levellers marched, and, with a decisive sword, hewed it down at the battle of Dunbar. Then came the Protectorate, under which there was just as little toleration as before. Evelyn, in his Diary, under the date of 25th of December, 1657, has the following entry.

"I went to London, with my wife, to celebrate Christmas Day; Mr. Gunning preaching in Exeter Chapel on Mich. vii. 2. Sermon ended, as he was giving us the holy sacrament, the Chapel was surrounded with soldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried

away. It fell to my lot to be confined to a room in the house, where I was permitted to dine with the master of the house, the Countess of Dorset, Lady Hatton, and some others of quality, who invited me. In the afternoon, came Colonel Whalley, Goffe, and others, from Whitehall, to examine us, one by one; some they committed to the marshal, some to prison. When I came before them, they took my name and abode, and examined me why, contrary to the ordinance made, that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity, (so esteemed by them,) I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayer, which, they told me, was but the Mass in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart, for which we had no scripture. I told them we did not pray for Charles Stuart, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied, in so doing, we prayed for the King of Spain, who was their enemy, and a Papist, with other frivolous and ensnaring questions and much threatening; and finding no color to detain me, they dismissed me, with much pity of my ignorance."

Cromwell's Parliament appointed a committee of Presbyterian and Independent divines, to define the "fundamentals" of Christianity, thus following the old example of Hampton Court and Westminster. But Owen, Goodwin, Marshall, Nye, Manson, and Baxter could not agree on the matter, though they talked long and disputatiously. Cromwell's directness of purpose made him very impatient of such disputes. In his own way, he had as convinced and determined a spirit as Charles I., of whom the old royalist poet sings, —

> "His brave and haughty scorn at all
> Was stately and monarchical."

Desirous of tolerating the Jews, who, by the way, offered a very round sum of money for the expected benevolence, Oliver got together a board of laymen and divines, to discuss the matter. They accordingly discussed so fervently and so long, that he grew impatient. He told them he expected to see some light thrown on the subject; whereas they had done nothing but darken what was merely doubtful before. He then said, adopting the ruling principle of most of his actions, that he would dispense with their counsels, and would only desire the help of their prayers. This was all after the fashion of an autocrat. Indeed, he has deliberately

avowed enough to prove that he had as much royal wilfulness in his nature as any Tudor or Stuart of them all. He observed to the Parliament, about two years before his death, "We are ready to excuse most of our actions — and justify them too, as well as excuse them — on the ground of necessity. The ground of necessity, for justifying men's actions, is above all considerations of instituted law; and if this or any other state should go about — as I know they never will — to make laws against events, against what *may* happen, I think it obvious to any man, they will be making laws against Providence; events and the issue of things being from God alone, to whom all issues belong." The philosophy of the latter remark, that laws should not be made in anticipation, because we do not know what circumstances may bring forth, seems destructive of all legislation, or of any binding force in law. It appears deplorable that the vehement uprising of the English people for their constitutional rights, should have, as its result and crowning declaration, the very remarkable sentences here quoted. As regards the theory involved in the dispute, and, we may add, the actual condition of the nation at that time, it seems to have been hardly worth while to shed so much good English blood, and achieve so little by it.

Of the characters which, during the civil wars, moved round Charles and Oliver Cromwell — the chief figures on that troubled stage — M. Guizot, in the book before us, has given nine or ten sketchy biographies, first published some years ago, in the *Mémoires Originaux de la Révolution d'Angleterre.* As we have said, this writer's natural feelings and national experiences have tended to make him a hater of all revolutions. He seems inclined to estimate the character of a revolutionary principle by the nature of the strife waged in vindication of it. But it should be remembered, that the revolutionists are not permitted to establish their theories without a struggle. Forced to carry out their views against custom, through the angry fevers of the blood and the bitter strife of swords, they are, in most instances, obliged to fight with one hand, while they work out the problem of social change with the other. Under such circumstances, what wonder if they rush astray, go too far, commit many errors, and per-

form acts which entail retribution, reaction, and remorse? This is, indeed, very nearly the fate of all revolutions; they are, necessarily, swayed by vehement impulses, which neither calm reason nor logical sequences can affect.

It is not very difficult to point out the errors of the Englishmen of the Puritan school, or to triumph over them, at this distance and in this light. They were, no doubt, animated by religious ire and intolerance, and blind enough at last to think they could, from the fermenting elements of English society, deduce a successful and permanent form of republicanism. But they only entered the paths of rebellion after long provocation, and, in the beginning, only looked for reformation according to the laws — perhaps it should rather be said, the traditions — of the monarchy, and under the venerable protection of the crown. When the historian labors to show their subsequent errors and divarications, justice would require him, at the same time, to emphasize the arbitrary exercise of authority which drove them into such ungenial and unpremeditated courses. Having made these observations in behalf of a cause which we are bound to hold in honor, we must say that, in general, the remarks of M. Guizot on the tenor of the English revolutionary period seem true to the personal and political facts on which he comments. The men of that period certainly made mistakes and false conclusions enough to give his favorite philosophy ample room for inculcating its peculiar tenets.

The Presbyterians seem to be his favorites; he calls them the true national party, and considers them the legitimate political ancestors of the Whigs of 1688. Denzil Hollis, doubtless, ranks in his estimation with those who, in 1791, framed the new constitution of France, and would have been content with a moderate revolution and a king. Hollis was the youngest son of the Earl of Clare, and was born in 1597. Returned, in 1624, to serve in the last Parliament of James I., as member for a Cornish borough, he ranged himself by the side of those who struggled against kingly prerogative. In 1629, during a violent debate in the House, he helped to keep the reluctant Speaker, by main force, in his chair, while Sir John Elliot read his vehement protest against Popery and

arbitrary taxation. On the breaking up of that Parliament, he was fined and imprisoned. Twelve years then elapsed, during which, Charles, unvexed by the importunity of any Parliament, maintained his high-handed prerogative.

In 1640, the Parliament met again, animated with a stronger spirit of resistance than ever. M. Guizot says, —

"Neither Hollis nor his party had any subversive designs against royalty or society in England; it was the legal government of the country that they sustained. But they were far from suspecting the difficult and lamentable change this government was to undergo before the House of Commons should have become its sole resource; and their mistake was in thinking that, in appealing to force, they alone would profit by it, and regulate the amount of it at their own discretion. When force has once taken possession of society, no one can say what it will accomplish, who will wield it, and with what designs. A series of obscure, unlimited movements immediately commences, such as baffle the foresight and the will of men; events which sometimes benefit the people and found good governments, but from which the cotemporary actors unjustly promise themselves a more prompt and personal success than the good of their posterity."

Hollis soon perceived that the infatuation of the king was permitting the growth of a revolution which would sweep away the throne; and he tried to reconcile the contending parties. In this respect, he acted somewhat like Mirabeau in after times; and his conduct excited, perhaps not without an appearance of reason, the suspicions of the Commons, who drew up an accusation against him and Whitelocke. It was abandoned, however; but, from this period, Hollis became the adversary of Cromwell and Ireton, and other chiefs of the Independents, and leaned to the reëstablishment of the royal power, under constitutional restrictions. In 1647, excluded from the House, and accused of high treason against the nation, he retired to Normandy. There he wrote his "Memoirs," dedicated to Mr. Oliver St. John and Mr. Oliver Cromwell, "the two great machinators of the ruin of the three kingdoms." These Memoirs did not appear till 1699. The great aim of them is to denounce the policy of the Independents, as if, in his experience, he had met nothing else worthy of denunciation. Hollis considered that revolution had gone far

enough when it had vindicated the rights of Presbyterianism. He did not recognize what was perfectly consistent with the same revolution in the principles of Independency. Had he and his party done so, the civil wars might have had a very different issue. Guizot himself admits, when speaking of the Independents — "This party drew also, it is true, a portion of its power from a more elevated source. The Independents, and the several factions which rallied along with them, had recognized, concerning the rights of men and the social organization, some truths superior to the political theories of the Presbyterians. But the time was not ripe for the application of these truths, or even a right understanding of them."

During the Protectorate of Cromwell, Hollis remained in Normandy, holding correspondence with the exiled court of Charles, and hoping for a restoration which would secure the laws of England and the religious liberty of the Presbytery. In 1659, at the head of a deputation from the Presbyterians — who had prepared the return of Charles II., and so blindly and fatally trusted in his honor and good faith — he went to give the King an address of welcome at Breda. After the Restoration, he, the deadly enemy of the Independents, sat, with others, to judge about thirty persons accused of counselling and assisting at the death of the late King. Ten of these were executed in London. Evelyn writes in his Diary, under date of October 14th and 17th, 1660 —

"Axtell, Carew, Clement, Hacker, Hewson, Peters, Scott, Scroope, Cook, and Jones suffered, for reward of their iniquity, at Charing Cross, in sight of the place where they put to death their natural prince, and in presence of the King, his son, whom they also sought to kill. I saw not their execution, but met their quarters, mangled and cut and reeking, as they were brought from the gallows in baskets, upon the hurdle. Oh! the miraculous providence of God!"

It was vindicated, in this instance, against the king's solemn promises of amnesty. Hollis also aided in the desecration of the graves of the regicides, as an act of national retribution. On the 30th of January, 1661, the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were opprobriously removed

from Westminster Abbey. In Evelyn's Diary, under that date, we have the following: —

"This day (Oh, the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshawe (the judge who condemned his Majesty,) and Ireton (son-in-law to the usurper,) dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster, among the Kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there, from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument, in a deep pit; thousands of persons, who had seen them in all their pride, being spectators. Look back at October 22, 1658 (Oliver's funeral,) and be astonished; and fear God and honor the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change!"

In the MS. Diary of Mr. Sainthill, a merchant of that period, occurs this additional notice of that extraordinary occurrence.

"The 30th of January, being that day twelve years from the death of the King, the odious carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Major-General Ireton, and Bradshawe, were drawn in sledges to Tyburn, where they were hanged by the neck, from morning till four in the afternoon. Cromwell, in green sear-cloth, very fresh, embalmed; Ireton, having been buried long, hung like a dried rat. Bradshawe, in his winding-sheet, the fingers of his right hand and his nose perished, having wet the sheet through; the rest very perfect, insomuch that I knew his face, when the hangman, after cutting his head off, held it up; of his toes, I had five or six in my hand, which the prentices had cut off. Their bodies were thrown into an hole under the gallows, in their sear-cloth and sheet. Cromwell had eight cuts, Ireton four, and their heads were set up on the south end of Westminster Hall."

Sir John Brestwick, in his "Respublica," says that Cromwell's remains were privately interred in a small paddock, near Holborn, on the spot where the obelisk in Red Lion Square stood. But that report, and others — that Oliver was buried at Naseby, sunk in the Thames, &c. — are set aside by Evelyn's entry, and the testimony, so nearly resembling it, given by Sainthill.

In 1661, Hollis was created a peer; and, as he was familiar with the French language, he was sent, in 1663, as ambassador to the court of Louis XIV. On his arrival at Paris, his English pride took the alarm at the apparent pretensions of

the French monarch, who certainly held his head higher than any other crowned head in Europe. The absence of all true dignity in the character and royalty of Charles II. only made the British envoy appear the more susceptible in the matter; and his very obstinate ideas of courtly etiquette, in the reception of ambassadors, carried confusion, not alone into the department of ceremony, but into that of state. Hollis insisted that, on going to court, his carriage should precede those of the French princes of the blood, which usually accompanied ambassadors as an escort of honor. The whole system of court etiquette was agitated by this affair. The foreign minister of France quoted precedents against Hollis, and showed him that the ambassadors of Spain, Denmark, and the republic of Venice always came *behind* the princes of the blood. Hollis, however, would not admit that these powers ranked with England, and advanced precedents to countenance his own claim. But on this French ground, and arguing about court punctilio, he was no match for his antagonists, and the argument remained apparently undecided; though he refused to be drawn into any act or admission derogatory to the honor of his country. At Paris, he lived in a haughty, isolated way, and refused to fall in with any of the French ideas or modes. He was an object of some surprise and ridicule to the Parisians, who used to tell, as a good story, how Hollis wrote to London announcing that the Queen of France "etait accouchée d'une fille *more!*" The point of the jest seems to have been that *more* and *Maure* (a blackamoor) sound alike; while the writer meant to write *morte*, dead. The political relations of both countries could not prosper much under such circumstances; and the Duchess of Orleans, sister of Charles, undertook to be the medium of negotiation between the two courts. The Duchess was certainly far the fittest to manage the relations which then existed between these monarchs, and which, afterwards, made Charles the subservient pensioner of Louis, — chiefly through the delicate influences of Madame Querouaille, (known commonly in England as *Mrs. Carwell*,) whom the Duchess took over to London in 1671.

In a letter to a friend, Hollis writes from Paris this remarkable prophecy concerning the future of Louis XIV., then a youth. "This young king will mount, perhaps, so high, that his head will be turned, and he will end by *suis viribus ruere;* — a common fate of all human grandeur." In the same letter, he complains of the condition of the poor, persecuted Protestants of France, particularly those of the *Pays de Gex*, ceded to France by the Duke of Savoy — showing how the spirit of the Reformation was detested by that absolute king long before his morbid fanaticism was excited by Madame Maintenon. In 1666, Hollis returned to England, and, in 1667, negotiated the peace of Breda. In 1679, in the debate in the Lords concerning the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession, he was for only imposing conditions upon him. Next year, he was one of the peers who voted for the acquittal of Stafford, one of the victims of the Popish Plot. Hollis died in 1681; and, in the third succeeding generation, his property passed to his grand-nephew, John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle.

Edmond Ludlow was of a more republican inclination, and would have followed revolution through all its legitimate consequences. But the wilfulness of Cromwell shocked him as much as did that of Charles I.; and, distrusted by the ruling Independents, hated by the royalists, and disclaimed by the Presbyterians, he died miserably in exile. He had fought against the king under Essex, and sat in the Long Parliament. There he soon discovered Cromwell's impatience of the policy of the House of Commons. "What a misery it is," said Oliver to him, one day, "to serve a Parliament!" Cromwell had little faith in the government of the many; his genius was not at all republican. While the king was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, a conference of the chief republicans took place, in which Vane, Sydney, Haslerig, Ludlow, and Hutchinson spoke out, fairly and directly, in favor of a republic. Cromwell shuffled and said nothing decisive; and the meeting ended in some buffoonery on his part (the blunt manners of the St. Ives farmer would sometimes break out) such as throwing a cushion at Ludlow's head, which was hurled back again. He feared a multiplicity of opinions.

It is very probable that, if Charles Stuart would have consented, in time, to secure a perfect religious liberty for the nation, Cromwell would have restored him to the throne. But Charles was inexorable, and only desirous to deceive and divide his enemies. The Scottish war broke out; and thenceforward Cromwell's resolution was taken. He made use of the republicans to sweep away the Stuart royalty, hiding his *arrière-pensée* in his own breast. In an interview with Ludlow, now member of the republican Council of State, he admitted that a republican form of government was necessary to prevent the return of the Stuarts, and that the Lord designed to free his people from their burdens. He then quoted the 113th psalm, and commented on it for a long time; after which, he went on to complain that "the sons of Zeruiah," — the lawyers — were great obstacles in the way of reform, starting up with their objections and protests on all occasions. Cromwell hated the lawyers as heartily as his brother despot, Napoleon, did the *idéologues*. He said, if he talked of reforming the laws, they would cry out that property was in danger; and he added that the existing laws only enabled these men to live at the expense of the poor. He also praised Ireland, as affording a free stage for reform, and said that a judge in that country, Mr. Cook, expedited more causes in a week than were decided in Westminster Hall in a year. In all this, Cromwell, in his own Judaical spirit of autocracy, was aiming at the very reforms in the law which Lords Brougham and Campbell find it difficult to effect at this day.

At last, Oliver, being desirous to be rid of such an embarrassing adviser as he knew Ludlow to be, sent him, in 1651, to Ireland, as Lieutenant General of cavalry, under Ireton. In 1653, Ludlow heard with displeasure, that Cromwell had turned out the Long Parliament; and when, the next year, he found that the Barebone Parliament also had been cashiered, and that Oliver had made himself, essentially, a monarch, he opposed the proclaiming of the Protectorate in Ireland, and came to England. On landing, he was required to sign an engagement not to molest Cromwell; but he refused to bind himself. At an interview, the Protector asked

him why he refused to engage not to act against the established government. "Even if Nero reigned," said he, "it would be your duty to submit." Such is Ludlow's report; but Cromwell's character will not permit us to credit the statement. The meeting ended by Ludlow's refusal to give the engagement. Next year, at another interview, Cromwell repeated his demand. "What do you want," said he, "that you have not already? Tell me what it is!" "We have fought," replied Ludlow, "that the nation should be governed with its own consent." "But where," retorted Cromwell, "where can you find that national consent? Among the bishops? among the Presbyterians? among the Independents? among the Anabaptists? My government protects all; the nation is quiet; I am resolved that there shall be no more bloodshed!" Ludlow said that to be forced to give an engagement was contrary to the law of England. "What," said Cromwell, "cannot the army and Council of State make arrests and compel bail?" "That may take place," returned the other, "in a time of war and confusion." "So, a justice of the peace can arrest and I may not!" "Not, if you were even the king," cries Ludlow. There could be little agreement here. Ludlow was firm, and, in a few days, he was informed that he would be banished to Ireland, if he did not give the required assurance to the government. But he obstinately refused. He remained unmolested at his house, however; for Cromwell, after threatening extreme measures, in affairs of this kind, would often neglect to carry them out; a trait which Scott has very well set forth in the closing scenes of his "Woodstock."

In August, 1658, Cromwell's last moments were disturbed by the news that Ludlow had come from his house to London. The dying man was troubled for his Protectorate, and, rising on his elbow, sent Fleetwood to ask the reason of such a coming. Two days afterwards, the great energy and tumult of his life were hushed, as if they had never been; he was beyond all his anxieties — in the coffin, where, however, his bones were not fated to moulder. Ludlow now tried to establish the republic of his thoughts — a Greek or Roman fabric, to replace the Hebraic polity of Cromwell. During

the general relaxation, following the death of the latter, he went to and fro, doing all he could to keep or bring the scattered members of the revolutionary party together. But the nation was weary of factions, experiments, and an unnatural state of uncertainty, and desired repose. Repose, with the Stuarts, was considered a better thing than a repetition of the struggle among those theorists who did not understand the principle of brotherly toleration. On the return of the king, Ludlow was elected for his county, and attended in Parliament. It was then resolved to bring the regicides to trial, and he was required to give bail for his appearance. But seeing his danger, he soon went away to France, and thence to Geneva. In 1662, fearing the king of France might lay hands on him, he proceeded to Lausanne, and put himself under the safeguard of the commonwealth of Berne. The little canton behaved nobly on the occasion. There were nine other regicide refugees within its borders, and all of them were most hospitably and honorably treated. Duly remembering the old conspirators of Grutli, the nobles and citizens of Berne often went to dine with the expatriated Englishmen, and made them presents. They even furnished Ludlow with guards — with as brotherly a benevolence, says M. Guizot, as that shown afterwards by Louis XIV. to James II., at St. Germain's. From 1662 to 1668, Ludlow and his brother exiles were continually disquieted by the spies and partisans of Charles II., who supposed them to be still plotting against the English throne. Their houses were fortified, they went to church with escorts, and heard repeated reports of strangers hovering about the shores of the Lake of Geneva. In 1664, an English royalist killed Mr. Lisle with a musketoon, at Lausanne. The magistrates of Vevay now watched more closely over Ludlow, and he was authorized to sound the alarm-bell, if he saw cause. In 1666, France and Holland having declared war against England, Louis XIV. made politic use of the regicides. The consequence was, that Charles agreed to his terms, and the hopes which the exiles had conceived from an invasion of England, backed by such power, were extinguished.

In 1688, Ludlow, then sixty-nine years old, went to Eng-

land, hoping for a favorable reception from his brother revolutionists of a later date, and offering to go to Ireland, to fight against "the tyrant." But, alas! he made a false estimate of English opinion. Sir Edward Seymour, one of the chiefs of that Presbyterian-whig party which had just driven James out of the kingdom, called on King William, in an address, to arrest Colonel Ludlow, one of the murderers of Charles I. The republican veteran found England unmindful of her Puritan renown. That service in the Liturgy, consecrated to the memory of the Royal *Martyr*, had produced its effect on the later generations. The broken-spirited exile bade England a last farewell, and went back to Lausanne, where he died four years afterwards.

Meanwhile, the reaction which had removed the Independents and republicans from the sympathies of the people of England, depressed the cause of the Presbyterians in a proportionate degree. When Guizot says that the Presbyterian influences, which appeared at the beginning of the Civil Wars, appeared again, vindicated, in 1690, he is not very correct. No doubt, the Presbytery had a tolerated existence in Scotland; but in England and Ireland, Prelacy came back to its thrones and stalls, and held spiritual dominion almost as haughtily as in the times of Bancroft and Laud. Presbyterianism, which had contended and bled for the whole realm, was, by the terms of the accomplished revolution, obliged to be content with a corner of it.

Commenting on the fate of Ludlow, M. Guizot makes several reflections. He says, that the absurd and wicked government of Charles I. made political reform a practical necessity, an object which ought to be attained. But he goes on to ask, if, at that moment, the people could have foreseen their future sufferings, trials, mistakes, and disappointments, would they have begun at all? "Who will believe, that, in 1640, the English people would have accepted civil war, the judgment of Charles I., the anarchy of the republic, the tyranny of Cromwell, and the corruption of the Restoration, to obtain, in 1688, King William and the Bill of Rights? Surely, in its revolutionary enthusiasm, England foresaw nothing of all this." M. Guizot has been called a

philosophical historian; but we see very little philosophy in this fallacious attempt to decry principles which he cordially dislikes. Surely, if men could foresee results, they would shrink back and do nothing, but expect or tremble; the machinery of creation would stand still. It is well that

> "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
> All, but the page prescribed, the present state."

And it is very preposterous to found any argument on an impossibility. No doubt, the actors in the English Revolution would have faltered in 1640, if they could have seen twenty years before them. So would have done half of those who battled for our own American liberties. This line of argument only proves how prejudice can weaken the dialectics of the clearest and most disciplined minds. M. Guizot's hypothesis avails nothing against his own admission of the necessity of resisting the Stuarts. For the rest, in some succeeding paragraphs, (p. 95,) he does not make philosophic allowance for the mistakes and shortness of sight of those who engage in the currents of a heady fight, and who do not know what will turn up next. This short-sightedness is part of human nature, and common in such struggles. We should be sorry, in a matter which only fair reasoning should decide, to retort on him with the *argumentum ad hominem;* but we do think he should be a little more lenient to men in general, for their want of the prophetic faculty. It is human, and somewhat justifiable, not to know what to-morrow may bring forth; nay, even not to understand exactly what yesterday brought forth. M. Guizot's argument is altogether too shadowy to be grappled with. When he says that Ludlow sacrificed every thing to the idea of a republic, he says truly. But why should the republican be blamed for that? No other resource seemed to be left by the sanguinary obstinacy of Charles Stuart. Had the latter but made a few *honest* and timely concessions, matters would have ended differently. In the midst of that civil strife, where were the English to find a constitutional king? In 1688, they were forced to accept a sombre, uncongenial king from Holland; without whom, they must have tried to form another republic; and then, Halifax

and Somers, great Whig politicians whom M. Guizot admires, would have fallen under his animadversions, probably, as marching in the track of Ludlow. Surely, the tyranny of the Stuarts is a justification of the English republicans which M. Guizot's philosophy can never hope to nullify.

Thomas May, the historian of the Long Parliament, is said to have quitted the court in disgust, on being refused the laureateship, on the death of Ben Jonson, in 1637. Such is the statement of the royalists. But there might have been more honorable causes of his defection from the side of the king. He had translated Lucan, and was known as a man of respectable poetical parts. He next appeared as secretary of the Parliament, and he often attended the army of Fairfax. In 1647, appeared his "History of the Parliament," which he had been employed to write. M. Guizot attempts to throw discredit on this History, seeing that the two editions in which it appeared (the latest coming down to the year 1648), were written and published under the influences of the Parliamentarians. Clarendon calls May "a prostitute to the vile employment of celebrating the infamous conduct of men who had revolted against the king." What tells more formidably against May, is, that Andrew Marvel condemns him for "malice and personal interest." But against these stands the testimony of Lord Chatham, who says, in 1754, writing to his nephew, Lord Camelford, "I have engaged you for some time in reading Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. I have just read a more sincere and instructive work on the same period of our history," (May's.) The gladiator-bishop, Warburton, writing, about the same time, to Hurd, his *fidus Achates*, says, "The History of the Long Parliament, by May, is an excellent work, writ with much judgment, penetration, and energy, and with a candor which will add much to your esteem, when you know that the author had written by order of his masters of the two houses of Parliament." This last, coming from a high Tory too, is a testimony not less emphatic in favor of the Parliament than of the historian. To account for the high appreciation of May at this time, M. Guizot says, that men now only remember the principles that were upheld on either side, in the general terms in which

they are stated by May; while the violences, intrigues, and injustice of the Parliamentarians have died out of the memory of succeeding generations, and are not estimated. To this it may be replied, that the wrongs and cruelties of the royal side are also slurred over in the record, and do not very keenly move our modern feelings. If May states principles and great facts pretty fairly on both sides, he does not merit M. Guizot's disparagement. The latter wonders why May has been called "candid and sincere." But it is certainly something that those who would give Ludlow no welcome, have declared May's statements trustworthy; and his merit should be esteemed the greater, as he wrote under the fiery face of Oliver himself.

In the biography of the royalist, Sir Philip Warwick, M. Guizot quotes that gentleman's description of Oliver Cromwell's first appearance in the House of Commons.

"I saw him," he says, "for the first time, at the commencement of the Parliament which assembled in November, 1640, at a period when I prided myself upon my elegant personal appearance; for we courtiers esteemed one another, in a great degree, by our fine clothes. I went one day to the House, very well dressed, where I saw a man who was speaking, and whom I did not know. He was very simply dressed, after the fashion of some unskilful country tailor. His clothes and his linen were of the same character, and not very neat. He wore his hat without a lace border, and I remember he had one or two spots of blood on his cravat. He was of a pretty good height; his sword stuck to his side; he was a gross man, with a very red face; his voice was sharp and discordant, and there was a certain *heat* in his manner of speaking which made up for the want of reason in the question he was arguing. It concerned a servant of Mr. Prynne, who had been condemned for distributing some pamphlets against the Queen, on the subject of her innocent amusements, such as dancing and the like pastimes. He attached so much importance to the imprisonment of this man, that one would have thought the government was in danger. I sincerely confess, that the attention with which they listened to Cromwell, diminished my respect for that great assembly. Nevertheless, I have lived long enough to find this man — having later obtained such astonishing success, and such well-established, though illegitimate power; perhaps, also, because he had a better tailor, and was surrounded by a higher order of society — quite a different man

from what he appeared to me at first. When I was a prisoner for six weeks in the hands of his guards, and attended every day at Whitehall, I found him of a very majestic port and very agreeable address."

All this is curious and amusing enough, obliging the reader to smile at the courtier's idea of his dress, and his gentlemanly wonder that the great House of Commons should condescend to a man of such low estate as Prynne's servant. The blood, brought from the honorable member's chin by the morning razor, came afterwards upon Sir Philip's recollection with the force of an omen. His concluding observations have a *naïveté* which is not without a certain pertinence and truth, in spite of the shallow mind of the writer. There is, no doubt, a manhood, as well as a majesty, which, deprived of its externals, is a jest; but, while having them, it looks very stately and grand.

Of the life and vagaries of the quarrelsome John Lilburne, exemplifying many of the revolutionary extravagances, M. Guizot treats at length, and with some minuteness. Coming to Lord Fairfax, he considers that general as a great man, because he was simple, credulous, and the sincere dupe of the revolutionists about him. Fairfax was, indeed, an honest soldier, who fought against the king on behalf of liberty. But when Charles was dead, and when the army had crushed the Presbyterian party, he withdrew from public life, believing that revolution was going too far. He refused to lead an army against the Scots, in 1650, saying he could not fight against the Solemn League and Covenant. Having become Lord Fairfax, by the death of his father, he went to live on his estate, at Nun Appleton. He was one of the foremost to welcome Charles II., gave him a charger, and wrote some verses on the occasion, to compliment the animal — we mean the horse. He married his daughter to the Duke of Buckingham, and left his family estates greatly reduced to furnish forth her dowry; which showed the aristocratic feeling of the sometime republican general. At his death, he was succeeded by his cousin, whose grandson came to live on his large estates in Virginia. In the English Peerage books, after the name *Fairfax*, occurs the following: — "Residence, Woodbourne, Maryland, United States of America."

In his sketch of Mrs. Hutchinson, M. Guizot shows that he does not admire her liking for revolutionary things. To the characters of herself and her husband, he says, he greatly prefers those of Monsieur and Madame du Plessis Mornay, who were not only virtuous and pious, but *modest;* "a virtue," he asserts, "unknown to revolutionists. Here lay the capital difference between these and Colonel Hutchinson and his wife. Revolutions are made in presumption; and they make presumptuous people." Of course, the character of a Deborah or a Miriam would find rather uncomplimentary portraiture at the hands of M. Guizot; and we are sure the admirers of the Hutchinsons will not assent to the verdict, which adds immodesty and presumption to their English epitaph.

Our author does more justice to the Earl of Clarendon; who, accompanying Charles II. from exile, could not refrain from bearing witness against the follies and vices of the king and his court. Seven years afterwards the latter rejoiced in his fall; and Clarendon went to France, where he employed himself in writing his "History of the Great Rebellion," first printed in London in 1702, and his "Memoirs," not published till 1759. In vain did the old man implore Charles for permission to cross the narrow channel, and die at home among his children. He died at Rouen, in 1674. Charles was a false and heartless man, unencumbered by honor or principle. Such was his reckless way of living that Mrs. Roberts, one of his mistresses, being on her death-bed, and struck with remorse, had some thoughts of writing to him, and imploring him to change his dissolute and unkingly habits. Bishop Burnet was with her, at this time, and agreed to draw up what she should transcribe. When he had done so, she found she could not write it; so that this extremely fervid and impulsive divine resolved to brave the king's displeasure by sending the letter in his own name. He did so, and was told by Lord Arran, a day or two after, that he was present when Charles read the letter twice over, and then threw it into the fire. In a subsequent interview, procured by the mediation of Lord Halifax, Charles received Burnet with his usual easy politeness of manner. When Halifax, to give Burnet a better idea of the king, said that the latter was certainly the head

of the Anglican Church, Charles remarked, in his own light way, that he did not much insist on that matter; he was of no church at all, in fact. This was true enough. Speaking of Lord Shaftesbury and his imputations against himself, the king said, "At the day of judgment, it will be seen which of us is blackest!"

It was not long after his restoration that Charles, showing his sincere and hereditary dislike of the Presbyterian party, broke all his oaths and promises to them. A Conference was summoned at the Savoy, in which the Archbishop of York and twelve bishops, on one side, and eleven Nonconformist ministers — among whom was Dr. Baxter — on the other, met to agree on some common form of liturgy. There was much earnest discussion; and Baxter, being invited by the bishops to give something better than the Liturgy, undertook to do so. But his emendations proved the superior force and dignity, at least, of the earlier theologians; and the attempt was pronounced a failure. The Episcopalians would only give way in trifles, and the Puritans were filled with disappointment and disgust. Mr. Miall says: —

"The Convocation was now, by command of the king, employed on the revision of the Book of Common-prayer, in conformity, it was pretended, with the wishes of the Savoy conference. Between the court, stimulated by Clarendon, on the one hand, and the presbyterians on the other, they found this a task of no common difficulty; but they resolved to ignore the objections of the latter, and to listen only to the former. 'They made,' says Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, 'about six hundred small alterations or additions; but, if there was reason for these changes, there was equal, if not greater, reason for some further improvements.' They added forms of prayer for the 30th of January and the 29th of May; also, prayers to be used at sea, and a new office for the administration of adult baptism. New holidays were appointed, and more lessons from the Apocrypha, such as the history of Bel and the Dragon, were inserted. The prayer for 'our most religious and gracious king' was also added. It was the opinion of Burnet and Baxter, that these alterations only rendered the Prayer-book more open to objection. But it was thus sent up to the houses of legislature.

"Symptoms of the rising storm were already apparent. Nonconformists were indicted for not reading the Common-prayer, and hearers

were complained of for neglecting their parish churches. Worshippers in conventicles were exposed to all kinds of annoyance; insulted on their way, their windows broken with stones, and their religious rites often disturbed by the blowing of horns, and other similar outrages. The spread of immorality and profaneness was most extensive; and the court was given up to profligacy and licentiousness.

"At length, after sundry debates, and by a majority of six votes, the Commons passed the infamous bill for 'the uniformity of public prayers and administration of sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies, &c. &c., in the Church of England.' The act was ordered, either by a strange fatality, or in daring defiance, to take effect from the Feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1662.

"One of the provisions of this act was, that before St. Bartholomew's day, every parson, vicar, or other minister whatsoever should, on pain of deprival, declare openly and publicly his approval of the Book of Common-prayer, according to the following formula:

"'I, A B, do hereby declare my unfeigned assent and consent to all and every thing contained and prescribed in and by the book entitled the Book of Common-prayer,' &c.

"At the same time, the act provided that all persons holding preferment or office in the Church, and every schoolmaster keeping any public or private school, and every person instructing youth in any private family, 'should declare it unlawful to take arms against the king; should promise to conform to the Liturgy; and should disclaim, as unlawful, the Solemn League and Covenant.' Those who were not clergymen, but only teachers, were, in case of non-compliance with the act, visited with heavy penalties." p. 239 – 241.

Such was the end of the Solemn League and Covenant. For many succeeding years, Scotland lamented, in blood and tears, the faithlessness and cruelty of the Stuarts, and the fierce exterminations of Dalzell, Claverhouse, and Lauderdale. Charles endeavored to pave the way for the Catholic religion — a religion to which his superstition, his wickedness, and his instincts of despotism alike urged him. He was long a pensioner of a Catholic king, and he secretly sympathized with his brother's profession of the Catholic religion. He remembered that Protestantism brought about the fierce rebellion which overwhelmed his father's throne; and at the close of his life, the early influences of his mother, Henrietta Maria,

seemed to come back again upon his feelings. A death-bed, as Young says, is a detector of the heart.

> "Convertissez le sauvage idolâtre ;
> Pres de mourir, il retourne à ses dieux."

James II., in his Memoirs, published in London in 1816, and Evelyn, in his Diary, inform us how Charles II. passed away. When they had forced him out of his apoplectic fits, and as far as to the gates of death, by copious bleeding, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of London, Durham, and Bath and Wells, came to do their ghostly duty at his bedside. They urged him to take the sacrament. But the dying man, as his brother declares, did not reply at first, and then said he would think of it; there was time enough. James, at the time, was "almost continually kneeling by the bedside, and in tears," says Evelyn. He now bade them all stand away, and, stooping down, asked the king if he should send for a priest. The answer was, "For God's sake, do, brother, and lose no time!" Huddlestone, the priest, was then brought up a back staircase; and, in presence of the Duke of York and the Earls of Bath and Feversham, Charles received the extreme unction of the Catholic church. Evelyn says, "He (the king) gave his breeches and keys to the Duke; he also recommended to him the care of his natural children — all except the duke of Monmouth, now in Holland, and in his displeasure. He spake to the Duke to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and that Nelly might not starve." This last request, after all, was probably as good a passport for his spirit as Huddlestone's *viaticum*.

In the last of these *Études Biographiques*, we have a history of the only literary production of James II.,—his Journal, or the Memoirs of his life. James was a far more respectable character than his brother Charles. He had served his country as an admiral, and he encouraged the naval progress of England; and while Charles was living in his seraglio at Breda, James made several campaigns under Turenne, and with the Spanish armies in the Netherlands. He early began to keep a Journal, on the recommendation of his first father-in-law, Clarendon, whose daughter, the Duchess, was herself of a literary turn, and wrote a biography of her husband, in whom she

took great pride. On the expulsion of James, in 1688, his Journal, in eight or nine large volumes, was confided to the care of the ambassador of Savoy in England, who transmitted it to France. When the royal author was near his end, he deposited the MSS. in the Scottish Jesuit College at Paris, where they were afterwards seen by many, richly bound and blazoned with the arms of England. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, the books were sent to St. Omer's, with the intention of having them taken to England for safety. They were confided to a man who kept them in his house, while waiting for a vessel to convey them across. This man being arrested, among other suspected persons, his terrified wife, not knowing what troubles these books, marked with a king's device, might bring her into, first tore off the covers, and, at last, burned them all. All was not lost, however. By the order of James, a biographical compendium had been compiled from the original papers, and preserved. This was in the possession of the Countess of Albany, widow of Prince Charles Edward; and on her death, in 1804, it passed into the hands of the Abbé Waters, at Rome. George, Prince of Wales, negotiated for the purchase of it, and it was brought to London in 1810. In 1816, it was published by Dr. Clarke, librarian to the prince. Another compilation from the original MSS. was made in 1695, by James's order, concerning his campaigns with Turenne and the Spanish armies. This he gave to Turenne's nephew, the Cardinal de Bouillon, and it was published in France in 1735.

The history of the Cavaliers and Roundheads proves that England, with all her traditions and customs of monarchy, was not ready to become a republic in the middle of the seventeenth century. The most advanced and vigorous party of the reformers, they who had struggled most vigorously against intolerance, were themselves intolerant. Oliver Cromwell mistook his age, in some respects; he completely mistook his ruling policy. This was founded more upon the model of an obsolete civilization, than on the character and necessities of the English people. He, also, like most revolutionists, desired to achieve the work, and gather the harvest of change, prematurely. Long years of confusion, mistake, and self-denial

must have elapsed, under the influence of a new style of politics and religion, before the mind of the nation could have subsided into the new channels. Cromwell should have left the base of revolution broad, instead of narrowing it; he should have borne with opposition, delay, doubt, and trial, in the strong hope that his sons' sons would ultimately feel the benefits of the long argumentative agony. But he was of a strong, straitened spirit, and overmastered himself with his own theory. He could neither judge wisely concerning the time he lived in, nor be calmly provident concerning that which was to come. He had excellent impulses, and, could he have ruled the souls and consciences and feelings of the English people, as he could rule the Ironsides, he might have administered a good and permanent government. In aiming at his noble work, he did not allow for the influences that will sway the minds of a nation, as the winds move the trees of a forest. He wished to reap the harvest of revolution too soon, and reaped the whirlwind — like that which, his enemies said, swept him away from the sight of living men.

However necessary revolutions may be in the world, one thing is certain; they cannot be improvised. They are not the growth of a year; there are no hot-houses to force such plants, as they who have attempted it have had bitter reason to know. Human nature cannot be moulded in any code; nor does its welfare depend solely on the application of the wisest theories ever framed by the wit of man. Man does not live by theories alone. Locke, Bentham, and others contrived constitutions for societies; but they were rejected; while the thoughts, beliefs, and customs of the commonalty of the villages, under the true law of progress, and ripening under the lapse of time, gather into a good vitality. They grow like the slow oaks, that feed their boughs aloft in their native air, and fix their powerful roots in the earth whence they draw their sap. Time seems a necessary element of all human success; and Lamartine speaks with justice, when he says, that, to demand from one period of time the ultimate truth, is to demand of nature more than it can give. He also says that delusions are truths gathered before their time; which, though not absolutely correct, (for, certes, there be

many delusions which will never grow into truths,) yet seems to describe, happily enough, many of those disastrous or dilatory attempts at amelioration, which society is in the habit of making from age to age.

Art. IV.— *Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford; together with the Evidence and an Appendix* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London. 1852. Folio, pp. 260 and 387.

Late in the Parliamentary session of 1850, the last Liberal Administration in England, including, under Lord John Russell as Premier, many of the statesmen who have now succeeded to the vacant seats of the ultra-conservatives, announced their intention of issuing a Commission from the Queen for inquiry into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the English Universities. In the following August, the proper forms were sent out, appointing for investigation at Oxford, "Samuel, Bishop of Norwich, Archibald Campbell Tait, Francis Jeune, Henry George Liddell, John Lucius Dampier, Baden Powell, and George Henry Sacheverell Johnson, Commissioners,— with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, as Secretary." The Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Hinds, was, for some time, Vice-Principal, under Dr. Whately, then Principal, of Alban Hall at Oxford; and in this capacity was actively engaged, twenty or twenty-five years ago, in carrying on the education of the place. Dr. Tait was for several years a College Tutor of high repute at a college of the highest repute, Balliol. He succeeded Dr. Arnold as Head Master of Rugby School, in the year 1844, and after a service of, we believe, six years, retired to the Deanery of Carlisle. Mr. Liddell, in like manner, after distinguishing himself as Tutor at Christ Church, undertook the charge, which he still holds, of the Head Mastership of Westminster School; he is best known, however, out of his own country, as the joint author

of the excellent Greek Lexicon, largely used in America, and almost to the exclusion of every other in England. Dr. Jeune, at one time Master of King Edward's School at Birmingham, is one of the ablest of the Oxford Heads of Colleges; he is Master of Pembroke, an institution famous for the name of Dr. Johnson, who belonged to it, but, under the present management, likely to obtain other celebrity. Mr. Dampier is not, we believe, immediately connected with Oxford; he acted, we presume, in a great measure, as a legal adviser. Mr. Baden Powell, Professor of Geometry, a connection of Dr. Whately's, graduated, we find, in the year 1817; has been a constant resident, and, in some sense, a leader of the liberal party, at Oxford. Mr. Johnson, known for combining, in his academical success, more classical and mathematical honors than ever before, or we believe, since, have been united, has been for many years Tutor of Queen's. Mr. Stanley, in like manner, for several years, was the leading Tutor at University College, his wider reputation, meantime, resting upon his Biography of the late Dr. Arnold.

These gentlemen, — certainly well qualified for their task, chosen, with the exception of the legal member, from Oxford's most distinguished graduates between the years 1815 and 1837, representing, severally, the Professors, the Heads of Colleges, and the Tutors, — after laborious investigations, extending over a space of nearly two years, and marked by eighty-seven meetings, presented their Report, in April last, to Her Majesty; by whose command (such is the English formality) it was printed and presented to both Houses of Parliament before the close of their session of 1852. It contains in all 770 folio pages, or about 400 of evidence, and 300 of the Report itself, which concludes with a series of forty-seven recommendations of reform.

Were we to ask an ordinary, well-informed Englishman, what the English Universities, practically speaking, are, the answers, however varying in tone or in details, would probably be to the effect, that boys who are meant to be clergymen in the Established Church, gentlemen's sons in general, and many young noblemen go to them; they go to *college* there, after leaving the *public schools*.

The first part of this explanation it is not difficult to understand, nor indeed to realize it to our imaginations, even amidst American circumstances. It is not, of course, to be forgotten, that, in England, profession, education, and social standing are, to a very great extent, hereditary; the liberal professions are fed from the sons of their own members, and from the educated, wealthy, or *gentlemanly* classes in general. The son of the artisan, the shopkeeper, the peasant, and the poor man has but a very small prospect of passing into that other and higher sphere. The schools naturally accessible to him are not such as to open to him any avenues of distinction; they do not prepare him for the Universities; the Universities themselves offer no kind of facilities for his admission. These are for "him that hath"—for those that can pay for them.

Still, it is not difficult to form a conception of such a finishing school for the sons of the more fortunate. The University of Oxford may be correctly understood as an institution of the kind, containing, in the condition of undergraduate students, about 1500 young men, who enter it usually about the age of nineteen, and leave it at twenty-two. To go into the Church, that is, to take orders and become clergymen in the Establishment, it is almost necessary to obtain a Bachelor's degree, either here or at Cambridge. Two petty village colleges, (St. Bees and Lampeter,) founded for the supply of clergymen to the distant and ill-endowed parishes of Wales and the northern counties, constitute an insignificant exception. Nor is the new University of Durham as yet a formidable rival in the monopoly. The vast majority, therefore, of the future parochial ministers are educated at one of the two ancient Universities. This fact is of some importance, conducing, as it does, on the one hand, indeed, to a less narrow and professional temper in the Established clergy, but on the other, to give a theological and sectarian bias to general University studies. To their title of finishing schools for the upper classes, Cambridge, and still more, Oxford, must add that of seminaries for clergy in the Established church. No similar *necessity* exists in the case of any other learned profession. Any man may become Judge or Lord Chancellor,

as did Lord Truro recently, without any connection with any university. The number of terms to be kept by the law-student at the Inns of Court in London, is reduced upon his showing a certificate of education at Oxford or Cambridge; and the time needed before a call to the bar, thus abridged. Yet such a bonus, so purchased, can hardly be considered a great inducement to the eager legal aspirant. Nevertheless, a very great number of the English lawyers will be found to have been either at Oxford or Cambridge; the latter, in particular, has been famous for contributing Judges and Chancellors; and for the bar, quite as distinctly as for the Church, such an education is considered a natural preliminary.

Comparatively few of those destined for the medical profession are allowed these three previous years, before devoting themselves to their proper professional studies. Oxford and Cambridge seldom send their alumni to the attorney's or the merchant's office. Young men going into business have, indeed, but little occasion, and perhaps still less time, for this last culture. Great London bankers, however, and eminent solicitors, do not unfrequently send their future successors to seek the advantage of it. Young men will come up to College while waiting for a commission; but into the naval service, boys enter too early to permit of it; and most of those also who go into the army, get what teaching they do get, elsewhere; as is the case, too, almost universally, with such as go to India.

For only two professions, perhaps, can it be said that Oxford and Cambridge offer, as at present conducted, suitable preliminary instruction. To only one of the two, perhaps, is that instruction professionally necessary. But they are eagerly attended by a large number of young men not destined for any profession whatever — eldest sons of country gentlemen and noblemen, of fortunate merchants, and of wealthy parents in general; heirs, in whatever way or kind, to affluence, who look forward, if to any thing more than ease and enjoyment, to *public* business, to Parliament and politics; or even, if to ease and enjoyment chiefly, yet desire to mix as equals in the society of their equals, and not to be disqualified for something beyond. Foreign travel and private tuition, an early

commission in the army, or early service in one of the public offices, might perhaps be as useful for such ulterior ends as the Latin and Greek, or mathematics of the Colleges. Yet, as an actual habit, a large proportion of future country squires and noblemen, of prospective members of Parliament and statesmen, do still frequent the old seats of old learning. In the list of any English government, there are sure to be numerous names that come from the Universities. Two out of the thirteen present Cabinet Ministers are men who attained the rare success of the highest academical honors at Oxford. The late Sir Robert Peel, in the year 1808, was the first example of the "Double-First;" Mr. Gladstone and Sir Charles Wood, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and President of the Board of Control, followed in those eminent footsteps; and Mr. Cardwell, President of the Board of Trade, was also similarly distinguished. For such future positions, something, it would seem, is, or is supposed to be there taught, in the way of general higher culture, which could not be generally dispensed with. Young clergymen, young lawyers, and young gentlemen at large, — such is a fair account of the Oxford 1500. Some of them will be bishops, judges, and statesmen. The great mass will be either clergymen tending parishes or keeping schools, or barristers. A very considerable number, however, will be landed or funded private gentlemen; and a good many, one way or another, will find their way to the direct service of the state. And young lawyers, perhaps young clergymen, and young gentlemen at large, would be the fair account, with the slight contrast only of a change in order, of the somewhat more numerous body at Cambridge.

At both places, Latin and Greek and mathematics are the intellectual aliments, the studies, and the discipline provided. Cambridge has stimulated mathematical exercises; Oxford has preferred Greek and Latin reading. Cambridge, in her classical studies, has paid more especial attention to Grammar, Philology and Language; Oxford, to History, and, generally, to the contents of the ancient works, adding to her mere Greek and Latin, moreover, some little Logic and Mental Philosophy; and, more carefully far than Cambridge, inculcating on all

her members something of the letter, and a good deal of the spirit, of Church-of-England Theology.

Three years, between leaving school and entering active, or, at any rate, actual, life, to be spent in studies such as these — (the period falling, as at present arranged, almost always between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two,) — this is the ordinary scholastic idea of college life. After passing, it may be, six or seven years at one of the great public boarding-schools, such as Eton, Harrow, Rugby, or Winchester, the cost of attending which is not less than 500 dollars a year, learning there, for the most part, Greek and Latin, a boy, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, will be sent to Oxford or Cambridge. At one of the Colleges there, his name has been put down for admission, perhaps two years before. He goes up now for this admission, is examined by the College Tutors, and matriculated by the University authorities. Or his admission may be, if he is a boy of ability, attended by competition, in a severe examination both in writing and *viva voce*, for a College Scholarship, if successful in obtaining which, he finds himself possessed of a little temporary income, varying from 150 dollars to 400 dollars, or even 500 dollars a year. In any case, he "goes down," and returns, after a few months' interval, to commence his college life. He is settled in college rooms, attends college chapel, dines in college hall, and attends college lectures or recitations, to the amount, as has been said, of about two hours a day. An over ambitious student will at once bethink himself of trying for one of the University Scholarships, awarded for proficiency in Greek and Latin, especially in translation from English into Greek and Latin prose and verse. An English verse and a Latin verse prize composition, recited at the annual commemoration, or commencement, are also to be contended for. Instruction and discipline for these objects — that is, for the Scholarship and the Latin verse prize — are usually obtained from a private tutor. College lectures continue; and in the third year, begin, perhaps, to be of real service. Any of the better Colleges are pretty sure to furnish tolerable assistance in the Ethics of Aristotle, one of the indispensable subjects for a degree with honors. And for the final examination, which bestows that degree and those honors, he will now have seriously to

prepare. A "First Class" is, for the most forward student, one good year's hard work.* The mere act of memory required, is, in itself, a very considerable effort. Success, in a "first class," is accompanied by a hope of obtaining, in some one or other of the nineteen Oxford Colleges, a Fellowship — a benefice, that is, worth, on the average, 1000 dollars per annum, — tenable under conditions which we shall allude to further on, (one is celibacy,) usually held for a space of perhaps six or seven years, leading, however, to College Tutorships, the average salary of which may be 1500 dollars; and, if the holder go into orders, ultimately, though perhaps after many years, providing him with a College living; possibly, also, conducting him to the position of Head of his College, and member of the Board which administers the government of the University.

Such is the scholastic idea of University life. Three years are to be spent in studies, the subjects of which are dictated peremptorily by an examination which must be passed at the end; but their pursuit, in the mean time, is left a good deal to the option and free-will of the individual student; as, indeed, can hardly fail to be the case, where the student is of an age so near upon positive legal manhood. At Cambridge, the whole thing is more avowedly abandoned by the authorities, and left completely to the choice of the pupil and the private tutor. At Oxford, the system of public tuition has a considerable apparent validity; the undergraduate is called upon to attend lectures (recitations,) perhaps for two hours a day, during the whole of his time; he has exercises given him to do, is reprimanded for neglect, and at any rate, by systematic non-attendance, would be certain to incur a dismissal. Yet at Oxford, also, though hampered a good deal by the regulations of the system of public tuition, the pupil is, in the more important points, as at Cambridge, left

* Twelve, thirteen, or fourteen *books*, their matter as well as language, usually constitute the *brief* for a First Class in (Classics, or) *Literæ Humaniores* — e. g. Aristotle's Ethics, Rhetoric, or Politics; Plato's Republic, or three shorter Dialogues; Butler's Analogy, or Sermons; Herodotus, Thucydides, ten Books of Livy; Tacitus' Annals or Histories; Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal. The examination occupies five days for *paper-work;* and gives each student an hour and a half of *viva voce*.

largely to the exercise of his own discretion. The real restrictions and the real incitements are the public examinations, which he must pass to obtain his degree of B. A. The only real compulsion to study is fear of failure in this point; the great and working stimulus, the hope of distinction at this crisis. In the main, therefore, we may call it, at both places, a voluntary system of study, regulated by public examinations and stimulated by distinctions therein conferred. It differs, for example, from the system of Harvard College, on the one hand, by not so rigidly professing to exact attention to study, or to give a course of public instruction sufficient in itself. It rather says to the student, — at a certain time, you must be able to do this, and do that; construe so much Greek and Latin; solve such and such mathematical problems, &c. In what way you are to qualify yourself for this trial, is pretty much your own affair. If the public tutors do not provide you with what you want, it is not their fault; you are not to complain; it is your business to find what you want elsewhere. It differs, on the other hand, equally, from the system pursued in the other universities of Europe, in the restrictions to the freedom of study imposed by the terms of the examinations, and in the stimulus provided by the honors bestowed in them. It does not say, attend, at your pleasure, the oral deliveries of this or that distinguished philologist, historian, theologian, or jurist, and take your own method of profiting by what you hear from him; — learn in what way you please, and to what amount you please. By the strict law of the final examination, the English system endeavors to exact a certain amount, to stimulate a high amount; to dictate certain subjects, and indicate certain methods.

Examinations for the Bachelor's degree, the examinations for the Pass and the Class, that is, for the mere degree and for honors, — such, during the last fifty years, have been the practically significant phases of English University life. If we open any Calendar — that of the Oxford, the Cambridge, the London, or the Durham University — we shall at once see that this is the cardinal fact of their system. The whole mass of the 1500 Oxford students, for example, are seen, as the head of the column approaches the exit from college

life, to separate into a larger and a smaller body — the latter moving aside to essay the more difficult and dangerous passage of honor; the former contented with the easy and unambitious road straight before them. And the Calendars under each successive year record, in the order of distinction, the names of the successful candidates for honors, giving, (at Oxford,) merely the aggregate number of the Passmen. For example —

"EXAMINATION OF MICHAELMAS TERM, 1831.

In Literis Humanioribus (Classics, with Divinity.)	*In Disciplinis Math. et Phys.* (Mathematics.)
CLASSIS I.	CLASSIS I.
Baugh, Folliot, Exeter College.	Denison, Henry, Christ Church.
Cornish, Charles L., Exeter College.	Gladstone, William E., Christ Church.
Denison, Henry, Christ Church.	Jeffreys, Henry A., Christ Church.
Gladstone, William E., Christ Church.	Prideaux, Charles G., Balliol.
Payne, Peter S. H., Balliol.	Robertson, James, Pembroke.
CLASSIS II.	CLASSIS II.
Ten names, in similar *alphabetical* order.	One name.
CLASSIS III.	CLASSIS III.
Fifteen names, also in alphabetical order.	On this occasion, no name.
CLASSIS IV.	CLASSIS IV.
Seventeen names, as before.	Three names.

CLASSIS V. *a*.

LXXIII.

(that is to say, seventy-three candidates were admitted, without any honor, to the simple B. A. degree.")

Of these examinations, there are, at Oxford, two every year. To appear in the First Class of the classical division, is the usual ambition of a student of ability. To appear in both first classes — to obtain, that is, a "Double-First," — is a distinction comparatively rare, and not very frequently attempted.

This system was first introduced into Oxford in the year 1800. It has been very energetically carried out; continual improvements have been effected, and very important changes, the result of which has hardly yet become visible, were introduced by a statute of the year 1850. A sufficient idea of the system is, however, obtained by the example given above.

"The general effect of the change," says the Oxford Report, "has been exceedingly beneficial. Industry has been greatly increased. . . . . The requirements of the examinations for an ordinary degree, slight though they be, have yet a great effect on that period of the academical course which immediately precedes them. The idlest and most careless student is checked in his career of idleness by the approach of his examination. The severity of the final examination may be judged of, by comparing the number of those rejected at Oxford with the number of those rejected in other universities. It appears, from a return made to the House of Commons, that, on an average of the same four years, the number who presented themselves for examination, and of those who passed, were respectively, at Dublin, 259 and 242; at Cambridge, 370 and 342; at Oxford, 387 and 287. The stimulus of the examination for honors is found to be very strong. The average number of candidates for honors in Classics is not less than ninety, out of nearly five hundred candidates for a degree. Of these ninety, about ten obtain a First Class. This honor, then, is no mean distinction. That it has been honestly and deservedly awarded, is proved by the confidence which the examiners, for the most part, enjoy, and the success, in after life, of those who have won it."

At Oxford, it may be true to say that rejection is more severely enforced; at Cambridge, meantime, honors are more severely contested. The trifling difference, that the successful candidates at Oxford are arranged in their several classes alphabetically, — all, in each class, being presumed to have equally satisfied a particular standard — has always been supposed to mark a great diversity from the system of Cambridge, in which every individual name, even of the Passmen, is placed in a personal scale of merit. That intense personal competition for the first post — that *race* for the senior wranglership, or head of the Classical Tripos, is, with all its merits and demerits, a thing comparatively unknown at Oxford, and certainly alien to the genius of the place.

Side by side with the scholastic idea of university life, we must not fail to place another, which, in the actual result, is represented quite as largely. A young man of nineteen, to say the truth, does not go to Oxford altogether to study; his parents do not always send him there for that purpose; and his tutors, more or less, recognize some other views and objects for him. Certainly, to attend college lectures and chapels; to

prepare, during three years, for an examination in Latin and Greek or Mathematics; to obtain the Bachelor's gown, or a conspicuous place in the class list, do not constitute, for the great majority, the idea of college life, — do not, perhaps, comprehend the whole real and substantive good to be derived by the most faithful student from his stay in the university,— but assuredly are ends quite remote from those incidental and accessory benefits which are most present to the views and feelings of the young men in general. Those, at any rate, whose future maintenance in life is secured to them independent of any profession, — those, also, in all probability a very numerous class, who do not see immediately before their eyes, in any very tangible form, the future cruel necessity of work for bread, — will be more inclined to believe their true business at college to consist in the enjoyment, and what we may call also the improvement, of social opportunities; the formation of acquaintance, the cultivation of friendships, the study of other minds and different opinions, the experience of something like manly life, the acquisition of something analogous to knowledge of the world. The prospect of a free and yet well regulated intercourse with so large a number of the *élite* of their generation, added to the general *prestige* of the place, is quite enough in itself to attract to an English University a host of idlers and saunterers, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of knowledge, young men of small attainments and smaller aspirations, to whom the severer work of the place is wholly indifferent, and who are only too likely to pervert or exaggerate its amusements. If we presuppose a solid substratum of study, it may be admitted that pupils do as much for each other as their teachers do for them. Manly amusements and exercises, and daily intellectual and moral contact with each other, where young men have something more to do than play, are, indeed, it may be, the real building, and recitations and lectures and examinations the mere scaffolding; but assuredly, at the age of nineteen or twenty, without a considerable strength of scaffolding, the masonry above is not likely to be secure. The most that can be said, is, that in the adjustment of the scholastic regulations, fair play should be allowed to these unscholastic and more spontaneous developments.

A conflux of ill-instructed and half-prepared students is an evil to which universities in general are liable. Oxford, however, has a special disadvantage in being so much the resort of sons of the wealthier — that is, the idler, classes. And, hitherto, she has not done what she reasonably might, by insisting on a certain standard, to be, of necessity, attained by all who enter her precinct. On the whole, admission may be said to be granted to all who are prepared to incur the expense of residence. All whom the Colleges choose to receive within their walls — boys coming up, not from the highest class only, but from some class far below the highest at a public school — may alike enter at her gates, without any question of their proficiency, provided they are admitted at one of the Colleges. And "the fact is notorious," says Archbishop Whately, "that men do obtain admission, (at one College, if refused by another,) who are quite unprepared to profit by what ought to be an academical education." At the beginning of the second year, only, according to the system before the last alterations, a trifling University investigation is made into the attainments of its members; and some "idle apprentices" have been known to retire precipitately before this ceremony of *Responsions*, unable or unwilling to encounter the labor and difficulty of some plain Greek and Latin construing, translation of English into Latin prose, and a little Euclid or Logic. A ceremony, we call it, because of the trifling amount of work required; though, so far as it goes, it is undoubtedly a real and proper examination. But with this exception, the University does not trouble herself as to the intellectual condition of her members, during the time of their residence; she reserves her strength for the examination at its close. Admission, as was said, is a matter left to the pleasure of the Colleges.

And what are the *Colleges?* Is not going to College equivalent to going to the University? Are not College and University convertible terms? If not, what is the difference, and why is the one so often confused with the other? This question comes at last inevitably before us. The public schools prepare young men for the Universities; at the close of their residence, they receive their degrees after an University exami-

nation; but their life at the University, their admission to it, and their fortunes after receiving its degree, are all, in the most intimate and intricate manner, bound up with the *Colleges*.

To make the whole subject clear, let us begin at the beginning. Any institution, which grants degrees, may claim the title of an University. The new University of London, for example, merely *examines*, and grants degrees. It has Examiners, receiving salaries, and is controlled by a Senate, or governing body. But it does not teach; it has no professors, tutors, or teachers, of any kind. Only a registrar and some clerks are permanently on duty there. Affiliated to it, indeed, there exist a variety of collegiate institutions, some in England, some in Ireland — the two most important in London itself; and candidates who have been taught, and have resided a stated time at these schools or Colleges, receive from the University of London, after examination, with or without honors, its degrees in arts, laws, and medicine. Such are the powers by royal charter intrusted to it.

Examinations, however, do not appear to be essential to the idea of an University. Nowhere, perhaps, is a degree conferred without some pretence of an exercise, or reality of a fee; the latter, perhaps, is everywhere *de rigueur;* but examinations, in any strict sense of the term, are characteristic of English Universities. Those on the continent of Europe, and in Scotland, do, indeed, grant degrees, but are famous rather for their Professors; the distinguished men who deliver lectures appear much rather to be their essential element, than any exercise exacted or any degree conferred; Professors lecturing, and students attending — these two facts would, for the common notion of the thing, appear to be sufficient.

Wherever the University has undertaken the duty of teaching, wherever professors have drawn to their classes any considerable numbers, it is natural, desirable, and almost inevitable, that a race of subordinate, assistant instructors should spring up under their shadow. It is possible, of course, for the same individuals to perform both the functions of the professor proper, who delivers lectures, and those of the cate-

chetical instructor, who questions, corrects, and explains in detail. But in general, private teachers, teachers of smaller classes, teachers of single pupils, tutors, *répétiteurs*, or the like, are found to come forward as auxiliaries whenever the size of the professor's class withdraws the individual student from his more direct agency.

Thus far, we are concerned with *studies*. But, to pursue these studies, to attend professors and tutors, residence in their neighborhood is, of course, required. To obtain a degree, also, a certain amount of attendance, a certain length of residence, is usually exacted. A body of young men, residing away from their homes, is pretty sure to need, both in and out of the classes, some considerable superintendence. Vice-Chancellors and Proctors at Oxford, and English Cambridge, the President and the Proctors at American Cambridge, are examples of University system for *discipline*.

With a further view to their comfort and their good behavior, parents will be anxious to place their sons under the more immediate and continual care of academical functionaries. Professors will be asked to receive young men into their houses. Boarding-houses, or Halls, will come into existence, and residence in them will be more or less recognized, recommended, or even insisted upon, by the regulations of each particular University.

Another very natural step will be the provision of maintenance for poorer students, while attending classes, and preparing for, or, it may be, continuing their studies after, their degree. The Professorships we presume to be endowed, or paid by fees, or partly the one, partly the other; what we here mean, are not payments made for instruction, but subsidies for study; assistance, gratuitously given, to promising students. Of course, moreover, every University has its system of government, its constitution in itself, and its relation to the state. Into this curious subject we shall not now enter. Let us return to our Oxford Colleges.

Upon the original idea of an University, as an institution granting degrees, we have accumulated, stratum after stratum, 1. Examinations; 2. Professors; 3. Private Tutors or *Répétiteurs;* 4. Officers for Discipline; 5. Boarding-houses or

Halls, for residence; 6. Subsidies for students; 7. Government. The *Colleges* at Oxford and Cambridge are properly a combination of five or six endowed boarding-houses, kept by subsidized graduate students; but they exercise, at present, duties under all the figures. They were originally founded as eleëmosynary residences for poor students, both before and after their degree. (And students, it must be remembered, in the Middle Ages, were mostly poor; the young barons and squires were bred up, not to book-learning and grammar, but to the nobler exercises of arms.) They were to be admitted at an early age, in mere boyhood, but were to continue their studies, in receipt of a fixed maintenance, if they pleased, to the end of their lives. For these purposes, lands were left to them, buildings erected for them, statutes for their government carefully drawn up, and an official Visitor appointed for their superintendence. They were, in fact, a sort of monasteries of learning; and the passion for founding them appears to have prevailed just when the passion for founding mere monasteries proper, for religious purposes, began, towards the early dawn of the Reformation, to pass away. Wolsey destroyed religious houses to found and enrich his new house of learning — quite in the spirit of the age — more truly so than his king, who destroyed them for the benefit of his exchequer. As learning assumed the place of religion, and as the mere religious *Hospitia* passed away, the learned *Hospitia* grew in importance. The later Colleges — Magdalen, New College, Corpus Christi, and Christ Church — rise on a far more magnificent scale; and now, gradually, they assume the duties not only of supporting poor scholars, but of superintending and offering residence to young students in general. *Fellows*, or older students; *Scholars*, or younger students; both alike belong to the foundation, and receive a maintenance from the College lands. But, together with these, we now begin to find *Commoners*, that is, unattached younger students, living together with the *Scholars* under the superintendence of the Fellows. The eleëmosynary houses for poor students have become recognized as residences for students in general; and the Senior poor students, under the name of Fellows, have undertaken the charge of

their studies. Nay, more; in some of these later establishments, public lectureships are created for the benefit of the University; Fellows of Corpus and of Magdalen are to exercise the functions of University teachers. University Professorships are founded in connection with these eleëmosynary halls.

"Cardinal College," says the Report, "seems to have been designed by Wolsey to comprehend almost all that had hitherto been aimed at by such Foundations. It was to provide for the indigent; for an almshouse was attached to it. It was to be a Chapter, and to have a Church and Service more stately than New College, or than that of any Cathedral; for in it were to be sixty great, and forty lesser, Canons. It was to be a House of Learning; for these Canons were all to be Students, and one hundred Scholars besides were to be supported. It was to have Public Lecturers like Magdalen and Corpus; and, through its Professors, was to become almost an University in itself, dispensing instruction to the University at large.

"Thus, then, step by step, was the idea of a College formed, till all its capacities were fully developed in the grand design of Wolsey, of which Christ Church, noble as it is, is but a reduced copy."

We must not follow the curious history given in the Blue Book too closely. But the important thing to observe, is, that these magnificent houses of learning, these endowed halls, with their beneficed students, gradually absorbed all the functions of the University. It was enacted, before long, that all students should be compelled to reside in one or other of them; no student, since that time, except by extraordinary indulgence, has kept his terms in lodgings of his own. The executive powers of government in the University, were thrown into the hands of a Board, consisting of the Heads, (Masters, Presidents, Wardens, &c.,) of the Colleges. The Heads of the Colleges, hold, in turn, the office of Vice-Chancellors; and the Fellows of the several Colleges, according to a fixed cycle, appoint, from their body, the Proctors. And, finally, the students of the University are, in their several Colleges, placed by the University under the charge of College tutors.

The condition of the Oxford student, under this *régime*, during the last century, is well represented in Gibbon's account of his own residence, as a gentleman-commoner, at

Magdalen. In the absence of all necessity for instruction, (the degree, at that time being conferred after a mere ceremonial of exercises,) the Tutor only gave a general supervision, a little advice, a little assistance, much as he and the pupil felt disposed. But when, with the commencement of the present century, the new Examination statute exacted a certain positive amount of Latin and Greek, Logic and Divinity, from all candidates for the B. A., the College tutors displayed a laudable access of zeal and diligence; and since that, the whole public tuition of the University has been in their hands. The undergraduates are wholly in their charge; lectures which they give, claim precedence before those of any professor; the great majority of professors, moreover, are concerned with subjects that have no place among the items required for the degree, and are therefore excluded from all participation in the ordinary course of instruction. In the hands of the Fellows of Colleges, as University tutors, and of the Heads of Colleges, as University governors; and conjointly in their hands as the managers of the University residences in which all students are bound to live, and as dispensers, moreover, of an immense and honorable patronage, (their own vacant Scholarships and Fellowships,) the whole University system may be said to have this long time lain. The only real rivals of the College tutors have been the private teachers. The only check on the good pleasure of the Hebdomadal Board of Heads of Houses, lies in the Convocation, or general assembly, of Masters of Arts, a legislative body without power of initiating measures. And as managers of residences, and dispensers of patronage, the Heads and Fellows have had no check whatever but some competition amongst themselves, and some faintly-heard echoes of a distant public opinion.

Is it desirable that these important functions should be thus exercised? How, for example, we must ask, *in limine*, are these Public Tutors and University magistrates chosen?

The Heads of the Colleges are chosen by the Fellows, from their own number, in some cases, the choice extending to ex-Fellows; in one instance, Christ Church, the Crown appoints. The Tutors of the college are selected from among the Fellows, by their Head. And the Fellows, — are they

chosen by general competition among distinguished students, upon the test of a severe examination? Listen to Mr. Temple's evidence, selected for special citation by the Oxford Commissioners.

"There are, in Oxford, 542 Fellowships. . . . Out of this number, only twenty-two are in such a sense open, that a young man, on first coming up, sees his way clear towards them with no other bar than may arise from his own want of talents or diligence. The rest are almost all restricted to

1. Persons born in particular localities.
2. Founders' kin.
3. Persons educated in particular schools.

The only Fellowships not so restricted, are ten at Balliol; twelve at Oriel; and sixty-one at Christ Church; and the latter are practically close, being in the gift of the Canons, in rotation, who treat them very much as private property."

The Fellows, with this small exception, are chosen, in accordance, for the most part, with the express directions of the Founders, from young men born, for example, in Lincolnshire, or, it may be, Rutlandshire; from young men brought up at Winchester School; or from young men descended, e. g., from the kindred of Archbishop Chichley, who, in the reign of Henry V., founded All-Souls College. The future public tutor and University governor, is selected, not because of any fitness or capacity beyond others, but for one of the above reasons. A, the able and distinguished scholar, must be rejected to make room for B, born in Berkshire, or C, who was a dull boy at an indifferent school, or D, who has got a pedigree. There are, moreover, other restrictions. In some cases, the Fellows must have been previously scholars of the College; in many, indigence is, by statute, required as an essential; the great majority are compelled, after the lapse, at the utmost, of six years, to take orders, and become clergymen of the Establishment. In all cases, the Fellow is bound to celibacy; by marriage he forfeits his Fellowship: this restriction the Heads alone are free from.

"The effect," says Mr. Temple, whose words are, as before, adopted by the Commission, "is most mischievous. Men who are naturally well fitted to be country clergymen, are bribed, because they are born in some parish in Rutland, to remain in Oxford as Fellows, until they are not only unfit for that, but for every thing else. The interests of

learning are intrusted to those who have neither talents nor inclination for the subject. The Fellowships are looked upon, and used, as mere stepping-stones to a living. A large number of the Fellows live away from the place, and thus, in reality, convert the emoluments to a purpose quite alien from that for which they were intended. On the other hand, the undergraduates suffer a double loss; first, in being deprived of the legitimate stimulus to study; and secondly, in having their instruction intrusted to an inferior body of men."

Evidence to the same effect, expressly declaring this to be the crying evil in the present condition of Oxford, might be multiplied to an indefinite extent from these pages. And that the Commissioners have set themselves in most especial earnest, to the remedy of these, and the like abuses, will be evident from the following extracts from their final recommendations.

With the view of removing the goverment of the University from the exclusive control of the Heads of Colleges, they propose to create a new Board, in which, with the Heads of Houses, shall sit all Professors, and public Lecturers, together with the senior Tutors of all Colleges and Halls.

To destroy the exclusive rights possessed by the Colleges, as residences, they recommend "That the provision of the statutes, by which all members of the University are obliged to belong to some College, or Hall, ... should be annulled; and that liberty be given for the extension of the University, as well by the foundation of Halls, as by permitting members of the University, under due superintendence, to live in private lodgings, without connection with a College or Hall."

This last recommendation is, we believe, the only one which has met with any thing like general disapprobation at Oxford. Yet it is backed by the support of several eminent Tutors and Professors. It is a very great change; but, we believe, it is the only means of reducing, materially, the expense of University residence. The new "Tutors' Association," in Oxford, declines, we find by the recent newspapers, to sanction this plan; they are eager, meantime, for the institution of *Halls* of various kinds, even independent of the existing Colleges.

The Commissioners further advise, —

"That all oaths imposed by College statutes, and all declarations against change in statutes, should be *prohibited as unlawful.*

"That all Fellowships should be thrown open to all members of the University, wherever born, provided they have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and can produce a proper certificate of character...

"That persons elected to Fellowships should be released from all restrictions on the tenure of their Fellowships, arising from the obligation to enter into holy orders.... That it would be expedient to modify, rather than remove, the restriction arising from the possession of property; and that celibacy should still continue to be a necessary condition for holding Fellowships, with certain specified exceptions." [This is with a view to ensure some rapidity of succession; the Fellows cannot all be College Tutors; in many cases, Fellowships are mere subsidies to young men reading for the bar, or otherwise engaged in study; and it is, of course, desirable that such benefices should change hands.]

"That all Scholarships should be thrown open to your Majesty's subjects under the age of nineteen, of whatever lineage or birthplace...

"That college revenues should be made, to a certain extent, available for the education of the University. That, for this purpose, the Lectureships ... at Corpus Christi, should be restored, and endowed with revenues from the College funds, sufficient to maintain two Professors; that at Magdalen ... six should be created, and endowed, for the maintenance of six Professors; that at Merton, two; at All Souls, four, or more, similar endowments should be made; to which might be added, if necessary, one at New College, and one at Queen's. That these Colleges should be empowered to suppress, either for a time, or altogether, a sufficient number of their Fellowships, in order to provide for these endowments....

"That these Professor-Fellows should not be elected by the College electors; but that such Fellowships should follow the Professorships to which they may be respectively attached."

To throw open Scholarships and Fellowships to general competition among the proficients of the University; and to appropriate a considerable amount of College property to the endowment of a Professorial body, such as shall supersede, in some degree, the College Tutors, — such is the design.

To the principle of University education which the Commissioners maintain — that it should be a combination of Professorial and Tutorial teaching; that Professors should, by lecturing, give and sustain broad and elevated views of their respective subjects; and that Tutors, in smaller classes, should examine, exercise, and discipline the students, — we

give our hearty assent; and should uphold it as true for all times and places. It does, however, seem uncertain how far College classes, as at present constituted, will be a successful form of the second mode of instruction. Clever boys do not go all to one College, and stupid boys all to another. The Colleges are not arranged on the principle of proficiency, as are the classes in a school, and as all classes should be. Is it not desirable that "A, a proficient at Christ Church, should receive instruction, not with X and Y, *un*proficients also at Christ Church, but B, C, and D, proficients from Balliol?" While agreeing with Mr. Patteson in his preference, in general, of Tutorial discipline to Professorial deliveries, we cannot but also agree with Professor Vaughan, that, though Tutors should continue, as now, to be appointed in the Colleges, "it should be permitted to the undergraduate to select his own Tutor" in the College, "whose duty it would be to instruct him in his own particular subject, and to aid him in procuring instruction on other subjects, either in College or out of College. . . . . It might be permitted to any Tutor so appointed to teach *any undergraduate*, of any College, who might wish to resort to him." Without this reciprocity, this *commercium*, it seems doubtful to us whether the system of College tuition can become as highly effective as it should be. Doubtless, the restrictions of locality, birth, &c., have hitherto been the great causes of inefficiency; upon their removal some amelioration will undoubtedly follow; yet it may be questioned whether words will not be occasionally used, similar to those we shall quote, relating to College tuition such as it has been.

"I shall never forget" — says Mr. Lowe, a distinguished member of the new administration in England, who, for some years, in Oxford, exercised the duties of a private tutor, taking, as he says, ten successive pupils in ten successive hours, day after day, and term after term, — "I shall never forget the distaste with which, coming from the top of a public school, I commenced construing, chapter by chapter, the twenty-first book of Livy. This had a bad effect upon the mind. A boy (for he is nothing more) finds the requisitions of College incomparably easier than those of school; he becomes arrogant and conceited; the Tutorial system has not only taught him nothing, but has actually given

him no idea of the course of study required for a high degree; and, in the plenitude of ignorance and self-sufficiency, he wastes at least one most valuable year in idleness, if not in dissipation."

Mr. Lowe is entirely for private tuition, and is opposed to the continuance, in any shape, of the present College Tutorial System. And assuredly it is true, that a young man, coming up from the top, as he says, of a great public school, after studying some three years, perhaps, under the immediate eye of a ripe and distinguished scholar, does feel rather degraded when he finds himself seated, perhaps, by the side of some school-fellow whom he had only known as far below him in the school classes, to move slowly through some familiar classic. Assuredly, it is, or was, the natural course of the student, ambitious of distinction, to evade, as much as possible, most of his College lectures, and to acquaint himself with the true elevation of University studies, and practise himself for competition with the most formidable rival scholars, under the charge — unintermitted, if he can afford it — of an able private tutor. With him, he will read, in his first year, for the Latin University Scholarship; in his second, for the Ireland; in his third, for his Degree. So, at least, it used to be.

Let us, however, listen to another voice. "I went to Oxford," says a private narrative, to which we have access, "from the sixth form (the highest class) of a public school. I had at that time read all Thucydides, except the sixth and seventh books; the six first books of Herodotus; the early books of each author, I had done at least three times over. I had read five plays, I think, of Sophocles, four of Æschylus — several of these two or three times over; four, perhaps, or five, of Euripides; considerable portions of Aristophanes; nearly all the Odyssey; only about a third of the Iliad, but that several times over; one or two dialogues of Plato — the Phædo, I remember, was one; not quite all Virgil; all Horace; a good deal of Livy and Tacitus; a considerable portion of Aristotle's Rhetoric, and two or three books of his Ethics; besides, of course, other things. I mention these, because they have to do with Oxford. I had been used to do my very best in translating in the class. We were not marked; but expressions of approbation, graduated carefully,

and invariably given by the rule so formed, were quite sure to let every boy know how he had done his part. The more diligent used to listen with eagerness for note and comment; the idlest amongst us were considerably afraid of reprimand. We were wont, moreover, to do three long original exercises singly, and marked by a regular scale. To fall below 26, I every week, out of school. These were looked over with us used to consider latterly a disgrace; to attain 28, a very great piece of honor. I knew perfectly well when I did ill, and when I did well.

"No words, not even those of Mr. Lowe, can express the amount of the change which I experienced on entering the lecture-rooms of my College — though confessedly one of the very best in Oxford — and on embarking upon the course of University study. Had I not read pretty nearly all the books? Was I to go on, keeping up my Latin prose writers, for three years more? Logic and Ethics had some little novelty; there was a little extra scholarship to be obtained in some of the College lectures. But that was the utmost. I should have wished to take to Mathematics, which I had hitherto rather neglected; but Mathematics alone would not lead to a Fellowship, and I did not feel any certainty that I could stand the strain of work for a "Double-First." I had been pretty well sated of distinctions and competitions at school; I would gladly have dispensed with any thing more of success in this kind, always excepting the £200 a year of the Fellowship. What I wanted was to sit down to happy, unimpeded prosecution of some new subject or subjects; surely, there were more in the domain of knowledge, than that Latin and Greek which I had been wandering about in for the last ten years. Surely, there were other accomplishments to be mastered, besides the composition of Iambics and Ciceronian prose. If there were, however, they existed not for me. There were the daily lectures in the morning, which I did not like to miss, (and, indeed, could hardly have missed, to any profitable extent); nor yet, if I attended them, to neglect to prepare them. The daily lectures now, and the weary reëxamination in Classics three years ahead! An infinite lassitude and impatience, which I saw reflected in the faces of others, quickly began to infect

me. *Quousque* Latin prose? Though we should gain by it prizes and honors academical, beyond all academical example, it would not the less certainly be a mere shame and waste of strength to make the effort. I did go on, for duty's sake, and for discipline and docility, sadly doing Latin prose; but, except in docility, profiting but little. Could I only have hoped to get through the whole business in a year or a year and a half's time, and then to be free to do what, before that is over, one never does, *study!* Some pleasure, too, there would have been, even in that old Greek and Latin, could one but have been free to pasture freely, following a natural instinct, upon its fairly extensive field. But no; if one did any thing, one must "get up" the books for the Schools, and they were — three years ahead. Even the present alteration in the statute, by which the suffering pilgrim is allowed to lay down a portion of his classical burden at the feet of the examiners, at the end of the second year, appears to me insufficient; ever so much classics and theology still remain behind, to be carried on, as before, to the end of the third year. No proper emancipation, no true admission to the rights of manly reading, is given, until the moment when, for most, it comes too late.

"The masters of the public schools have, it is true, been in fault; they have pushed on their pupils too hastily; have prepared them prematurely for the ultimate honors of the degree; have neglected the Æneid and the Iliad for the sake of Aristophanes and the Ethics. Yet it is true, nevertheless, that this very examination in Ethics, &c., used to be passed, not so many years ago, by young men not a bit older than the boys at the top of the public schools. Arnold took his First at nineteen, Peel his "Double-First" at twenty. Surely, after the age of nineteen or twenty, it is really time that this schoolboy love of racing, this empty competition, should be checked. There is less, a great deal, at Oxford than at Cambridge; but there is a great deal too much, at Oxford. For the preliminary discipline of boys, I grant it to be needful; to carry it forward into the very years of legal manhood, appears to me a most foolish and ill-advised innovation. The existing change I cannot account sufficient; every one, as before,

must do his *literæ humaniores*. Still, if four substantial departments were once really and fairly established for the third year, I am happy in the belief that no one would think so very much of high honors in any one of them. Examinations are useful things, and the stricter they are, the better; and the results, I suppose, can hardly be made public without some honor attending them. But by the great principle, "*divide et impera*," we shall, I hope, overpower much of this pernicious distinction. We shall be able to prove to young men whether they really know what they think they know, without declaring them, (*di meliora!*) to themselves and all the world, to be the cleverest men in Oxford. Examinations, I repeat, are essential; but no examinations will do much good unless there be, independent and irrespective of them, a real inward taste, and liking, and passion, shall I say, not for competitive effort and distinction, but for study, and the subjects themselves of study. Examinations are sadly apt to impair this spring of happy spontaneity: *honos*, indeed, *alit artes*, but not that honor which attends the success of the race-horse; which testifies to a mere personal and comparative superiority. Far more grateful, and of far higher value than any such popular plaudit, is, to the faithful student, the strictly plain and severely true ascertainment, not of whom he has beat, but of what he has done: the real desideratum for him is the exact and well-considered verdict of an accomplished judge of details; to details and separate branches, therefore, — not to aggregates of studies, but to distinct studies, — should examinations be applied. *Quot homines, tot studia; quot studia, tot examinationes:* Have as many as you please; the more they are in number, the less imposing they are singly; multiply them indefinitely. Only, of all Senior Wranglers, Medallists, and even "Double-Firsts," let us be fairly and finally rid."

This extract may restore us to our general subject, — the studies of the University. The defects which we have observed in them, and of which we are here reminded, may be thus recapitulated.

1. The sameness and narrowness of their subjects, identical as they are with those already well taught at the public

schools, and alien to the direct purposes of any but the clerical profession.

2. The promiscuous admission of young men of all capacities and attainments; and

3. Their indiscriminate union in the same College classes; to which may be added,

4. The general inefficiency of College tuition, the need of extensive private tuition, and the absence of professorial teaching.

Over and above these evils, it is also alleged that the system of examinations, however useful in many respects, and however energetically carried out, has something of a pernicious effect. Oxford, and yet more, Cambridge, have been turned into mere arenas for the contests and the feats of the young competitors from the public schools. Examinations have been used, not for the legitimate purpose of proving and testing acquisitions in study, but as stimulants to exertion in general, and occasions for the display of intellectual *tours de force*. So far as the Universities have not been mere lounging-places, they have tended to become, during the last fifty years, intellectual race-courses and training-grounds.

The means which the Commissioners desire to see adopted for the improvement and modification of the system of public tuition, we have already explained at large. The discussion of the respective merits and the relations of collegiate, private, and professorial teaching, found in different portions of the evidence, in Mr. Patteson's, for example, Mr. Lowe's, Mr. Jowett's, and Professor Vaughan's, is one of the most instructive elements of the report. The professorial system, Mr. Jowett justly observes, has been adopted by foreign Universities, not from choice, but by necessity. The wealth of Oxford gives it the means of combining this with the tutorial; and in such a combination, the whole experience of Oxford seems to show, consists the highest excellence of University teaching.

To exclude the idle and incompetent, who so fatally clog the action of any system of studies, the Commissioners simply direct the establishment of an University examination before admission. And, at this first University ordeal, honors, we think, might be legitimately and usefully given. To obviate

the sameness and narrowness complained of, in the subjects of study, evils which are fully acknowledged in the Report, something has already been done by the University itself; and an account of it has been given in this Review. The Commissioners carry the change yet further out, and offer the student, in his third year, a very considerable latitude of election in his subjects. After an examination at the end of his second year, he will be allowed to lay aside, if he chooses, his classics, and to devote himself to the school of theology; the school of mental philosophy; to oriental and modern European languages; to jurisprudence, history, and political economy; to mathematical, or to physical science. An examination in some one of these various subjects will test his proficiency at the close of the third year, and complete his qualification for his Bachelor's degree. This method, it is presumed, will also mitigate the evil effects considered to attach to a single final examination in an aggregate of subjects, and will discourage the student from exhausting his strength upon exertions for mere distinction; or vitiating his studies by habits of *cram*, mnemonic tricks, and the like dishonesties.

To exclude, by a severe entrance examination, the idlers and the dunces; to test the merits of the various preparatory schools by a classification of the pupils whom they send up; and to offer large pecuniary aid to diligent and promising students who require it, — such would be the object in the first stage. To complete the school studies under University tuition, and to test the result in a general examination, would be the next step. This once effected, the student would be left free, under the direction chiefly of Professors, to pursue, according to his taste or his views in life, any subject that he chose. His diligence and his success in this study of predilection would be approved in one more concluding, professorial examination. He would now, with his University title, be dismissed for actual service of life; but to any highly accomplished and proficient Bachelor of Arts, some wealthy College would be pretty certain to offer an income of 1000 dollars per annum, as a subsidy during his professional studies, or a premium to tempt him to service as a University teacher.

The entrance examination and the Scholarships; tutorial and professorial teaching; the completion of the school studies; and the commencement, with full freedom of choice, of the after-studies; the examinations testing both; and the Fellowships rewarding mature proficiency, — these items, in respect of studies, constitute the ideal presented in the Oxford Report. Such a system really bears the appearance of being for the nineteenth century, and, for the English race, as fair an ideal as can be reasonably expected; an ideal that may be kept in sight under social circumstances quite different from those of England. A University is not necessarily a finishing school for the sons of richer people; it may be a finishing school for those, whatever their parentage or private means, who are worth the pains and expense of a finished and complete education. If this country, in *her* public schools, possesses a means for discovering, in all parts and places, the most promising boys, is it not all the more incumbent upon her to give these chosen individuals that which, in other places is offered at random to a class, or section of society, — a really high culture, an education worthy of the name? It would be well, no doubt, could we really hope really to educate all; but time is wanting, if not money. We cannot have all our boys studying and learning till they are twenty years old. But are we, therefore, disabled from picking out for this benefit, not the richest, but the fittest; and giving them this benefit in its fullest measure? The American Republic does not appear to be wholly unfitted for the existence of institutions aiming at the highest ends, and using all the means, of the wealthiest and most learned European Universities. Might not a University exist upon this side of the Atlantic, which should combine, with the freedom and openness of the French and German institutions, the strict requirements and thorough-going discipline, and the munificent aids and rewards, which are found in those of England, or are, at any rate, aspired to in the Report of the Oxford Commission?

ART. V. — 1. *A Faggot of French Sticks, or Paris in* 1851. By SIR FRANCIS HEAD, Author of "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau." New York: G. P. Putnam. 1852. 12mo. pp. 495.

2. *Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles.* New York: Harpers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 264.

3. *Claret and Olives; from the Garonne to the Rhone.* By ANGUS B. REACH. New York: G. P. Putnam.

WE have upon our table half a dozen books describing recent travels in Europe, or a residence in some of its cities. None of them are absolutely intolerable, and a moiety, at least, by their vivacity, and the solid information given in them, sufficiently demonstrate that the field, which has been worked so long, is by no means yet exhausted. The world was never half so well known as it is at present; yet curiosity was never more keen. Wherever there are men and the works of men, there will be something worth the seeing and the telling. What is wanted is the intelligent eye and the comprehending mind. With these, Europe, even in its best known portions, — through the changing scenes of its actual life, the progress of its arts, the condition of its people, and its pleasing or sorrowful memories, — is still fresh and inexhaustible.

Foremost in our list, we have placed that veteran traveller and sight-seer, Sir Francis Head. If Sir Francis knew how much we admire his books, we almost think (though that is saying much) that his feelings towards the American Republic would become somewhat gentler and kinder. His political opinions do not come near enough to annoy us, while we enjoy, with a keen relish, the felicity of his descriptions, and the humor, grace, and vigor of his style. Nay, more, we have travelled so often and so far with him, as to have formed a kind of personal attachment, which, we trust, may not be disturbed. From the delightful "Bubbles from the Brunnen," with its quaint, half deprecatory motto — "Bubble, (bobbel, *Dutch*) any thing which wants solidity and firmness. (*John-*

son's Dictionary,") — down to the "Faggot," and including the more recent work on Ireland, we find everywhere the same freshness, the same vividness of narration, and the same good sense. The "Bubbles" are not altogether empty and fragile; the Faggot is not wholly composed of dry and crooked sticks.

One of the chief sources of pleasure in the present book, is the admirable manner in which the author daguerreotypes the scenes of the gay capital. He is specific and exact. Objects great and small, every thing within the limits of his picture, is painted as if by the sun. Whether it be Louis Napoleon attending High Mass at the Hôtel des Invalides, or the killing of a poor horse or a fat pig, the Gardens of the Tuileries, or the Mont de Piété, the glories of the Madeleine, or the disgusting horrors of the Morgue, the pencil is equally faithful. We have here the actual life of Paris in the year 1851, so far as a busy and observing man could see it in three weeks. The facts are often homely, but they are valuable as the material for opinions. What would we not give for a picture, equally thorough and impartial, of Paris under Charles IX. or Henry IV.! Travellers often mistake in supposing nothing to be worthy of description but the grand, the solemn, and the unusual. It is rather the common and the lowly that we are most ignorant of, and desire most to know; — how the people live, their habits, occupations, the subject of their thoughts, their amusements, their education, their morality. All these things are given, both by Sir Francis and the anonymous American; and, what is important to observe, in neither case are they taken indiscriminately, or without a plan. The facts selected are characteristic, and are grouped so as to illustrate the dispositions and pursuits of the people. Our countryman evidently sees with his own eyes, and speaks without reserve. We shall give a few extracts from his compact and amusing volume; but our first duty is with the "Faggot."

Sir Francis tells us, that, having provided himself with a few letters of introduction, which, however, he did not use, he left London *en route* for Paris, on the evening of the 29th of April, A. D. 1851. At eleven o'clock the same night, he was "dead and buried," (that is, dead to the world, and buried in

feathers), at Dover; at five o'clock the next morning, he took the steam-packet to cross the Channel; at six o'clock and forty-five minutes, he was in Calais, and towards evening, the sun yet two or three hours high above the western horizon, he took his place, with great satisfaction, at the *table d'hôte* of Meurice's Hotel, at Paris. That very evening he began his survey of the strange and pleasant sights of the great toy-shop and museum, Paris; and for three weeks, excepting when the prescriptions of a celebrated occulist kept him confined to his room, which was for a few hours daily, did not cease prying into all the strange nooks and corners of the place, taking notes, observing with a keen and practised eye, setting down distances and numbers with mathematical accuracy;—in short, with most commendable diligence, which must have made his three weeks any thing but a mere recreation, gathered and arranged this Faggot, "to enliven for a few moments an English fireside."

In making a selection of topics for his light sketches, he covers a broad field; but there are two or three which evidently draw out his affections, and there are some whose omission is a little singular. It is the outward and visible objects which he most carefully inquires about, hardly ever the moral character or condition, the state of popular education, or of popular literature, although these we suppose to be peculiarly necessary in enabling us to estimate the character of the French with fairness. He looks with most interest to the state of the army, the operation of the railroads, and the condition and management of the horses. We cannot tell how many short, little, "punchy" horses attracted his attention. His very first "stroll" was to the "General Association of Omnibusses," whose magnificent stables he carefully describes, and the history of whose inmates he follows, till, worn out and good for nothing else, they are given to the *Équarrisseur*, and are slaughtered. Of the railways, he describes, with much minuteness, the Great Northern, and that leading to Lyons; while, as respects the army and matters connected with it, he devotes a chapter each to the Hôtel des Invalides, Military Models, the Musée de l'Artillerie, École Polytechnique, École Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées, Les Casernes, École Spé-

ciale Militaire de St. Cyr, École d'État Major, and a grand military review held by Louis Napoleon; nor can we name the book which contains information on these topics, so minute and so trustworthy.

The prevailing opinion respecting all that he saw, from the President of the late Republic, down to the *chiffonnier* clawing open with his stick the heaps of refuse in the street, is one of satisfaction and pleasure. He only once or twice met with a disagreeable incident, or found a condition of things to provoke a censure. The order, regularity, and certainty with which every ordinary matter pertaining to social life is conducted, the scientific exactness of all public arrangements, the efficiency of the police, the drill, the discipline, and gymnastic expertness of the soldiers, the cleanly, and, so far as possible, merciful routine of the *abattoirs*, — every thing, in fact, that public law or police regulation can touch, seems worthy of the praise so frankly bestowed. One great evil, however, now no more, comes in for censure, direct or implied, wherever seen; namely, *the Republic*, with its obtrusive symbols, and its "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" flaunting on flags raised alike upon churches, prisons, and cemeteries. For this there is everywhere a sarcasm. It is only "thirty dyers, with black faces, throats, and hands, with bent knees, bent elbows, bent backs, large, round, open eyes, and protruding chins, in attitude like tall, zinc, crooked chimney-pots," that shout, when the President is going to the review, "*Vive la Republique*," and even they are hired to do so. The others shout *Vive Napoleon*. The Republic was only "provisional," and they have now "changed all that." But our author wrote in 1851, six months and more before the *Coup d'État*. Louis Napoleon receives ample justice from him, if justice means unqualified respect and praise. He is evidently the man for the times, the man for France, — cool, sagacious, silent, observing, religious, patriotic. There is an apology even (we must confess it sounds rather droll) for universal suffrage in his favor, since it is an appeal from the corrupted few to the honest, patriotic, upright many. The admission of a possible good from so bad a source, is justified only as an extreme exception, to be allowed once, and thenceforth to be never

heard of. Sitting astride the wall of Père la Chaise, where the little Jews' burying-ground lies separate from the great and common cemetery, he goes off into a protest against the policy of allowing the Jews a seat in parliament; and flying along the rails towards England, he cannot help indulging a few last flings against America and republics in general, extended suffrage and voting by ballot. He is "true blue" to the last, and only seemed for a moment to veer round when the voting which pleased him was really an abnegation of freedom.

But, as we said before, these political opinions, heartily entertained, do not disturb the pleasure with which we read the book; and we hasten to give, all that our space will allow, an extract or two as a specimen of the whole. In order to give an idea of the odd subjects touched upon, as well as to present pictures from the two extremes of animal and intellectual life, we will select from the chapters entitled "*Abattoir des Cochons*," and "The National Assembly." The *Abattoir* is situated beyond the Barrière de Montmartre, and is inclosed within a high wall, forming a square of about 450 feet a side. On entering within this outer wall, our author found himself repulsed by the guardian of the establishment, who announced to him that it was at present the property of a private company, and no one could be admitted without an order. A skilful and eloquent statement of the case, and especially, an appeal to the fact that he was a stranger, effectually touched the heart of the "*chef*," who forthwith conducted him into the interior.

"We now reached a long building, one story high, not at all unlike a set of hunting stables; and on door No. 1 being opened, I saw before me a chamber ventilated like a brewhouse, with a window at each end, and paved with flag-stones, the further half of which was covered with a thick stratum of straw, as sweet, clean, and unstained as if it had just come from the flail of the thresher. Upon this wholesome bed there lay extended, fast asleep, two enormous white hogs, evidently too fat even to dream. They belonged to no political party; had no wants; no cares; no thoughts; no more idea of to-morrow than if they had been dead, smoked, and salted. I never before had an opportunity of seeing any of their species so clearly; for in Eng-

land, if, with bended back and bent knees, an inquisitive man goes to look into that little low dormitory called a sty, the animal, if lean, with a noise between a bark and a grunt, will probably jump over him; or if fat, he lies so covered up, that the intruder has no space to contemplate him; whereas, if the two pigs lying before me had been in my own study, I could not have seen them to greater advantage.

"Without disturbing them, my conductor closed the door, and we then entered Nos. 2, 3, and 4, which I found to be equally clean, and in which were lying, in different attitudes, pigs of various sizes, all placidly enjoying the sort of apoplectic slumber I have described. My conductor would kindly have opened the remainder of the doors, but as I had seen sufficient to teach me, what in England will be discredited, namely, that it is possible to have a pigsty without any disagreeable smell, I begged him not to trouble himself by doing so; and he accordingly was conducting me across the open square when I met several men, each wheeling in a barrow a large jet-black dead pig, the skin of which appeared to be slightly mottled in circles. As they passed me there passed also a slight whiff of smoke; and I was on the point of asking a few questions on the subject, when I found myself within the great slaughter-house of the establishment, — a large barn, the walls and roof of which were as black as soot. The inside of the door, also black, was lined with iron. The floor was covered for several inches with burnt black straw, and upon it lay, here and there, a large black lump, of the shape of a huge hog, which it really was, covered over with the ashes of the straw that had just been used to burn his coat from his body.

"In vain I looked beneath my feet and around me to discover the exact spots where all this murder had been committed; but nowhere could I discover a pool, slop, or the smallest vestige of blood, or anything at all resembling it. In short, the whole floor was nothing but a mass of dry, crisp, black, charred remains of burnt straw. It was certainly an odd-looking place; but no one could have guessed it to be a slaughter-house.

"There was another mystery to be accounted for. In England, when anybody in one's little village, from the worthy rector at the top of the hill, down to the little ale-house keeper at the bottom, kills a pig, the animal, who has no idea of "letting concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on his damask cheek," invariably explains, *seriatim*, to every person in the parish — dissenters and all — not only the transaction, but every circumstance relating to it; and accordingly, whether you are very busily writing, reading, thinking, or talking about nothing at all to ladies in bonnets sitting on your sofa to pay you a morning

visit, *you* know, and *they* know, perfectly well — though it is not deemed at all fashionable to notice it — the beginning, middle, and end, — in short, the whole progress of the deed; for, first of all, a little petulant noise proclaims that somebody somewhere is trying to catch a pig; then the animal begins, all at once, with the utmost force of his lungs, to squall out, 'They have caught me: — they are pulling at me: — they are trying to trip me up: — a fellow is kneeling upon me: — they are going to make what they call pork of me. O dear! they have done for me!' (the sound gets weaker) 'I feel exceedingly unwell; — I'm getting faint; — fainter; — fainter still, — I shan't be able to squall much longer!' (a long pause.) 'This very long little squall is my last, — 'T is all over, — I am dying — I'm dying — I'm dying: . . . I'm dead!'

"Now, during the short period I had been in the establishment, all the pigs before me had been killed; and although I had come for no other earthly purpose but to look and listen; although, ever since I had entered the gate, I had — to confess the truth — expected to hear a squall; it was surprising I had not heard one; — I was not only ready, but really anxious, with the fidelity of a shorthand-writer, to have inserted in my notebook, in two lines of treble and bass, the smallest quaver or demisemiquaver that should reach my ears, yet I had not heard the slightest sound of discontent! However, while I was engrossed with these serious reflections, I heard some footsteps outside; a man within opened the door slightly, and through the aperture, in trotted, looking a little wild, a large loose pig, whose white, clean, delicate skin, physically as well as morally, formed a striking contrast with the black ruins around him.

"In a few seconds he stopped; — put his snout down to the charred ground to smell it; did not seem to like it at all; — looked around him; — then, one after another, at the superintendent, at me, and the three men in blouses; — appeared mistrustful of us all; — and, not knowing which of us to dislike most, stood as if to keep us all at bay. No sooner, however, had he assumed this theatrical attitude than a man who, with his eyes fixed upon him, had been holding in both hands the extremity of a long thin-handled round wooden mallet, walked up to him from behind, and striking one blow on his forehead, the animal, without making the smallest noise, rolled over on the black, charred dust, senseless, and, excepting a slight convulsive kick of his upper hind leg, motionless. Two assistants immediately stepped forward, one with a knife in his hand, the other with a sort of iron frying-pan, which he put under the pig's neck; his throat was then cut; not a drop of blood was spilled; but as soon as it had completely ceased

to flow, it was poured from the frying-pan into a pail, where it was stirred by a stick, which caused it to remain fluid." *Fag.* pp. 93 – 95.

This is indeed a *scene* which none but Sir Francis would think of describing, and none but he could describe so well.

We turn now to the Assembly, whose proceedings may prove more interesting. By a private ticket, Sir Francis was ushered early into the *Tribune du Corps Diplomatique*, whence he could easily view the arrangements and proceedings.

"The construction and interior arrangements of the building are so simple and so sensibly adapted for its object, that at a single glance it is easily understood. The house is in the horseshoe form. At the heel end, surrounded, in front, by a small empty space, and on each side by two others, called the '*côté gauche*' and '*côté droit*,' is the platform of the President, on which, elevated about six feet above the floor of the house, appear his desk, an ordinary library writing-table, supported in front by four brass legs, and his elbow-chair, a size larger than that usual in a library. Behind, on the same platform, but about a foot lower, stand, with their backs against the wall, six common, English-looking, mahogany dining-room chairs, with black horse-hair seats; and on the right and left, and about three feet below, a line of eight chairs and desks for secretaries. Beneath, and immediately in front of the President's chair, is the "tribune" or pulpit, from which every member may be required to speak, composed of a very small platform, about three feet above the floor of the house, bounded in front only by a low narrow table, about eight feet long, and about a foot broad, covered with red velvet, which screens and conceals about the lower half of the speaker's person. The remainder of the house, excepting its narrow floor, is composed of eleven tiers of seats, rising, like those of an ancient amphitheatre, one above another, and intersected at right angles by twelve narrow passages, radiating, by twenty steps, upwards from the floor to the hexagonal walls of that portion of the house occupied by members. Each tier, which is two steps higher than that beneath, is subdivided into separate desks, behind each of which is a seat with iron elbows, covered with green cloth, by which arrangement 750 members, whose faces more or less converge upon the tribune, are completely separated one from the other." p. 413.

The members strolled in with their hats on, very much as in our "Houses," and occupied themselves, for some time after the entrance of the Speaker or President, in good-humored and ordinary conversation.

"The house was now very full; and I was surprised to perceive that, excepting in the upper rows of benches on the left, occupied by the party Rouge, or radicals, there were fewer beards than, on an average, I had been in the habit of meeting in the streets. In a button-hole in the coats of a great many was a slight appearance, about as broad as a piece of bobbin, of a red ribbon.

"Behind the President, on his right and left, on the platform on which he himself sat, and immediately beneath the inscription, '*Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité,*' were two tables, occupied by six clerks, one of whom, in black clothes and a long beard, I repeatedly observed intently mending a long white goose-quill pen; another, also in black, wore a bright scarlet ribbon; another a long scarlet one, and also a long yellow one. In front of the President, on his right and left, but below him, appeared, also dressed in black, and seated in chairs, eight secretaries, undecorated.

"The buzz of conversation lasted nearly half an hour; the floor of the house was covered with members in groups; and I was admiring the scene, and inwardly wishing its simplicity and sensible arrangements could be copied by the British House of Commons, when three consecutive double rings of the President's little bell were followed by a call, by the black-coated gentlemen with silver-hilted swords, of '*En place! en place!*'

"The President, totally unsupported by any distinction of dress, struck the table with a ruler, and then rang again. At this moment, a man in black, ascending the steps of his platform, brought him, in a white soup-plate, a tumbler full of yellow-looking water, apparently weak lemonade. '*En place! en place!*' resounded from all parts of the house. The President rang again, struck the table again with his ruler, waved it at an unruly member, shook his head violently in disapprobation, and, to my utter astonishment, all of a sudden, and in one single instant, just as if a wasp had stung him, he addressed the house in a state of extraordinary excitement.

"As soon as order was obtained, a member rose from his seat, and said a few words which elicited loud sounds of objection. He instantly fell into an astonishing passion; shaking his right hand at the Rouge party on the upper benches, who answered him furiously, he became most violently excited, until, suddenly stopping, he sat down in a regular rage.

"The second speaker, who, from the tribune below the President, addressed the house for about ten minutes, spoke with more energy and action than is usual among Englishmen, but with great propriety. As

however, the members throughout the house, leaning towards each other, were all talking — indeed, apparently no one was listening to him — the President, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing with his arms hanging down, and sometimes folding them across his breast, repeatedly tapped hard with his ruler, but in vain. A member, stepping into the tribune, replied for about five minutes; then the first speaker came back and renewed his arguments in favor of inserting in the railway bill (which I now began to understand was the subject of discussion) a clause, insisting on a third-class carriage accompanying every train, as was, he said, the case in England. At this moment, M. Thiers, entering at the door near the speaker, slowly walked up the floor of the house to his desk. His gait was plain, quiet, and easy. He was very short, had a brown face, totally devoid of any other color, and gray, or rather grizzled hair.

"Directly opposite to me were Generals Cavaignac and Lamoricière, who for some time sat talking together. General Cavaignac's form was tall, elegant, and erect; his hair, cut close all over, was a little bald on the top. He was dressed in a light olive-green coat, buttoned close up, so as to show no shirt. With great apparent affability, he occasionally conversed with several other members; but, whenever he was not talking, he continued, without intermission, whirling his eye-glass very rapidly round the forefinger of his right hand, and then immediately whirling it as rapidly back again.

"The next speaker, on addressing the house from his seat, was interrupted by murmurs from different parts of the house, of '*On n'entend pas!*' A great disturbance and loud cries continued, which forced him to leave his seat and ascend the tribune. The President now appeared to take part in the debate. He called, he ranted, he rang, but no one appeared to hear either him or his bell. At this moment, Lord Normanby, the British Ambassador, entered the 'Tribune of the President of the Republic,' and, separated only by a low partition, sat down beside me. I could not help thinking how symbolic the uncontrolled and uncontrollable scene before us was of the extreme difficulties he must occasionally have to encounter.

"As soon as order was restored, or rather, as soon as disorder was satiated, several members — a few from their seats, but principally from the tribune — made short speeches on the various clauses of the bill. On commencing, a glassful of yellow fluid, in a white saucer, was invariably placed at their right hand, on the narrow red velvet table of the tribune, by a servant in a blue coat, red collar, and red waistcoat. Usually, just before they began to speak, they raised it to their lips; in the middle of the speeches they kept sipping it; and on concluding,

as a sort of perquisite, they invariably, on leaving the tribune, swigged off whatever was left, and then, gently licking their lips, and sometimes their mustachios, walked quietly towards their seats. Several, in the course of their speeches, drank two glasses full.

"A young man now ascended the tribune, and, with a superabundance of galvanic-looking action, which really neither explained nor expressed any thing, he opposed, in a short speech, one of the sixty clauses of the bill.

"The next member began his speech from his place. A number of voices instantly called out, '*On n'entend pas!*' on which, with the whole energy of his mind, he gave one great convulsive shrug of his entire person, and then, with great dignity, walked to the tribune.

"In merely explaining that the line he advocated would be more direct from Paris to Cherbourg than the one proposed in the bill, he threw away an extraordinary quantity of action; and, on reading a long list of cold figures, he gradually became so miraculously excited — he got into such a violent perspiration, and evinced so much activity and gesticulation — that literally I expected to see him jump over the rails of the tribune.

"One of the ministers, M. Leon Faucher, now rose, and, in repelling some accusations which had been made against the Government, spoke with more than English energy, but with great dignity, eloquence, and effect. In the course of his speech, starting up from his seat, close to the wall on the uppermost line of benches on the left, one of the Red Republican members, with his hair almost cut to the quick, with a beard nearly a foot long, and with his right arm diagonally uplifted, suddenly, furiously, and very loudly exclaimed, twice over, alluding, I believe, to some statement in the Government newspaper, '*C'est un calomniateur!*'

"On M. Thiers ascending the tribune a marked and very complimentary silence prevailed. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of his voice, which is not only little, but that little squeaky, he spoke with great ability and effect. Occasionally, his wit caused, from all parts of the house, a joyous laugh (described by the reporters by the word '*hilarité.*') Very frequently, after making an assertion, he interlaced his short arms upon his chest, but almost before the action — 'I pause for a reply!' — was completed, he entirely spoiled its dignity by quickly unfolding them. In the course of his speech, which was not long, to my utter astonishment, I saw him drink off, one after another, three tumblers of the light yellow mixture.

"Something that he said — I could scarcely comprehend a word of it — seemed suddenly to prick very acutely the feelings of the house,

for he was contradicted on all sides. A general conversation took place, and for a few seconds everybody seemed as vigorously employed in making the utmost possible noise, as the fiddlers at a London oratorio, piled above each other up to the ceiling, when they come to the word '*Fortissimo!*'

"Amidst this scene, or rather at the heel end of it, the President, on his platform, sat ringing, — then arose, — then stood beating the table, — then waved his ruler violently at an unruly member, — then shook his left hand quickly in disapprobation, — and then, with both hands uplifted, appeared as if entreating, — but to no purpose whatever.

" Several members now spoke; the House, however, all of a sudden, appeared to be tired; and as the black fingers of each of the three clocks pointed to 6h. 5m., the impatience increased. The Speaker, by bell, by ruler, and by actions of dumb entreaty, endeavored to prevail on the House to allow the speech from the tribune to come to its close. Everybody, however, seemed to object, and their determination reaching its climax, the House, at 6h. 10m., arose, as if by acclamation, and the members, crossing each other in various directions, all walked out." *Faggot*, pp. 416 – 419.

At the risk of extending our extracts too far, we venture upon the description of a peculiar class of functionaries, whose duties, Sir Francis seems, with characteristic diligence and sagacity, to have thoroughly investigated. He noticed, standing at certain street corners, intelligent, respectable-looking men, dressed in a kind of uniform, and bearing upon their breast a brass plate with certain figures and a name. These persons are *commissionnaires*, ready for any service on which any one may please to employ him. They will get you a coach, carry your messages, bring letters and packages, change your furniture, direct you to streets or shops, in short, supply all the information which, as a stranger, you need, and do almost every thing for which you require the services of another. They also act as agents of the police, and are sagacious and trustworthy. Determined to take nothing at second hand, Sir Francis called to his chambers a very respectable member of this corps, and took down, from his own lips, an account of his employments. We give but a small portion of the narration.

" Sir, I black boots; I saw wood; I carry portmanteaus and luggage, and whatever offers itself; I rub the floors of apartments and

stairs; .... I beat carpets; .... I know how to arrange a room; I make the beds; .... I watch a sick person through the night and day; .... I pawn at the Mont de Piété, whatever the public is willing to intrust to me, jewels, chains, watches, gold, or silver. ....

"Now there is another subject which I will explain to you. When a gentleman has no confidence in his wife, he employs a commissioner to follow her when she goes out alone. Then the gentleman says to the commissioner, 'Follow that lady; you must tell me in detail every place where she stops: I shall come to your station this evening for an answer.' Then I say to the gentleman, 'Sir, Madame stopped in (shrug) —— Street, Number —— (shrug). Madame remained for half an hour in that house: during that time I walked up and down opposite the carriage-gate on the other side of the street, in order to know when she would leave the street. Madame went to the warehouse for novelties, —— Street (shrug), Number ——. From thence Madame got into a hackney-carriage, which she stopped in the street on coming out of the warehouse. As for me, I ran as fast as my legs could carry me to follow the carriage. Madame got out of it in —— Street, say Number ——. Madame sent away the carriage after having paid for it. Madame went into that house, where she remained an hour and a half. On going out of that house, Madame went straight home. Madame returned home at half-past five. I did not see any description of gentleman speak to Madame. In short, Sir, these are all the details and information which I can give you (shrug) for to-day.' The gentleman says to me, 'Well done, Commissioner: how much do I owe you?' I say, 'Sir, you are generous enough to comprehend how much that commission is worth.' 'Here, Commissioner, are two francs. Are you satisfied?' 'Yes, Sir, I am satisfied.' 'If I want you to-morrow, I will let you know, or I will go to your station myself.' I say to him, 'Very well, Sir (shrug), it is all right. I thank you. Good day, Sir' (shrug). Well (shrug), the next morning the gentleman arrives. 'Tell me Commissioner, can you do the same commission for me that you did yesterday? you understand? Come with me; you will keep yourself opposite my carriage-gate; when a lady comes out — a little brunette — she is to come in half an hour; she has a gown of Tartan silk, a green bonnet, and a large shawl, with a blue ground and red flowers — you will follow her. Keep yourself at a distance, some way off, so that she may not suspect that you follow her; bring me back a very exact account; you must tell me wherever she has stopped, the name of the street, and the number of the house, of all the houses where she may stop. I shall come and get your answer here at your station this evening at (shrug) seven o'clock.'

"It is now seven o'clock. 'Sir I have done your commission very exactly. On leaving her house, Madame stopped on the Boulevard, at a shoemaker's shop. Madame stayed there fifteen minutes; from there Madame went to —— Street, Number ——; Madame stayed two hours in that house; from thence Madame came out; she went to the Garden of the Tuileries; Madame was talking there for half an hour with a gentleman, well dressed, not very tall, of a dark complexion; a gentleman who may be about eight-and-thirty; this gentleman wears mustaches. From thence Madame parted from this gentleman; she returned home to her own house at (shrug) half-past six. This is all the tour that Madame has made to-day.'

"Sometimes a lady in the same way makes me follow her husband, whom I know. In order that this gentleman may not recognize me, I dress myself decently like a citizen. My comrade, opposite, once followed a gentleman for ten days, at the rate of six francs a-day: in those ten days he was not able to discover or find out any thing!" *Faggot*, pp. 208 – 210.

With an eye equally keen, and a purpose equally honest, with a candor which will not refuse its reward to merit, and a satire none the less effective because concealed under a gay and careless exterior, the book of our American author presents to us scenes of still deeper import. It is hardly necessary to say, that, in comparison with the accomplished author of the "Faggot," his narrative lacks gracefulness, neatness, and distinctness. Things are sometimes so jumbled together that the vividness of impression is quite lost, and one not already familiar with the scenes or events might not understand them at all. Still, as we shall show, some of the subjects towards which he directed his attention are among the gravest and most important which can concern any people.

One of the first things which strikes an American traveller to France, is the care taken of him by the government, the delivery and exchange of his passports, the necessity of constantly registering his whereabouts, and of applying, in due season, for permission to leave the city or country. Another thing of which he will hear something, but, if quiet and well-behaved, may feel nothing, is the power of the police. Stories of their watchfulness, we think, are not often much exaggerated, nor are their functions less important under the Empire than under the Republic. Still further east, in some of the

cities of Germany and Austria, we have reason to believe that, of late, and especially since the advent of M. Kossuth, they are more exacting, and systematically more annoying to Americans than ever; a deliberate purpose seeming to be, to keep such troublesome material out of their limits. As we have given from Sir Francis some account of the "*Commissioner*," we give our American's account of the Police.

"When a newly arrived American is informed that all his movements are known to the police, that there is nothing he can do, and scarcely any thing he can say or think, but what he will find duly chronicled in its records, he looks incredulous. Nevertheless, it is in the main true. The first care of the police is to ascertain the nation and occupation of the stranger, his business and general habits. If these are satisfactory, he is subject only to a general surveillance. Should he become an object of suspicion, the Argus-eyes of this mysterious power are upon him everywhere. They report when he goes out and when he returns; where he visits, and whom he visits; who visits him; what letters he receives; where from; and his habits, of every name and nature, even to the number of glasses of wine he may take in the course of a day, and his very conversation. So thorough is this watch, that when Caussidière, the companion of Louis Blanc, became prefect of the police of Paris, having the curiosity to examine the reports made relative to himself, before the Revolution of February, 1848, he exclaimed with astonishment, 'Not only my actions, but my intimate thoughts!'

"How is this effected? In various ways. There are, first, the uniformed agents of the police, its external eyes, whose duties and appearance are so well known that they are easily avoided. But in avoiding Charybdis, the suspected seldom see the more dangerous Scylla, or the secret agents, whose eyes and ears are in every café, restaurant, corner, or place, where men do congregate, and under every disguise. They have as many shapes as Proteus, and as many colors as the chameleon. There is no locality, from the salon in the Faubourg St. Germain to the lowest haunt in the quarter St. Antoine, in which they cannot make themselves completely at home.

"The employes relieve each other in their watches with the regularity of sentinels. The following note from an ex-prefect of police to his successor, on finding himself incessantly followed by two police agents, got wind, immediately after the change of ministry in November last, greatly to the amusement of the people of Paris:—

"'Monsieur le Préfet,—I have the honor to announce to you, that

I leave to-morrow to have a few days' shooting in the country. It is, therefore, perfectly useless to send your agents charged to watch my house and to follow me. I will do myself the honor of informing you of my return. Accept, &c., CARLIER."

Parisian Sights, pp. 131, 132.

In this *surveillance*, strict, suspicious, and exacting as it is, there is doubtless some good. It is protecting and preventive, a safeguard and defence. But the great importance of it, ever since its establishment by Louis XIV., and that which has given it permanence, under every form of government, has been its political powers and functions. Conspiracies are detected, dangerous persons are watched, opinions are discovered, the public pulse is felt, the press is kept under a healthful restraint. But all these so-called virtues in France are just what would make it abhorred in England or America.

"Paris has four Commissioners of Police to each of its twelve *arrondissements*, each having in charge one of the forty-eight *quartiers*." Without giving farther details of the organization of this half-political and half-sanitary hydra, it is sufficient to add, that its arms, ears, and eyes embrace all France, concentrating its knowledge and direction in one trunk, the newly-created Minister of Police, the sum of whose duties is to allow nothing to exist in France unsanctioned by the government.

"Thus, the first notice an individual may receive, that his presence can be dispensed with in '*La Belle France*,' is a brief notification, that by calling at the proper bureau, he will receive his passport. Last autumn, a simple decree of the Prefect compelled all foreigners residing in the department of the Seine to apply for permission to remain, under penalty of immediate expulsion. The object was to examine into the history of each individual; and if, in the opinion of the police, the public safety required his banishment, he was immediately sent out of the country. Several hundred were, in consequence, banished. However salutary such a purgative might be in a city like New York, our institutions require that a citizen must be considered innocent until adjudged guilty by a jury of his countrymen. Consequently we are compelled to await crime before we act. The French seek to prevent it, by placing society as much as possible out of the

risk. We punish; they protect. It is not astonishing that each new government of France, in its turn, cherishes an institution which, in return, can give it such efficient support." *Parisian Sights*, p. 139.

We have looked, with some interest, to the judgment of so intelligent an observer on the education and the morals of the people. The results, which alone we have time to state, are not very favorable. It seems, that, in the primary schools of France, there are somewhat more than 2,300,000 pupils, supported at an annual expense of about $1,800,000, being about seventy-five cents a head. The State of New York expends on her common schools more than $1,400,000, an average of nearly two dollars a head. France thus educates one sixteenth of her population; New York, one fourth. We might go on, more particularly, but the statistics would not be more favorable. It is stated that "the total number of pupils in the lyceums, colleges, and private institutions in France, for 1850, was 92,231; making a total of 2,424,811 children only, out of the 18,000,000 in France, receiving any degree of education." We cannot verify these figures, but they are given as if with authority.

There are two forms of education, however, for which abundant provision *is* made, — namely, in the higher arts and sciences, and for the army. In no country is eminent talent more readily encouraged or provided for. Nowhere are the schools of every art more accessible. Museums filled with specimens, arranged with the choicest skill, and exhibiting the latest scientific discoveries; libraries, galleries of paintings, collections of models, are thrown open with the greatest freedom. There are prizes for discoveries, and ample rewards for successful students. The President sent 10,000 francs to Foucault, to assist him in his experiments with the pendulum. A reward of 50,000 francs has been offered to any one who should make electricity available, with economy, to the practical arts. The Institute offers annually a prize of 2000 francs for poetry and eloquence, and 10,000 francs for the best work on French history. Successful artists in the fine arts are sent to pursue their studies at Rome. In 1851, there were in Paris 1300 medical students, and 2769 students of law. The schools for the army are very thorough, and are

managed with great skill. Among them are the École Polytechnique, (of which those destined for the army form but a single branch,) the École Spéciale Militaire de St. Cyr, and the École d'État Major, all which are particularly described by Sir Francis. The government relies upon the army no less now than in the days of Louis XIV.; and Louis Napoleon has not been neglectful of this great source of his security. Its various corps are kept in the highest state of discipline, and their sympathies retained by all possible methods.

It has been a matter of surprise to many, that the French people should so suddenly, and with such remarkable unanimity, have returned to the "Empire," after having so furiously, and without apparent cause, rushed into the experiment of a republic. Even more has it been wondered at, that they should have so generally sanctioned such barefaced violation of oaths and promises as the Prince-President did not scruple to be guilty of. A reader of their history might not be much surprised at any changes which that mercurial race might see fit to enact, and a believer in Providence would not be astonished at any thing which savored of retributive justice. But we can easily detect some of the reasons which led them so early to repent the republican experiment which they so rashly tried. One is, their evident unfitness for that form of government, which requires so much general intelligence, sobriety, and morality. All their "antecedents," — to use a word they are partial to, — are opposed to such a mode of public administration. Their tastes and habits and discipline are foreign to it. Whether it be in the innate tendencies of the Gallic race itself, so radically unlike the Anglo-Saxon, in their position, their education, their religion, — in any or all of these, from the earliest times, their progress towards freedom has not been parallel with that of England. The vicissitudes of their fortune have been abrupt and awful, but have brought with them little instruction for the nation. Why it is, that, with a literature so brilliant, with such ample intelligence among the higher classes, with the names of such statesmen and jurists as she can show upon her national roll, and of such saints and martyrs as are inscribed within her calendar, France

should yet have attained a place no higher among the nations for moral dignity, and should have accorded to her people so few civil and political privileges, is indeed a problem for the historian.* The solution, whatever it be, cannot be given in a word. It may result, in part, from the unwise concentration of power in the hands of the monarch; from the bitter and relentless religious wars and persecutions, to which the world has hardly elsewhere afforded a parallel; from the utter want of good faith of monarch towards the people — so entire as to be openly declared by some of them as a necessary principle of government — and from a consequent distrust and hostility of the people towards the government. A king without honesty or honor, and a people without religion, are but poor elements of national security or national liberty.

But, whatever be the cause, every experiment has but made it more clear, that the people are not fitted for a republic. They do not love it; and when, in some freak, half by accident, half by design, they get one, they know not how to use or preserve it. Still another cause, however, besides the public tastes, led immediately to the Empire. It was a terrible fear of Socialism. This was, perhaps, fostered by the Emperor that would be; but there was, undoubtedly, ample cause for alarm. The bold irreligion and the atrocious doctrines of the Socialists might well excite the terrors of all to whom property, or virtue, or life were of any value. Under the freedom of the Republic, secret affiliated societies, binding themselves by the most solemn oaths, and recognizing each other by private signs and watchwords, were springing up all over France. Their fundamental principle was hatred to the "aristocrats," by whom they meant everybody better off than themselves. Assassinations were frequent. Mothers taught their children to rejoice in the death of the rich citizens.

"A young woman of Tairnay, mother of a child but eighteen months old, was in the habit of asking him, before a circle of Socialists, 'Tin! Tin,' (the child being named Mathurin,) 'what is it they will do to the aristocrats?' The infant immediately, to the infinite satisfac-

* This problem has been ably discussed by Sir James Stephen, in his recent Lectures on the History of France.

tion of the spectators and the tender-hearted mother, who covered him with kisses, drew his hand rapidly across his neck, to indicate that it was thus they intended to cut their throats." p. 226.

Here is a specimen of their method of initiating a novice.

"The candidate, blindfolded, knelt upon two knives crossed, and upon two five-franc pieces. He was then asked, 'Do you wish to join this society?' 'Yes.' 'Do you promise never to reveal its secrets?' 'I promise it.' 'Swear to obey all orders which may be given you, even if they prescribe to you to kill your brother.' 'I swear it.' 'What do you feel under your hands?' 'I feel two knives and two pieces of money.' 'These objects are placed there to teach you, that if the lust of money draws you to betray this society, you will be put to death.' His eyes were then unbandaged, and two of the oldest brethren seized the knives and brandished them over his head, exclaiming, 'Yes, the brother who sells our secrets will deserve death, and we will kill him!'"

It is not surprising, that, with these things, and others like them, brought before their eyes, every citizen who had any thing to lose should have desired the protection of a strong government. Nor do we see why the present Empire may not endure. But for the permanent welfare of France, there are needed elements which now seem to be almost entirely wanting — sobriety, self-restraint, and, above all, a pervading religious faith.

If we may believe our author, the extravagance of the present age in Paris is equal to any thing which the past has known, and it may be attended with results as disastrous as any that history has recorded. It is said that Louis XIV. thought his profuse and reckless expenditures advantageous to his subjects; and when solicited to relieve the mendicants at the gates of his palace, he said, "A large expenditure is the alms-giving of kings." Of the same kind are the doctrines promulgated at the present day. The chairs of Political Economy are suppressed in the colleges of France, while it is maintained that "the luxury of the rich and the expenditure of the government are essential sources of welfare to the nation at large." The moral reformer in any city in the world can find enough pollution and sin to make a picture of the darkest dye. But there is one form of vice from which Paris

has been thought tolerably free, concerning which our author gives quite a different account.

"Unhappily, there is an agent far more direct and active in the degradation of the nation, than either taxation or extravagance. No one who has made a tour of curiosity around the '*octroi*' wall of Paris can have failed to make the discovery. Here, for at least three days in the week, he will find from 20,000 to 30,000 of the most dissolute of both sexes occupied in drinking and debauchery of the worst kind, in temporary liquor shops. The increase of licensed retailers of wines and spirits, throughout France, has been rapid since 1830. Then, there existed but 250,000. Now, there are upwards of 350,000, an increase of 100,000 in twenty years, and of 20,000 during the last three years, under the Republic. This augmentation has been among the lowest class of cabarets, of which there has been an increase of 70,000 within nineteen years, paying a license of only six francs each. Were Beelzebub permitted to select an agent for the demoralization of humanity, he could not find one better adapted to his purpose than that which is sanctioned by the Government of France. . . . . Such evidence should destroy the common delusion, that, because light wines are cheap in France, intoxication is rare. Brandies, of the most deleterious nature, are equally cheap, and more generally used." *Parisian Sights*, pp. 206, 207.

It is not, however, specific vices, within or without the city, that would make us most solicitous for the welfare of the nation; but the careless principles, the reckless indifference to religion, the low tone of private morality, which render every thing, in the hour of trial, insecure. Sundays are distinguished from other days only as being more entirely given up to *fêtes* and amusements. About one third of the shops are closed on that day; labor is suspended in a somewhat larger proportion. No people in the world are so fond of pleasure, none have it provided for them so freely. The Government pays one theatre $10,000 annually towards its expenses, another, $50,000, another still, $176,000; while the whole cost of the primary schools of Paris is but $250,000 a year. We believe that each civilized nation has a work to accomplish, has also a course through which it must run in its progress towards its highest civilization. For France, whatever be its present quiet exterior, we fear there is much bitter experience in store before it can attain a permanent good. Who that

looks upon her past history, more tumultuous, sanguinary, and terrible than that of any European nation, can be entirely devoid of fear for the future? Through the changes of centuries, the nation has preserved the distinctive features of its character with singular tenacity, and the phases of its history have been repeated from one generation to another. She has been long struggling, often desperately and with convulsion, to secure the boon of civil freedom; but how feeble the result compared with the effort, and how far off, — now, almost farther than ever, — the object of her desires!

We turn from both these volumes to the third upon our list, with peculiar pleasure. We leave the hot air of the city, with its artificial ways, its vice, its excitement, for the cool, calm, quiet country. It has been said, indeed, that Paris is France, and, for that reason, the provincial life has been almost entirely neglected by travellers. A traveller in England is not satisfied unless he visits the Universities and great manufacturing towns, the lakes of Cumberland and Scotland, and the country seats of the nobility. The traveller in France, generally, regrets every moment that keeps him away from the capital. Even the fine old cities of Normandy, such as Caen and Rouen, — even the once romantic region of Provence, even the old Roman remains at Lyons and Nismes, — can hardly attract his attention. Yet we are persuaded (and this unpretending but most delightful book proves it) that in the provinces of France is a field for tourists yet to be reaped. There are historical recollections to be yet again called up; pictures of life yet to be given, as thrilling, as terrible, as instructive, as the pen of poet or romancer ever gave; and the scenes to be laid, not in Paris, but about Nantes, Bordeaux, Beziers, — among the mountains of Auvergne, along the plain of Languedoc, — if there were but a French Sir Walter; if there were but an earnest and religious people on whom the narrative of martyrdoms and triumphs, the pictures of moral greatness and beauty, might have their legitimate influence.

The author of "Claret and Olives," travelling, as he tells us, for the purpose of preparing a trustworthy series of letters on the agriculture and social state of the peasantry, for the London Morning Chronicle, and throwing off these light

sketches by the way, takes us along an unfrequented path, and in his cheerful narrative conveys much valuable information. He opens the scene at Bordeaux, about the time of the vintage, and takes us at once with him to the fields and the wine-press. Then, again, we are wandering out in the sandy, barren district, called the Landes, which stretches away southward from the Garonne. Then we follow up that river, and, after an excursion into the Pyrenees, find our way into Languedoc, and, by the canal du Midi, are brought to the Mediterranean, to Nismes, and the Rhone. We are not afraid to insure most agreeable impressions, and no little instruction, to whoever will take up the volume. It is pervaded by an admirable cheerfulness, good humor, and intelligence, and withal by that indescribable vivacity and occasional playfulness, which are indispensable in a book of travels.

Let us glance, for a moment, at the wine regions about Bordeaux. The choicest products are from localities where the properties of the soil have been determined by experience. The distance of a few rods makes all the difference between the most costly wine and the cheapest. The most famous vineyards are owned by rich proprietors, who are accused, by the peasants, of an unfair desire to depress the fame of the surrounding lands; but our author thinks these natural prejudices are unreasonable, and that, without question, the Margaux, Lafitte, and other vineyards, owe their reputation to certain elements of soil, to position, whether sunny or shady, and to various nameless circumstances, which, combined, produce the choicest flavor in the grape.

The vintage has often been the subject of the painter and the poet; and, in truth, it has real as well as imaginary elements of what is picturesque and joyous; but the gathering of the choicest grapes, like the vineyards themselves, offers little to gratify the eye or the fancy. Look at the vines, as pictured by this writer.

"Fancy open and unfenced expanses of stunted-looking, scrubby bushes, seldom rising two feet above the surface, planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow ridges, and fastened with great care to low, fence-like lines of espaliers, which run in unbroken ranks from one end of the huge fields to the other. These espaliers, or laths are cuttings of the walnut trees around, and the tendrils of the vine are

attached to the horizontally running stakes with withes, or thongs of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which every twig has been supported without being strained, and how things are arranged so as to give every cluster as fair a chance as possible of a goodly allowance of sun. Such, then, is the general appearance of matters; but it is by no means perfectly uniform. Now and then you find a patch of vines unsupported, drooping, and straggling, and sprawling, and intertwisting their branches like beds of snakes; and again, you come into the district of a new species of bush, a thicker, stouter affair, a grenadier vine, growing to at least six feet, and supported by a corresponding stake. But the low, two-feet dwarfs are invariably the great wine-givers. If ever you want to see a homily, not read, but grown by nature, against trusting to appearances, go to Medoc and study the vines. Walk, and gaze, until you come to the most shabby, stunted, weazened, scrubby, dwarfish, expanse of snobbish bushes, ignominiously bound neck and crop to the espaliers, like a man on the rack — these utterly poor, starved, and meagre-looking growths, allowing, as they do, the gravelly soil to show in bald patches of gray shingle through the straggling branches — these contemptible-looking shrubs, like paralyzed and withered raspberries, — it is, which produce the most priceless, and the most inimitably flavored wines. Such are the vines which grow Chateau Margaux at half a sovereign the bottle. The grapes themselves are equally unpromising. If you saw a bunch in Covent Garden, you would turn from them with the notion that the fruiterer was trying to do his customer with over-ripe black currants. Lance's soul would take no joy in them, and no sculptor in his senses would place such meagre bunches in the hands and over the open mouths of his Nymphs, his Bacchantes, or his Fauns. Take heed, then, by the lesson, and beware of judging of the nature of either men or grapes by their looks." pp. 31, 32.

We cannot follow the description of the gayer vintage of the more common species of claret, but must leave to be imagined the songs and laughter, the rude jokes, the careless and varied costume, the moving figures of men and women, the laboring oxen, with the rude cart creaking under the weight of the tubs heaped up with the precious fruit. We will follow the tourist, however, to the primitive wine-press.

"The wine-press, or *cuvier de pressoir*, consists, in the majority of cases, of a massive shallow tub, varying in size from four square feet to as many square yards. It is placed either upon wooden trestles or on a regularly built platform of mason-work under the huge rafters of

a substantial outhouse. Close to it stands a range of great butts, their number more or less, according to the size of the vineyard. The grapes are flung by tub and caskfuls into the cuvier. The treaders stamp diligently amid the masses, and the expressed juice pours plentifully out of a hole, level with the bottom of the trough, into a sieve of iron or wickerwork, which stops the passage of the skins, and from thence drains into tubs below. Suppose, at the moment of our arrival, the cuvier for a brief space empty. The treaders — big, perspiring men, in shirts and tucked-up trowsers — spattered to the eyes with splatches of purple juice, lean upon their wooden spades, and wipe their foreheads. But their respite is short. The creak of another cart-load of tubs is heard, and immediately the wagon is backed up to the broad, open window, or rather hole in the wall, above the trough. A minute suffices to wrench out tub after tub, and to tilt their already half-mashed clusters splash into the reeking *pressoir*. Then to work again. Jumping with a sort of spiteful eagerness into the mountains of yielding, quivering fruit, the treaders sink almost to the knees, stamping and jumping and rioting in the masses of grapes, as fountains of juice spirt about their feet, and rush, bubbling and gurgling, away. Presently, having, as it were, drawn the first sweet blood of the new cargo, the eager tramping subsides into a sort of quiet, measured dance, which the treaders continue, while, with their wooden spades, they turn the pulpy remnants of the fruit hither and thither, so as to expose the half-squeezed berries in every possible way to the muscular action of the incessantly moving feet. All this time, the juice is flowing in a continuous stream into the tubs beneath. When the jet begins to slacken, the heap is well tumbled with the wooden spades, and, as though a new force had been applied, the juice-jet immediately breaks out afresh. It takes, perhaps, half or three-quarters of an hour thoroughly to squeeze the contents of a good-sized cuvier, sufficiently manned. When at length, however, no further exertion appears to be attended with corresponding results, the tubfuls of expressed juice are carried, by means of ladders, to the edges of the vats, and their contents tilted in; while the men in the trough, setting-to with their spades, fling the masses of dripping grape-skins in along with the juice. The vats sufficiently full, the fermentation is allowed to commence. In the great cellars in which the juice is stored, the listener at the door — he cannot brave the carbonic acid gas to enter further — may hear, solemnly echoing in the cool shade of the great darkened hall, the bubblings and seethings of the working liquid — the inarticulate accents and indistinct rumblings which proclaim that a great metempsychosis is taking place — that a natural substance is rising higher in the eternal scale of

things, and that the contents of these great giants of vats are becoming changed from floods of mere mawkish, sweetish fluid to noble wine — to a liquid honored and esteemed in all ages — to a medicine exercising a strange and potent effect upon body and soul — great for good and evil. Is there not something fanciful and poetic in the notion of this change taking place mysteriously in the darkness, when all the doors are locked and barred — for the atmosphere about the vats is death — as if Nature would suffer no idle prying into her mystic operations, and as if the grand transmutation and projection from juice to wine had in it something of a secret, and solemn, and awful nature — fenced round, as it were, and protected from vulgar curiosity by the invisible halo of stifling gas? I saw the vats in the Chateau Margaux cellars the day after the grape-juice had been flung in. Fermentation had not as yet properly commenced, so access to the place was possible; still, however, there was a strong vinous smell loading the atmosphere, sharp and subtle in its influence on the nostrils; while, putting my ear, on the recommendation of my conductor, to the vats, I heard, deep down, perhaps eight feet down in the juice, a seething, gushing sound, as if currents and eddies were beginning to flow, in obedience to the influence of the working Spirit, and now and then a hiss and a low bubbling throb, as though of a pot about to boil. Within twenty-four hours, the cellar would be unapproachable." pp. 43 – 45.

Agen is a little town upon the river Garonne, in the department of Lot and Garonne, which of late years has become somewhat famous, through the genius of one of its humble inhabitants, — Jasmin, the "Last of the Troubadours," as he calls himself. He is already somewhat known to us by Professor Longfellow's translation of his "Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè," and the notices of several travellers.

"Jasmin, as may be imagined, is well known in Agen. I was speedily directed to his abode, near the open *Place* of the town, and within earshot of the rush of the Garonne; and, in a few moments, I found myself pausing before the lintel of the modest shop inscribed, *Jasmin, Perruquier, Coiffeur de jeunes Gens.* A little brass basin dangled above the threshold; and, looking through the glass, I saw the master of the establishment shaving a fat-faced neighbor. Now, I had come to see and pay my compliments to a poet; and there did appear to me to be something strangely awkward and irresistibly ludicrous in having to address, to some extent in a literary and complimentary vein, an individual actually engaged in so excessively prosaic and unelevated a spe-

cies of performance. I retreated, uncertain what to do, and waited outside until the shop was clear.

"Three words explained the nature of my visit; and Jasmin received me with a species of warm courtesy, which was very peculiar and very charming — dashing at once, with the most clattering volubility and fiery speed of tongue, into a sort of rhapsodical discourse upon poetry in general, and his own in particular — upon the French language in general, and the *patois* of it spoken in Languedoc, Provence, and Gascony in particular. Jasmin is a well-built and strongly limbed man, of about fifty, with a large, massive head, and a broad pile of forehead, overhanging two piercingly bright black eyes, and features which would be heavy were they allowed a moment's repose from the continual play of the facial muscles which were continually sending a series of varying expressions across the swarthy visage. Two sentences of his conversation were quite sufficient to stamp his individuality. The first thing which struck me was the utter absence of all the mock-modesty, and the pretended self-underrating, conventionally assumed by persons expecting to be complimented upon their sayings or doings. Jasmin seemed thoroughly to despise all such flimsy hypocrisy. 'God only made four Frenchmen poets!' he burst out with; 'and their names are Corneille, Lafontaine, Beranger, and Jasmin!' Talking with the most impassioned vehemence, and the most redundant energy of gesture, he went on to declaim against the influences of civilization upon language and manners as being fatal to all real poetry. If the true inspiration yet existed upon earth, it burned in the hearts and brains of men far removed from cities, *salons*, and the clash and din of social influences. Your only true poets were the unlettered peasants, who poured forth their hearts in song, not because they wished to make poetry, but because they were joyous and true. Colleges, academies, schools of learning, schools of literature, and all such institutions, Jasmin denounced as the curse and the bane of true poetry. They had spoiled, he said, the very French language. You could no more write poetry in French now, than you could in arithmetical figures. The language had been licked, and kneaded, and tricked out, and plumed, and dandified, and scented, and minced, and ruled square, and chipped — (I am trying to give an idea of the strange flood of epithets he used) — and pranked out, and polished, and muscadined, until, for all honest purposes of true, high poetry, it was mere unavailable and contemptible jargon. It might do for cheating *agents de change* on the Bourse — for squabbling politicians in the Chambers — for mincing dandies in the *salons* — for the sarcasm of Scribeish comedies, or the coarse drolleries of Palais Royal farces; but for poetry, the French

language was extinct. All modern poets who used it were mere *faiseurs de phrase* — thinking about words, and not feeling. 'No, no,' my Troubadour continued; 'to write poetry, you must get the language of a rural people — a language talked among fields, and trees, and by rivers and mountains — a language never minced or disfigured by academies, and dictionary-makers, and journalists; you must have a language like that which your own Burns (whom I read of in Chateaubriand) used; or like the brave old mellow tongue unchanged for centuries — stuffed with the strangest, quaintest, richest, raciest idioms, and odd, solemn words, full of shifting meanings and associations, at once pathetic and familiar, homely and graceful — the language which I write in, and which has never yet been defiled by calculating men of science or jack-a-dandy *litterateurs*.'

"The above sentences may be taken as a specimen of the ideas with which Jasmin seemed to be actually overflowing at every pore in his body, so rapid, vehement, and loud was his enunciation of them. Warming more and more as he went on, he began to sketch the outlines of his favorite pieces, every now and then plunging into recitation, jumping from French to *patois*, and from *patois* to French, and sometimes spluttering them out, mixed up pellmell together. Hardly pausing to take breath, he rushed about the shop as he discoursed, lugging out, from old chests and drawers, piles of old newspapers and reviews, pointing me out a passage here, in which the estimate of the writer pleased him, a passage there, which showed how perfectly the critic had mistaken the scope of his poetic philosophy, and exclaiming, with the most perfect *naivete*, how mortifying it was, for men of original and profound genius, to be misconceived and misrepresented by pigmy whippersnapper scamps of journalists. There was one review of his works, published in a London '*Recueil*,' as he called it, to which Jasmin referred with great pleasure. A portion of it had been translated, he said, in the preface to a French edition of his works; and he had most of the highly complimentary phrases by heart. The English critic, he said, wrote in the *Tintinum;* and he looked dubiously at me when I confessed that I had never heard of the organ in question. '*Pourtant*,' he said, '*je vous le ferai voir:*' and I soon perceived that Jasmin's *Tintinum* was no other than the *Athenæum*." pp. 103 – 106.

This barber-poet has been called the Burns of Provence and Languedoc. His songs are in all mouths, and have found their way far beyond the natural limits of the *patois* — a cross between the old French and Spanish, the author thinks — in which they were written.

We have already omitted to notice the excursion to that

singular part of France, the Landes, where the shepherds all walk on stilts; and must pass over the rough journey to Pau, the birth-place of the greatest of French monarchs, Henri IV. We must omit all notice of the Pyrenees, of the journey through Beziers, — the scene of the most relentless and inhuman massacre of the Albigenses, where the Bishop, rejoicing in his triumph over the heretics, shouted to his soldiers to slay all, friend and foe, "*Cædite omnes, cædite; noverit enim Dominus qui sunt ejus;*" — and must refuse to speak of the great Canal of the South, which connects the waters of the Atlantic with those of the Mediterranean, planned by Pierre Paul Riquet, sustained by Colbert, the energetic minister of Louis XIV., of which Vauban said, "The work is absolutely perfect, with one exception — I have looked in vain for a statue of Riquet." There is an account, however, of one city, so strange, so unlike France, that we will quote as much of it as our space will allow. The traveller had been riding along a flat and marshy region towards the sea.

"Presently we saw the gray walls of Aigues-Mortes rising, massive and square, above the level lines of the marshes, fronted by one lone minaret, called the 'Tower of Constance' — a gloomy steeple-prison, where, in the time of the Camisards, a crowd of women were confined — the wives and daughters of the brave Protestants of the Cevennes, who fought their country, inch by inch, against the dragoons of Louis Quatorze, and who — the prisoners, I mean — were forced to swallow poison by the agents of that right royal and religious king, the pious hero and Champion of the Faith, as it is in the Vatican. Outside, the town looks like a mere fortification — you see nothing but the sweep of the massive walls reflected in the stagnant waters which lie dead around them. Not a house-top appears above the ramparts. It is only by the thin swirlings of the wood-fire smoke that you know that human life exists behind that blank and dreary vail of stone. We entered by a deep Gothic arch, and found ourselves in narrow, gloomy, silent streets, the houses gray and ghastly, and many ruinous and deserted. The rotten remnants of the green *jalousies* were mouldering week by week away, and moss and lichens were creeping up the walls; many roofs had fallen, and of some houses only fragments of wall remained. The next moment we were traversing an open space, strewn with rubbish of stone, brick, and rotten wood, with patches of dismal garden-ground interspersed, and all round the dim, gray, silent houses, dismal

and dead. Aigues-Mortes could, and once did, hold about ten thousand people. It was a city built in whim by a king, the last of the royal crusaders, Louis IX. of France. By him and his immediate descendants, it was esteemed a holy place — the crusading port. The walls built round it, and which still remain — as the empty armor, after the knight who once filled it is dead and gone — were erected in imitation of those of the Egyptian town of Damietta, and all sorts of privileges were granted to the inhabitants. But one privilege the old kings of France could not grant: they could not, by any amount of letters-patent, or any seize of seals, confer immunity from fever; and Aigues-Mortes has been dying of ague ever since it was founded." pp. 200 – 201.

Its dull walls contain now but a couple of thousand people. The landlord of the quiet hotel procured for the traveller a *cicerone* of a higher order than usual in the person of M. Auguste Saint Jean, "an old, very thin man, dressed in rusty black, and wearing powdered hair and a queue."

"In company with this old gentleman I passed a wandering day in and round Aigues-Mortes, rambling from gate to gate, scrambling up broken stairs to the battlements, and threading our way amid dim lanes, half choked up with rubbish, from one ghastly old tower to another. All this while my guide's tongue was eloquent. He gesticulated like the most fiercely fidgety member of young France, and the ferret's eye gleamed as though upon a whole warren of rabbits. Aigues-Mortes seemed his one great subject, his one passion, his one idea. Aigues-Mortes was the bride of his enthusiasm, the soul of his body. He had been born in Aigues-Mortes; he had lived in it; he had had the fever in it; and he hoped to die in it, and be buried among the stilly marshes. How well he knew every crumbling stone, every little Gothic bartizan, every relic of an ancient chapel, every gloomy tower, haunted by traditions, as it might be by ghosts. His mind flew back every moment to the days of the splendid founding of Aigues-Mortes — to the crusading host, whose glory crowded it with armor, and banners, and cloth of gold, assembled round their king, St. Louis, and bound for Palestine, On the seaward side of the walls, Auguste showed me rings sunk in the stone, and to these rings, he said, the galleys and caravels of the king had been fastened. The sea is about two miles and a half distant, but the traces of the canal which led to it are still visible amid the marsh and sand, so that, right beneath the walls, upon the smooth, unmoving *aquæ mortes* — whence, of course, Aigue-Mortes — floated the fleet of the Crusade, made fast to the ramparts of the fortress of the Crusade. And so Saint Louis sailed with a thousand ships, stand-

ing proudly upon the poop, while the bishops round him raised loud Latin chants, and the warriors clashed their harness. The king wore the pilgrim's scrip and the pilgrim's shell." . . . .

"We stood before a gray, massive tower — a Gothic finger of mouldering stone. 'Louis de Malagne,' said my old *cicerone*, 'a traitorous Frenchman, delivered these holy walls to our enemies of Burgundy, and the garrison of the Duke's held possession of the sacred city of Aigues-Mortes. But the sacrilege was fearfully avenged. The oriflamme was spread by the forces of the king, and the townspeople rose within the walls, and, step by step, the foreign garrison were driven back till they fought in a ring round this old tower. They fought well and died hard, but they did die — every man — always round this old tower. So, when the question came to be, where to fling the corpses, a citizen said, 'This is a town of salt; salt is the harvest of Aigues-Mortes — let us salt the Burgundians.' And another said, 'Truly, there is a cask ready for the meat,' and he pointed to the tower. Then they laid the dead men, stark and stiff, as though to floor the tower. Then they heaped salt on them, a layer two feet thick; then they put on another stratum of Burgundian flesh, and another stratum of salt — till the tower was as a cask — choke-full — bursting-full of pickled Burgundians." . . . .

"Reboul, the Nismes poet — I called upon him, but he was from home — is a baker, and lives by selling rolls, as Jasmin is a barber, and lives by scraping chins. Reboul is, like M. Auguste Saint Jean, an enthusiastic lover of the poor, dying, fever-struck Gothic town. Let me translate, as well as I may, half-a-dozen couplets in which he characterizes the dear city of the Crusades. The poetry is not unlike Victor Hugo's — stern, rich, fanciful, and colored, like an old cathedral window."

"See, from the stilly waters, and above the sleepy swamp,
Where, steaming up, the fever-fog rolls grim, and gray, and damp:

How the holy, royal city — Aigues-Mortes, that silent town,
Looms like the ghost of Greatness, and of Pride that's been pulled down.

See how its twenty silent towers, with nothing to defend,
Stand up like ancient coffins, all grimly set on end;

With ruins all around them, for, sleeping and at rest,
Lies the life of that old city, like a dead owl in its nest —

Like the shrunken, sodden body, so ghastly and so pale,
Of a warrior who has died, and who has rotted in his mail —

Like the grimly-twisted corpse of a nun within her pall,
Whom they bound, and gagged, and built, all living, in a wall."

pp. 203 – 207.

They wandered all over the little melancholy place, and finally mounted to the lantern of the lighthouse for a last comprehensive look of sea and marsh, lagoons and sand-hills.

"'Is it not beautiful?' murmured Auguste; 'I think it so. I was born here. I love this landscape — it is so grand in its flatness; the shore is as grand as the sea. Look, there are distant hills' — pointing to the shadowy outline of the Cevennes — 'but the hills are not so glorious as the plain.'

"'But neither have they the fever of the plain.'

"'It is God's will. But, fever or no fever, I love this land — so quiet, and still, and solemn — ay, monsieur, as solemn as the deserts of the Arabs, or as a cathedral at midnight — as solemn, and as strange, and as awful, as the early world, fresh from the making, with the birds flying, and the fish swimming, on the evening of the fifth day, before the Lord created Adam.'" p. 209.

Although tardy in noticing these volumes, we may not be too late for some of our readers, and, after our liberal extracts, need not assure them of the ample material they contain for serious reflection as well as for amusement.

ART. VI.—*Memoir, Journal, and Correspondence of* THOMAS MOORE. Edited by the RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL. With Portraits and Vignette Illustrations. Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 12mo.

THE life of Thomas Moore depends as much on the light in which we view it as one of Mr. Banvard's three-mile panoramas; indeed, it would make no bad panorama of moderate length, if, in the progress of the age towards labor-saving, it should become fashionable to show up celebrated people in that way. As in the moving show of the Pilgrim's Progress, we see, without much shocking an instinctive sense of the *vraisemblable*, Christian setting out from his doomed city, tumbling into the Slough of Despond; laying hold on the first hand that offered itself to get out again; toiling up the Hill Difficulty, beset with lions; entertained at the House

Beautiful; passing through the Valley of Humiliation, where he found Apollyon; enticed by Vanity Fair, and so on;—so we might very well see the youthful poet, leaving his Irish home to seek his fortune; housing in London among "poor French emigrants," in a lodging at six shillings a week; seizing on the civility of Lord Moira, with the readiness of desperation; running the gauntlet of hopes and fears, public flatteries and secret want; a guest at Donington Park, with the Earl of Moira in person bearing his bed-candle; undergoing all sorts of trials among savage Yankees and dishonest Bermudan agents, which last he thinks, and no wonder, "the very devil;" back in London again, dinnered by dukes, petted by the peerage, corresponding with countesses, prattling with the Prince Regent; and, if we may go so far in likening earthly things to sacred ones, bearing within his bosom a talismanic roll, of power to preserve him through many, if not all, dangers, in that feeling of domestic affection and fond love of home, and the dear mother and sisters there — never stronger or more enduring in any human breast, we truly believe.

It would be possible, we think, to picture the genial poet not untruly thus; and it would depend almost entirely on the sympathy of the painter, whether the principal figure should be a frisking mountebank, living on applause, yet with a sharp look-out for the coppers in the hat; or a gentle, kindly, somewhat feminine son of Erin, most at home "in rosy bowers,"

> "'Mid summer flowers, with bright eyes beaming round him,
> While wit and wine, in dance divine, with rosy fetters bound him;"

but true of heart, generous in sentiment, and most considerate of those he loved. We confess, at the outset, that this last would be our view; a perusal of the two only volumes as yet given us by Lord John, leaving in our hearts no critical acid wherewith to depreciate a character that may well be called shining.

It does not require much courage to praise Moore, spite of the disparaging tone adopted in certain quarters. He who could delight the most instructed society in the world, could not clear land, or make constitutions; neither did he attempt these robust labors. But Sir Walter Scott said of him — "It would be a delightful addition to life if Thomas Moore had a

cottage within two miles of me;" and Byron — "He has but one fault, and that one I daily regret — he is not here." And our grave Editor, chary of words, charier of praise, says, — apropos to the fact that Moore wrote twice a week to his mother all his life — "His expressions of tenderness, however simple and however reiterated, are, in my estimation, more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit. They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world; and continue to retain, to his old age, the accents and obedient spirit of infancy." Lord John's praise means a good deal. Only brave hearts win such, amid the intoxications of a success beyond dreams.

As to Moore's beginnings, no man born in the United Kingdom with a "Tom Codd" for his grandfather, and a father who kept a small wine store in Dublin, could have started in life with any considerable family impetus, even though, as the poet slily insinuates, the said Tom Codd was a gentleman, in so far as he had the gout. Tom went to school first to a wild old fellow, who whipped the boys when they disturbed his slumbers in schooltime, which we can hardly wonder at, seeing that the good man spent the greater part of every night drinking at the public house. Then he went to a great Dublin grammar school, under the care of Samuel Whyte, the same who had, some years before, pronounced Richard Brinsley Sheridan an incorrigible dunce. This sage was a leading director of private theatricals, for which he had imbibed a taste from his intimacy with the Sheridan family, contracted, we may suppose, after he changed his mind about Brinsley. He was also employed, occasionally, in giving lessons in elocution to persons who were preparing for the stage, among the rest to Miss Campion, for whose amusement "Tommy Moore," then eight or nine years old, was "wanted in the drawing-room," to recite Alexander's Feast, one day when she was taking her lesson. It is, indeed, a marvel that Tommy did not himself get on the stage, as all the world prophesied he would; for his mother, who had almost as theatrical a taste as Mr. Whyte himself, was a warm and poetical patriot partisan in those stirring times, and taught him, before he was four years old, to recite, in company, some

verses which had just then appeared against Grattan, who had given offence by his conduct on the question of Repeal. So conspicuous was his talent for recitation and acting, at the ripe age of eight, that rival mothers were fain to whisper, "O, he's a little old crab! he can't be less than eleven or twelve years of age!" Harlequin was, however, his *spécialité*. "To have been put in possession of a real Harlequin's dress," he says, "would have made me the happiest of mortals; and I used sometimes to dream that there appeared at my bedside a good spirit, presenting to me a full suit of the parti-colored raiment. But the utmost I ever attained of this desire was the possession of an old, cast-off wand, which had belonged to the Harlequin at Astley's, and which I viewed with as much reverence and delight as if it really possessed the wonderful powers attributed to it."

We cannot here follow Moore's somewhat minute notes of his school life; his learning the harpsichord of a teacher who spent most of the hour devoted to the lesson in vaulting over chairs and tables with his pupil; his barely missing being engraved at thirteen, as one of the "public characters," whose physiognomies were to ornament a certain Dublin monthly; and all the naughty feelings his precocity excited in the elder boys at Mr. Whyte's school, who, naturally enough, did not like "what they deemed the disgrace of having so little a fellow at the head of the class." These, with private theatricals, blazing politics, and combustible companions, were the sedative influences provided for keeping the gay little Irishman in business order. That he escaped turning out a very good-for-nothing is enough, of itself, to make one believe in special providences.

He himself finds a nearer reason. "I was saved," he says, "from all that coarser dissipation into which the frequenting of men's society (particularly as then constituted) would have led me; and this I owed partly to my natural disposition, which always induced me, especially in my younger days, to prefer women's society infinitely to men's; and partly to the lucky habit which I early got into, of never singing but to my own accompaniment at the piano-forte. I thus became altogether dependent on the instrument, even in my convivial

songs, and, except in a few rare cases, never sung a song at a dinner-table in my life."

At fourteen, he had the delight of seeing himself in print, under the signature of Romeo, which he had fortunately discovered to be the anagram of that of Moore — (some McDiarmid or O'Toole will be claiming the Montague for an Irishman yet!) — and the lady, a thought eldern, was apostrophized as Zelia, though her name was not Eliza, but Hannah, a difficult appellation to anagrammatize. We can hardly forbear quoting the entire page or so, of which the account of a domestic debating society — consisting of the two clerks and Thomas, the latter being president — forms the gist; but it will not do to be so voluminous. The difficulty with these volumes is, that their points of interest, though numerous, are rather minute; and that there does not seem a very good reason for preferring one anecdote to another, which must make us moderate in quoting so early. Indeed, we have caught ourselves more than once falling into that error of judgment which is so severely reprehended in the dignified preface to Tom Thumb: "What makes a great man? A big head? No! A big leg? No!" etc.; from an irresistible proclivity to fancy that the incidents in Moore's life bear some strange proportion to his stature, which was notedly diminutive.

His progress through Trinity College, Dublin, is not unusually interesting, although the grand, melancholy figure of Robert Emmet stands out conspicuous among careless, rollicking boys like Moore, who, with all his poetry of patriotism, had not, at that early day, any very efficient sympathy with the sentiment that was to cost his fellow-student so dear. Patriotism was only one of the excitements of his life; music, poetry, the drama, love, and rising fame combined with it to intoxicate the youthful bard, who says, in his *naïf* style — "Nor can I conceive a youth much more delightful and interesting to have fallen to any one's lot." Moore left Dublin, soon after his graduation, to study law in London; and we find him, in 1799, making acquaintance with Peter Pindar, who disgusted him by coarse manners and conversation; and, in the next year, with Lord Moira, of whom he tried hard to

make a patron, though, fortunately, with but indifferent success. Lady Donegal and her sister, Miss Godfrey, were by this time his very good friends, and, it must be confessed, rather his superiors in letter-writing, which was, by no means, his *forte*. But the good, kind, simple heart peeps out everywhere; and so rare a charm must atone for all that is disappointing in the familiar letters of a man of wit. He could be grateful even to a lodging-house keeper. Complaining of the urgency of a tailor one day, he says, "The good woman took that opportunity of telling me that her money was at her banker's, and would be much better employed by me than to lie idle; and that she requested I would make use of any part of it to any amount I might have occasion for. I could not help crying a little," he adds, "at such kindness from a stranger; told her I did not want it, and went and thanked God upon my knees for the many sweet things of this kind he so continually throws in my way." We shrewdly suspect the landlady had discovered in Tommy Moore a lodger *comme il y en a peu.*

In 1800, the Prince of Wales appears as a patron.

"My dear Mother, — I have got the Prince's name, and permission to *dedicate* Anacreon to him. Hurrah! hurrah!

"Yours ever, ————."

But the "dear Mother" is, after all, of far greater consequence to the poet.

"I hope you got my Anacreon. How did you look at it? What did you feel? O! I know what you felt, and I know how you looked! . . . . Sweetest, dearest mamma! keep up your spirits and health till we meet, which shall, please Heaven! be in summer. . . . . Write to me soon, dearest little mamma, and tell me you are well. . . . . My love comes more pure to you now from the clear air of Donington."

For our happy Irish boy, with his little debts cleared off by the proceeds of his translation, was now rusticating at the splendid mansion of Lord Moira, who was "uncommonly kind and attentive." Whisking back and forth between London and the country, we find him already in great request everywhere. "The day of the great illuminations, I breakfasted with the Lord Mayor, dined with Lord Moira, and

went in the evening to Mrs. Butler's, the Duchess of Athol's, Lady Mount Edgecumbe's, and Lady Call's, which was a ball, where I danced till five in the morning." But, in another letter, he says, and, we doubt not, with all his heart, "O solitude! solitude! you hold the very next rank to the society of the few we love. I wish prudence did not keep me away from you, dearest mother, and I should exchange all my fineries for Irish stew and salt fish, immediately."

Something less desirable was, however, in store for him. A collectorship in Bermuda was offered by Lord Moira, and Moore, possessed with an idea of the necessity of patronage, easily concluded it to be the best thing for him, and especially as he at first hoped, *more suo*, that the place would be considerable enough to allow him to take his whole family with him! Soon convinced that this was impossible, the next thought is to console his mother for his unavoidable absence.

"I shall come home, please that Heaven which watches over me, better stocked in constitution and pocket than I ever should become by loitering here. I find Bermuda is a place where physicians order their patients when no other air will keep them alive. . . . . Nothing could be more lucky; I shall have *just* time to prepare myself, and all difficulties are vanishing very fast before me. Heaven smiles upon my project, and I see nothing in it but hope and happiness. . . . . Among the lighter sacrifices I make, the poor piano is included. I shall be strangely at a loss, without that favorite resource of mine. However, I must carry music in my heart with me; and if that beats livelily in tune, it will supply the want of other harmonies. . . . . Just arrived at Portsmouth, and the wide sea before my eyes, I write my heart's farewell to the dear darlings at home. Heaven send I may return to English ground with pockets more heavy and spirits not less light than I now leave it with."

Moore's sharp remarks on the United States, and some caustic verses, called forth by various new-country experiences, which the so recent elegancies of London had, doubtless, made much more striking than they would have been to the quite raw Irish boy of a year or two earlier, with the flavor of salt fish and Irish stew a little fresher in his memory — caused the dashing translator of Anacreon to be ill thought of in this country for some time. "Music, here," he says, "is like

whistling in a wilderness." "This Norfolk, the capital of Virginia, is a most strange place; nothing to be seen in the streets but dogs and negroes; and the few ladies that *pass for white* are, to be sure, the most unlovely pieces of crockery I ever set my eyes upon." Such strictures as these should not much have nettled the Norfolk people, especially as Bermuda, British ground, fares no better. "If I were a painter, and wished to preserve my ideas of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my housemaid." "The women dance, in general, extremely well; though, like Dogberry's 'writing and reading,' it comes by nature to them. . . . . Poor creatures! I feel real pity for them; many of them have hearts for a more favorable sphere; but they are here thrown together in a secluded nook of the world, where they learn all the corruptions of human nature, without any one of its consolations or ornaments." Even of Yankees one could hardly say worse things, though, a little further on, in a letter from New York, we find the opinion — "Barren and secluded as Bermuda is, I think it a paradise to any spot in America that I have yet seen. If there is less barrenness of *soil* here, there is more than enough of barrenness in intellect, taste, and all in which the *heart* is concerned."

A graphic scrap is curious, when we look at the New York of to-day. In a letter of May, 1804, we read, —

"The environs of New York are pretty, from the number of fanciful, little wooden houses, that are scattered to the distance of six or eight miles, round the city; but when one reflects upon the cause of this, and that these houses are the retreats of the terrified, desponding inhabitants, from the wilderness of death, which every autumn produces in the city, there is very little pleasure in the prospect; and notwithstanding the rich fields, and various blossoms of their orchards, I prefer the barren, breezy rock of Bermuda to whole continents of dearly purchased fertility."

Here was a tropical fancy, surely!

Of Philadelphia, our traveller says, "It is the only place in America which can boast any literary society." Perhaps this favorable view is sufficiently accounted for by the preceding paragraph: "My reception at Philadelphia was extremely flattering." In short, the youthful poet was evidently, about

these days, a little off his amiability, through the wiles of that treacherous bosom-companion, vanity, although he, amusingly enough, fancied himself much on his guard. "This is the very nectar of life," he says, speaking of some "gratifying and indeed convenient" compliments; "and I hope, I *trust*, it is not vanity to which the cordial owes all its sweetness. No; it gives me a feeling towards all mankind, that I am convinced is not unamiable; the impulse which begins with *self*, spreads a circle instantaneously round it, which includes all the sociabilities and benevolences of the heart." The truth seems to have been more evident to others than to himself, for we find this kindly hint from Captain Douglas, R. N., with whom Moore came home: "Now, my good fellow, allow me to advise you not to be too careless about the warm reception you received at Philadelphia; in my opinion, those new acquaintances ought always to be treated with the greatest respect and attention." Moore was candid enough, in after life, to say in his Diary, (1818) "I forgive the Yankees for abusing my dancing; I brought worse charges against them, and perhaps with quite as little truth."

The Bermuda affair came to nothing, or worse, and Moore returned to England with little other fruit of his transatlantic voyage than some rather vapid satirical verses, and that pretty *Chanson des Voyageurs* — half genuine, half Moore-ish — since known, on every piano-forte, as the Canadian Boat Song. In London, the Prince says gracious things; but the poet tells his "darling mother" — "Everybody that I ever knew in this big city seems delighted to see me back in it; this is comfortable, and if the flowers strewed before me had a little *gold leaf* on them, I should be the happiest dog in the world. All in good time; but it is strange that people that value the *silk* so much, should not feed the *poor worm* that wastes himself spinning it out to them."

It was in the very same year with the inditing of this "poor worm" metaphor, that the Edinburgh Review made such a savagely contemptuous onslaught upon the poet's "Odes and Epistles," and the writer of them too, that his Irish blood boiled up and over into that very laughable demonstration, known traditionally as "Moore's duel with Jeffrey,"

though there was really no duel. From the natural and habitual sweetness and easiness of Moore's temper, we must conclude him sincere in his disclaimer of "mere personal hostility" in the case, as in his acknowledgment of "a certain Irish predilection for such encounters, not unleavened by a dash of vanity." But the mild poet, nevertheless, thought it convenient to place the matter beyond the tediousness of argument, or the disappointment of apology, by saying, in his cartel to the astonished critic — "You are a liar; yes, sir, a liar," and this, when he had but once in his life fired a pistol, on which occasion he blew his thumb half off! We need not dwell upon the particulars of the rencounter.

"Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?
O day disastrous! on her firm set rock
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groaned the startled whirlwinds of the north;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career.
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
The Tolbooth felt — for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man —
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died except within her arms.
Nay — last, not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth story where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound!
Strewed were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flowed all the Canongate with inky streams;
This of his candor seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valor showed the bloodless hue;
And all, with justice, deemed the two combined,
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hovered o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore,
From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead,
And straight restored it to her favorite's head."

Reviewing was certainly dangerous business in those days; for, if "either pistol" was leadless, as it seems Jeffrey's, not Moore's, really was, by some accident, Byron's scalping-knife was even then sharpening to repair the deficiency. But the combatants, not unnaturally, fell in love with each other on the very field, and, while awaiting their examination in Bow street, began talking on some literary subject, Moore says, Jeffrey expatiating upon it with all his peculiar eloquence and fluency. "I can now most vividly recall him to my memory, as he lay on his back on a form which stood beside the wall, pouring volubly forth his fluent but most oddly pronounced diction, and dressing the subject out in every variety of array that an ever rich and ready wardrobe of phraseology could supply. I have been told of his saying, soon after, that he had taken a fancy to me from the first moment of our meeting together on the field, and I can truly say, that my liking for him is of the same early date." Mr. Jeffrey "made the most satisfactory apologies," and declared himself sincerely sorry for having written the review; and he and Moore were fast friends ever after — even to the extent of Jeffrey's offering him money so cordially that he might *almost* have accepted it — the whole affair proving the wisdom of Mrs. Malaprop's declaration, that it is "safest to begin with a little aversion."

In spite of this brilliant passage, the burden of Moore's life-song continues to be the same as before; money and Lord Moira, empty pockets and grand society, are topics that recur like the doublings of a rondo. At the time of the duel, the challenger lacked funds to carry him to Edinburgh, where he supposed his antagonist to be, though it proved afterwards, "fortunately," as Moore thought, that Mr. Jeffrey was on a visit to his friends in London, quite "conv*a*nient" to be shot at. Then, amid the self-gratulations of the poet on coming off with whole bones and a reputation for spirit, we have the old story: —

"I am made very comfortable," (at Donington Park,) "and it is certainly friendly of Lord Moira to do me these little kindnesses, but the main point is still wanting; *Il me donne des manchettes, et je n'ai point de chemise.*" "There is a fish-pond here, that Lord Moira has always been trying to fill, but he could n't, and it has long furnished

me with a very neat resemblance to *my own pocket*, which I dare say he would like to do the same with, but could n't. This pond, however, in the late rain, has got the start of my pocket, and is brimful at this present writing." "Many of the reasons why Austria should not go to war, were the reasons why I should not go to London — an *exhausted treasury, dilapidated resources*," (the italics are the poet's,) "the necessity of seeking subsidies from those who would fleece me well for it in turn, the unprepared state of my *capital*, &c., &c. I have here a home where I can live at but little expense, and I have a summer's leisure before me to prepare something for the next campaign, which may enable me to look down upon my enemies without *entirely looking* up to my friends; for let one say what one will, *looking up* too long is tiresome, let the object be ever so grand and lovely, whether the statue of Venus or the cupola of St. Paul's." "I am not doing much; indeed, the downright necessity which I feel of doing something, is one of the great reasons why I do almost nothing. These things should come of their own accord, and I hate to make a *conscript* of my Muse; but I cannot carry on the war without her, so to it she must go."

The undertaking, in connection with Mr. Power, of the Irish Melodies, which became so instantaneously popular, now (1810) relieved Moore somewhat, and by concentrating his efforts, made his mind quieter, though his expenses are always in advance of his means. The fable of the giant and the dwarf is realized whenever the great and the little attempt to travel side by side. His cheerfulness and his "knack at hoping," however, never flagged. He picked up crumbs of comfort wherever they were scattered, and never forgot to love his friends or write to his mother. He grows a little more serious as he nears thirty, and the boyish air of his letters has almost disappeared when he reaches that age; but his thoughts and the objects of his life are evidently the same as before, only sobered a little by the teachings of disappointment.

In 1811, we hear first of "a person" whom his mother "little dreams of," and to whom, without one syllable of previous warning, we are told Mr. Moore was married, March 25th, at St. Martin's church. And here we must pause to exclaim against the utterly unsatisfactory way in which Lord John Russell has executed his task as editor, and to wish heartily that the poet had chosen somebody below the rank

of prime minister, for an office which demands full sympathy and cordial admiration, instead of grand approbation and stately regard. The letters form no series as to the information they convey; yet the editor, though exercising the most absolute discretion as to what should be admitted and what omitted, vouchsafes us no connecting or explanatory line in a hiatus of months; not a syllable of collateral information, no hint, except in the preface, of any private knowledge, which must be in his power after so long an acquaintance. No mode of giving the world a biography of any man in whom it takes the slightest interest, could be more unsatisfactory; and we sincerely hope, that all living poets who have great friends, will take warning by the posthumous fate of one but too much dazzled by rank, and provide that, in death at least, *their* peers, and not those of the realm, shall have the management of their remains, and the guardianship of their fame. As members of one of those "communities," spoken of by Lord John, in his lumbering preface, "whose government and institutions are American, but whose literature is English," and whose office it is to "hold aloft the literature of England through the ocean of Time," "neither subject to conquest by a superior state, like the Greeks, nor exposed to invasion of barbarians, like the Romans," — we protest against this mode of gratifying, or rather disappointing, our "inquiry," "curiosity," and "affectionate concern."

Of Mrs. Moore, Lord John says, in his preface, —

"From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, the year of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him all the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and to peace."

This must have been Irish good luck, if we can believe the report of Miss Godfrey as to Moore's inherent notions of female character. In a letter written two or three years earlier, she

says, "Have you read Madame de Stael's new novel of Corinne? Read it, if you have not; it will amuse you in your cottage. You will hate the heroine, for you like to chain women down to their own firesides, and, provided that they are beautiful and foolish, you ask nothing more. Now I don't quarrel with you about the fireside and the beauty, but I think it a pity you should protect and preach up folly." For whatever reason, the marriage was evidently kept profoundly secret for a while, even from the dear mother; and Moore's letters show great anxiety as to the reception of the intelligence by his parents. His affectionate heart was distressed at the thought that his parents might feel less dependence on his aid than before.

"If I thought," he writes to them, alluding to a proposed change of residence, "that this resolution arose from any feeling of *hopelessness* or disappointment at my marriage, it would make me truly miserable; but I hope, and indeed am confident, dearest mother, that you do me the justice to be quite sure that this event has only drawn closer every dear tie by which I was bound to you; and that, while my readiness to do every thing towards your comfort remains the same, my power of doing so will be, please God! much increased by the regularity and economy of the life I am entering upon. Indeed, I *may* be a little too alive to apprehension, but it struck me that there was rather a degree of coldness in the manner in which my dearest father's last letter mentioned my marriage; and if you knew how the cordiality and interest of all my friends has been tenfold increased by this event, you would not wonder, my darling mother, at the anxiety which I feel lest those whom most in this world I am chiefly anxious to please, should in the least degree withhold that full tribute to my conduct which my own conscience tells me I deserve, and which the warm sympathy of all my other friends has given such a happy and flattering sanction to; but I know I am (like *yourself*) too tremulously alive upon every subject connected with the affection of those I love, and I am sure my father by no means *meant* to speak coldly."

Certainly few men, of two-and-thirty, feel or speak thus to poor, old, obscure parents.

It was in 1812 that the incubus of Lord Moira's patronage was happily removed from Moore's breast. He writes to Lady Donegal, "In Lord Moira's exclusion from all chances

of power I see an end to the long hope of my life;" and to Miss Godfrey —

"You seem to think that the late events are likely to depress my spirits; and I am not sorry that you did think so, because the affectionate things it has made you say to me are too sweet to be lost; but I rather believe, if you were here to see with what a careless spirit I bear it all, you would be of opinion that consolations and condolences are thrown away upon me. The truth is, I feel as if a load were taken off me by this final termination of all the hope and suspense which the prospect of Lord Moira's advancement has kept me in for so many years. It has been a sort of Will-o'-the-wisp to me all my life, and the only thing I regret is, that it was not extinguished earlier, for it has led me a sad dance."

It were well if Moore's experience, and that of too many other Englishmen of talent, who have been weak and short-sighted enough to dance after patronage, could teach all future aspirants to wealth and fame the prudence, as well as dignity, of self-dependence. From any truckling spirit, or any intention of degrading compliance, Lord John, however, in his preface, exonerates his friend entirely. He says his love of independence was a characteristic quality, and adds, in confirmation, —

"When Lord Moira went to India, he lamented that he could not take Mr. Moore with him, but made some indistinct offer of exchanging some portion of his patronage to help his friend at home. Mr. Moore's answer was prompt and conclusive. Whatever he might have done had employment immediately under Lord Moira been offered him, he replied to this last proposal, — 'I would rather struggle on as I am, than take any thing that would have the effect of tying up my tongue under such a system as the present.' Within a few days of giving this answer, he was obliged to write to Mr. Power, the publisher of his music, for an advance of three or four pounds, as he had not sixpence in his house."

Moore himself writes, after his renunciation of all hope from Lord Moira, "*I*, thank Heaven, (and it consoles me for my poverty,) am free to call a rascal, a rascal, wherever I find him, and never was I better disposed to make use of my privilege." What would have become of the freedom, and whether the privilege would have been exercised in case of success instead

of failure, we have no means of ascertaining. His account of the decisive interview with my lord is amusing. "He began by telling me that he had 'not been *oblivious* of me — had not been *oblivious* of me!' After this devil of a word, there was little heart or soul to be expected from him."

Verses for the Irish Melodies now occupy all the working-days; and there is the dawn of a new idea, not very pleasant to us, yet we hardly know why. Here is a passage from a letter to Mr. Power: "You will be glad to hear that Bessy has consented to my passing next May in town alone. To take her, would be too expensive; and, indeed, it was only on my representing to her that my songs would all remain a *dead letter* with you, if I did not go up, in the gay time of the year, and give them life by singing them about, that she agreed to my leaving her. This is quite my object. I shall make it a whole month of company and exhibition, which will do more service to the songs than a whole year's advertising."

Now we are told that Homer sang his own poems to the harp; yet we hate to think of Moore's accepting invitations among his friends in London, and enchanting them with his music "married to immortal verse," with an express reference to the shop. "Sing a song o' sixpence," or *for* sixpence, is rather belittling, after this delicate pencilling of Willis's.

"'Mr. Moore,' cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase; 'Mr. Moore,' cried the footman at the top; and, with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman, between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, the poet entered. Half a glance tells you he is at home on the carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, he made his compliments with a gayety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime minister at the Court of Love. . . . . Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frostwork of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm, as the subject requires, but perhaps the word 'gentlemanly' describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key; but, if I may so express it, is *fused* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-

glass. Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, yet I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which probably suggested his *sobriquet* of Bacchus, is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with gray, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. . . . His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight, and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip — a determination of the muscle to a particular expression — and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, yet half diffident, as if he was slightly disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking upon him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the impression; and, altogether, it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates. We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his *chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi. . . . . This introduced music very naturally, and, with a great deal of difficulty, he was taken to the piano. I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and for one, I could have taken him into my heart with delight. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of a woman's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from the comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, the heart would break with it."

To think of such singing in the light of an advertisement, lowers the tone a little.

We can hardly, in this country, conceive, much less relish, the position of a man like Moore, associating habitually with men who did not consider him their equal, and whose intercourse with him was a speciality, — something quite distinct from their understanding and intimacy with each other. Such a state of things supposes, or must produce, a radical difference between an Englishman and an American, such as it is difficult for us to make due allowance for, in estimating a character like Moore's. He certainly thought himself very independent, and not unfrequently makes a little flourish of his democratic sentiment; but the struggle of his whole life,

as far as it was selfish, was to keep high company, although he held in it the position of a spectator admitted on an "order" — or what, in our vernacular, is called a "dead-head" — that is, one who has not paid for his ticket. It is true, that, with a few people of intellect and cultivation, like Lady Donegal and Miss Godfrey, and with a man of genius, like Lord Byron, this mortifying distinction does not appear; such people form a guild of their own, all the world over, a community whose certificate of membership cancels all patents of nobility. But we *feel*, all the way through Moore's life as unfolded in his letters, a mortified consciousness of the false position of such a man in English aristocratic society. Many years ago, when Mrs. Bartley, an actress of genius, was in this country, she described to some friends her intercourse with her English friends of the nobility. She said that when Lord T——, or the Honorable C. B., with their families, came to visit her, they always sent their servants and the supper, so as not to burden her limited household and small means. Now, if this were only a Christian world, we see not why such a proceeding should not be most agreeable as well as friendly; but as it is not such in any very eminent degree, it is not every spirit that could sit easy under this form of friendship. A Scotch penny-wedding is a friendly thing, no doubt; but it must require more than American *bonhommie* to make it acceptable, and not mortifying. We do not admire the spirit which prides itself on being able, without a misgiving, to

> "shake a king by the hand,
> And ask him the price of the throne he sat on;"

but we as little sympathize with a willingness to occupy an undefined and equivocal place, for the gratification of a very blind kind of pride — a pride to which humiliation is the only stepping-stone, as all the world knows, however men like Thomas Moore may be able to give a gay and careless tone to it, or even to disguise it to themselves by their amiability and affectionateness.

We like Moore's friends, the Marchioness of Donegal and her sister, exceedingly; their letters are full of spirit and intelligence. They love a bit of fashionable gossip, as Moore

himself does; but they are kind-hearted and humane. We must extract a few *pièces justificatives* from Miss Godfrey's many letters.

Here is something about Ireland.

"I like this county (Kerry) a thousand times better than any part of Ireland, and the common people are delightful. They are savages, with the strongest feelings and the most intelligent minds I ever met with, and so alive to kindness and so unused to it, that they seem to adore any one that treats them with humanity. To be sure, they cheat whenever they can, and they have not the smallest value for their own lives or the lives of others; and as they have strong feelings of gratitude, they have also strong feelings of resentment, so that murder too often occurs amongst them. But I intend to prove to your satisfaction, when we meet, that their vices are the work of the gentlemen of the country, and their virtues all their own; so wait till then, and bless your good fortune in escaping my reasoning for the present. The beauty of all this part of the country is not to be told. The lake (Killarney) does not belong to this world at all, but is certainly some little corner of heaven that broke off, and fell down here by some accident or other; and the musical echoes can only be produced by some of the choirs from heaven, who fell with this little corner, but don't choose to show themselves to mortal eyes. You think, I dare say, in England, that we are all in an uproar (1811) about the proclamation and the Roman Catholic petitions. I really don't believe that there are fifty people in Ireland that think upon the subject after the meetings are over, and the resolutions sent to the paper. There is not depth or steadiness enough of character in Irishmen to make great patriots of them. They talk much and do little; this, too, to be proved to you when we meet. This is one of the most Roman Catholic counties in Ireland; yet none of the leading ones attended the meeting, for they condemn all violence. Bab (the Marchioness) has got great credit for asking the Roman Catholic and Protestant bishop to the same party at her house. I suppose, because she is a courtier, they expected her to be a bigot. I wish I could say as much for the rest of Ireland, upon the same subject, as I can for this county; but I can't; and unless they all turn Mahometans, I see no chance of their living together like Christians."

Here is a bit of the same lady's philosophy on the subject of Moore's opera, which he himself disparaged excessively.

"What more would you have? If you had written something that had pleased yourself and half a dozen people of taste very much, that

had been full of sentiment and refinement, and not a vulgar joke in it, it might have been very delightful for the above-mentioned seven people, but the public would not have borne it the second night. You wrote to please the public, and not yourself; and, if the public are pleased, upon their heads be the sin and shame if it be unworthy of giving pleasure. An author who hopes for success on the stage must fall in with the popular taste, (!) which is now at the last gasp, and past all cure. I dare say, however, that this piece has a great deal more merit than you allow it, and that, whenever you could give your taskmasters the slip, you have put in something excellent in your own way. . . . . Pray, don't let Mr. Arnold cheat you; it is really too bad that everybody cheats you, and makes money of your talents, and that you sit smiling by, not a farthing the better for them."

Pity this kind hint did not take effect; but we find Moore, a little while after, saying, "I have been sadly cheated. What a pity we 'swans of Helicon' should be such geese. Rogers is indignant, and so am I; and we ring the changes upon —— and —— often enough, singing of them, like Cadet Roussel's children, '*L'un est voleur, l'autre est fripon — ah! ah!*' but it all won't do."

Among "noble" letters, we must not forget one of Lord Glenbervie, on the subject of franking letters for Moore. By the way, is it not marvellous how prodigious an amount of space, in all collections of English letters before the days of cheap postage, is taken up in talking about franks? It seems to have been a matter on which one's gentility depended, never to pay postage on a letter. Moore complains, in one of his letters, that the Edinburgh Review is "getting too heavy to be franked." Hear the grave Commissioner of Woods and Forests promise that writing home should not cost Moore anything. Moore himself prefaces it to Miss Godfrey thus:—

"You must take every line I write to you now as matter of pure friendship, without one grain of self-interestedness in it; for my Lord Glenbervie has given me free leave to make use of him *on my own account*, and so I am now independent of you, if it were not for a little sneaking kindness that makes me think of you even when you are *not* doing me services; a sort of repose in which you so seldom indulge yourself, that I ought to avail myself of every short opportunity that you allow me for the display of my disinterestedness."

From Lord Glenbervie.

"London, June 25, 1812.

"DEAR SIR, — I can assure you it will give me very sincere pleasure to be, in any respect, instrumental in enabling you to continue, with your accustomed periodical regularity, the exercise of that tender office in which your filial affection has been so long engaged. I request that you will not deprive your mother of the comfort of hearing from you as often as formerly, from any scruple in making me the channel of your correspondence. I lost, too early in life, the blessing you have still the happiness to possess, to have personally experienced the gratification you seem so worthy of enjoying. I have, however, ample domestic observation to confirm what our earliest feelings teach us — that there is no sentiment so tender, so permanent, and so pure, as the reciprocal sympathy of filial and maternal love.

"Believe me, dear sir, most sincerely yours,

"GLENBERVIE."

This reads as solemn as an epitaph; but when we consider the immense importance of Mr. Moore's getting his letters carried at the expense of government, we can account for the earnestness of the good old lord; — old, we say, from his style, and from Moore's elsewhere calling him "the old Woodman."

But we return with pleasure to Miss Godfrey, especially for the sake of her pleasant picture of Moore's domestic happiness.

"I have not much to say to you; but as I have said nothing to you since I received your last note, which was a very amiable production, I feel disposed to give you a few lines to-day, as I can get a frank. Your retirement will soon be broke in upon, I suppose, by your great neighbors, who are either gone or just going to Donington. You will also see Rogers, who will tell you all about this gay world that you have so wisely quitted. You will still like, I hope, to hear something of us, poor fools, who yet remain in it. . . . . I dare say, you feel much more indifferent about politics, and all the ambitious pursuits of men, now that you have got out of their way, than you did when you were in the midst of the bustle; and if Heaven has blest you with a fine large tree and a seat under it, you sit there rejoicing on a fine evening, with your wife at your side, your child at your feet, and a book in your hand, wondering at poor, foolish man that can wish for more; and many is the word of contempt you bestow upon your poor fellow-crea-

tures who keep toiling on their weary way. I am sure these are the moments in which men think themselves wisdom itself; and I believe they are right, — but why abuse the rest of mankind? Dear Tom, look upon us with kindness from under the shade of your oak tree. May one venture to hint to you how the rest of the world employ themselves? .... I saw a French gentleman yesterday, who has lately arrived in this country, and I am told one may believe every thing he says. He gave a very interesting account of Bonaparte's impatience to have the English papers translated to him. While his secretary is translating them, he is looking over his shoulder, reading every word as fast as he writes. This gentleman, and a Russian who is just arrived, say nothing can equal the enthusiastic admiration that is felt for Lord Wellington all over the Continent, and that they can take back no present to their friends which would be half so much liked as a print of him."

We get a glimpse of "pretty Bessie," now and then, that is very pleasant.

"Lady Lansdowne has been very kind, indeed," writes Moore to Lady Donegal, "and has a good deal won me over, (as you know kindness *will* do, now and then.) After many exertions to get Bessy to go and dine there, I have at last succeeded this week, in consequence of our being on a visit at Bowles's, and her having the shelter of the poet's old lady to protect her through the enterprise. She did not, however, at all like it, and I shall not often put her to the torture of it. In addition to her democratic pride — which *I* cannot blame her for — which makes her prefer the company of her equals to that of her superiors, she finds herself a perfect stranger in the midst of people who are all intimate; and this is a sort of dignified desolation which poor Bessy is not at all ambitious of. Vanity gets over these difficulties, but pride is not so practicable."

And again, from Sloperton Cottage: —

"We are getting on here as quietly and comfortably as possible; and the only thing I regret is the want of some near and plain neighbors for Bessy to make intimacy with, and enjoy a little tea-drinking now and then, as she used to do in Derbyshire. She continues, however, to employ herself very well without them; and her favorite task of cutting out things for the poor people is here even in greater requisition than we bargained for, as there never was such wretchedness in any place where we have been. .... It is a pity Bessy has not more means, for she takes the true method of charity — that of going herself into the cottages, and seeing what they have need of."

Somewhat earlier than this, he says, —

"We dined out to-day with the Ackroyds, neighbors of ours. You would have laughed to see Bessy and me in going to dinner. We found, in the middle of our walk, that we were near half an hour too early for dinner; so we set to *practising country-dances* in the middle of a retired green lane, till the time was expired."

Moore was highly delighted, as well he might be, with Lord Byron's dedication of the Giaour to him. He says, "They may say the praise is laid on with a trowel; but at least, it is a golden trowel that lays it on." And again, "The overflowing praise he lavishes on me is exactly what might be expected from a profuse, magnificent-minded fellow, who does not wait for scales to weigh what he says, but gives praise as sailors lend money, by handfuls."

Reviewing certainly appears in a very amiable light in these volumes; the lion's claws had been lately pared by Lord Byron. First, Mr. Jeffrey writes to Rogers, to intercede with Moore for a contribution to the Edinburgh, and then, on a little encouragement, to Moore himself, cap in hand. The regular allowance to "contributors of the first order" is about twenty guineas per printed sheet of sixteen pages; but to Mr. Moore not less than thirty guineas would be offered, "and probably a good deal more." (O the golden age!) And when the solicited article is in progress, Mr. Jeffrey writes remindingly, and says, "I certainly should not survive an absolute disappointment." This is certainly the sublime of editorial compliment. Lady Donegal writes, —

"Upon mature deliberation, I cannot but feel great regret that you have embarked as a reviewer. If you were a hard-headed, hard-hearted sort of man, like the rest of them, I should not care what you did. But if the person that *you* attack be ever so ridiculous, if you give him pain, you will be sorry for it."

It is amusing to find Jeffrey saying, — "My natural foible is to admire and be pleased too easily, and I am never severe except from effort and reflection. I am afraid some people would not believe this, but you will, when I tell you that I say it quite in earnest." But he appears in a really noble light when, on the occasion of Moore's being threatened with a

prison, in consequence of the defalcation of his agent in "the still vex-(ing) Bermoothes," he writes him, —

"I have heard of your misfortunes, and of the noble way you bear them. Is it very impertinent to say that I have 500*l.* entirely at your service, which you may repay when you please, and as much more which I can advance upon any reasonable security of repayment in seven years? Perhaps it is very unpardonable in me to say this, but upon my honor I would not make you the offer, if I did not feel that I would accept it without scruple from you. At all events, pray don't be angry with me, and don't send me a letter beginning *Sir*. I shall ask your pardon with the truest submission if I have offended you, but I trust I have not, at all events; and however this end, no living soul shall ever know of my presumption but yourself."

Considering that the acquaintance began with a ridiculous duel, and that Moore was a gay, laughing, joking little fellow, scarce bigger than the "little husband" immortalized by Mother Goose, he seems to have been able to inspire the sharp, hard Scotch reviewer with a marvellous degree of respect. It is pleasant, in this wicked world, to find a wicked critic so kind and generous; for one can hardly help coming to the conclusion, that perhaps other unlovely seemings have more good under them than we know of. It is instructive, too, to note how infectious the amiability of Moore is, so that, wherever he goes, there is at least a smooth spot about him, however troubled the waters may be elsewhere. Whig and Tory, Catholic and Protestant, rival wits, exacting beauties — all harmonize when Moore is present. One learns how potent is a kindly heart, and also what to think of those who find everybody ill-tempered or worse.

Moore's Diary is less interesting than his letters, and naturally, for he wrote it with an eye to the future. Such a man as he could not possibly do that as well as he could pour himself out to partial friends and worshipping relatives. Yet, we have no doubt, from the tenor of his life, that the Diary was written with a single eye to the benefit of his family after his death. Future fame is a thing he never talks of in his most familiar moments. He was eminently a man of society, and, as such, lived very much in and for the present, well satisfied with its award, and with neither hopes nor fears for

the remote future. But for the dear ones that belonged to him, his tenderness was unsleeping; and we believe his charge to Lord John Russell, so to manage the papers he should leave behind him as to make some provision for his wife and family, is the key to the whole voluminous Diary of matters generally trifling, interspersed with conversations, *bons-mots*, and those sparkling points that make a book readable in this our day of high-spicing. These condiments are few of them original; indeed, the man who was cramming the Twopenny Post-Bag, and the Fudge Family, with witticisms political, social, and literary, could hardly be expected to keep any large amount on hand for private consumption. But he loved to see the volumes grow when he thought of dear Bessy and the children; so he wrote down talks with Lord Lansdowne, and Dr. Parr, and Rogers, and Davies, and a dozen others, feeling that if they were not very valuable in themselves, they would have, for the next half century at least, the interest which daily experience told him whatever he was concerned in inevitably inspired. And he was right; for we do read with interest, though with no very vivid admiration.

Moore was a man of society — a character as yet unknown among us. What should we think of a man whose principal daily business seems to have been dining out and making himself agreeable, and whose main dependence for subsistence and popularity should be song-writing, and singing his own verses to ladies after dinner? What kind of position would such a personage hold, as a man among men, in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia? With neither ability nor inclination to make money; obstinately adhering to the discreditable side in politics; an enemy to gloom, and an eschewer of puritanism — what could we make of him? Who would consort with him? He would go about, forlorn, in vain search for companionship in gayety and *insouciance*, like the poor truant boy in the story —

> "Pretty bee, pretty bee —
> Won't you come and play with me?"

And the puritanic bee would elongate his face and say, "I must go and make honey;" and the grave and stolid horse would say, "I must draw burdens;" and the pattern ant

would talk of the coming winter; — and our poor truant from care and toil and sorrow would be driven off into more summery regions, or die of *ennui* here. But in Europe, there is place and companionship for such people, and such a man as Moore is a treasure there. He has a thousand pleasant accomplishments, and he suggests kind thoughts wherever he goes, and pours the balm of good humor on any bruised spots in the social body. Then what advantages he reaped from his position! — one has only to read the Diary to see how a man's available mind must grow in such company; — how suggestive are well-informed men, and accomplished women! how one's wit must flow out under the sunshine of such bright, appreciating eyes! how the sparks must need fly at such collisions! how one's resources must be searched, and every old closet of memory turned out to meet the needs of such guests! Moore himself was evidently a much lighter man than many of those with whom he habitually conversed; but his geniality was, as evidently, no every-day quality, and his friends prized it accordingly. It was something to be called

"The abridgment of all that is pleasant in man."

Although the two volumes in hand bring us only to the "bright consummate flower" of Moore's popularity as a writer, his social life has yet to exhibit many a phase before the last; so that we shall not here attempt any minuter delineation, but rather await the full picture, in order to a better selection of parts. We shall also reserve our general notice of his writings for another article, to be forthcoming when the overworked editor shall find leisure to pick out more letters, — on what principle we can hardly guess. Hardly can matters more intimately personal and private be disclosed; yet many particulars that were required for a continuous history are withheld. Some faults of character in the subject are made sufficiently evident; yet we miss letters that would certainly have given us a fairer, because more complete, knowledge of the man who wrote so frankly every thought of his heart, good and bad, generous and selfish. Let us hope that the remainder of the story will be rather filtered than strained; the latter process resulting in a general turbidity, not devoid

of floating specks, while we are unpleasantly conscious, all the while, that a little more time and pains would have given us a clear, sparkling flow, such as the poet loved, and such as may, without a solecism, be poured out to his memory.

It certainly was rather hard to dig up and print a letter to Mr. Longman, in which occurs this paragraph touching Lalla Rookh: — "I mean, with your permission, to say, in town, that *the work is finished*, and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season; this I wish to do in order to get rid of all the teasing wonderment of the literary quidnuncs at my being so long about it, etc.; and, as the fiction is merely a *poetic* license, you will, perhaps, let it pass current for me; indeed, in one sense it is *nearly* true, as I have written almost the full quantity of verses I originally intended."

In the second volume, (p. 199) occurs the following specimen of quite another sort of morality, applied to somebody else. Speaking of a conversation on the authorship of the Scottish novels, Moore says, — "I maintained that no man had a right to put himself into a situation which required lies to support him in it. Rogers quoted Paley about the expediency of occasionally lying, and mentioned extreme cases of murder, &c., which had nothing whatever to do with the point in question..... At last, R. acknowledged that saying 'on his honor' was going too far, *as if the simple assertion was not equally sacred.*"

On the whole, we rise from the perusal of these volumes in no humor for finding great fault with a man whose strength and weakness alike belonged to the affections. A single verse of his — not but we might find more of similar tenor in his works — should shield his memory, as Shakspeare's epitaph is said to have guarded his mortal remains from desecration: —

> "When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
> Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
> Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
> Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again."

If there be more characteristic words in which to conclude our notice, we must leave the realm of poetry for that of fact,

and quote once more from Moore's letters to his mother, on the occasion of a loss which was to burden him in future with their almost entire support.

"Indeed, my darling mother, I am quite ashamed of the little resolution you seem to have shown upon this occurrence; .... instead of looking upon it as such an overwhelming thunderclap, you ought to thank Providence for having let you enjoy it so long, and for having deferred the loss till I was in a situation (which, thank God! I am now) to keep you comfortably without it. .... Surely, my dear mother, the stroke was just as heavy to us as to you, for I trust we have no separate interests, but share clouds and sunshine equally together; yet you would have seen no gloom in *us* — nothing like it. We instantly made up our minds to the reduction and economy that would be necessary, and felt nothing but gratitude to Heaven for being able to do so well; and this, my sweet mother, is the temper of mind in which you should take it. .... For my father's sake, (who is by no means so stout himself as he ought to be,) you ought to summon up your spirits, and make the best and brightest of it. .... Your children are all well and happy, and loving you with all their hearts and souls; and, though for a time absent from you, looking forward to being very speedily about you, and showing you how fondly and perfectly they love you. .... I am glad you *feel* how I love you. I can but *half* show it, but I would do more if I could. Bessy is continually making projects for our all living together; and no later than this morning, at breakfast, imagined a very pretty scheme for our taking the house next you, making a door in the wall, dining every day together, &c. I am not without hopes that some of her visions may yet be realized."

This man's poetry was not merely at the point of his pen.

ART. VII. — *Discourses on the Christian Body and Form.* By C. A. BARTOL, Junior Minister of the West Church, Boston. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1853. pp. 376.

THE word *religion* denotes *rebinding*, — the fastening of some sundered chain, — the renewing of some severed relation. Its earliest use, no doubt, had reference to the sanction of an oath, by which the natural obligation to veracity and

honesty was *bound* with renewed or increased strength. In this initial meaning, it implies a permanent and immovable purchase, to which an else unstable obligation may be securely fastened. And, in its secondary and broader sense, it still presupposes a definite, fixed, and unfailingly trustworthy object of allegiance and confidence, from which the soul may be alienated to its peril and damage, — to which it may reattach itself for its safety and happiness. In fine, the very name of religion indicates two parties, and the possibility of their holding a determinate and cognizable relation to each other.

Religion, then, is something more than self-development. Indeed, there is in this direction no material for self-development but ignorance. Ignorance loves to skulk behind euphemisms, and feel less blank under shelter of a name that seems significant. Then, too, the consciousness of personality and will tends to repeat itself in the realm of the unknown, by the conception of vital and controlling forces.* It is in this way alone that we can account for the fact that the word *God* has its synonyme in every language, and that absolute atheism has never been the avowed belief of a nation. In the rude infancy of society, when man's cognizance embraced but a few leagues around him, and a mile or two above him, the world beyond his cognizance presented no large or grand conceptions to his imagination, and he was ready to acquiesce in the most paltry and degrading impersonations of its forces. Hence fetichism, the worship of animals, and idolatry wherever it was any thing short of the deification of art. But as the limits of man's knowledge extended, his ignorance became infinite in every dimension; and, while the common mind crowded its Pantheon till every niche held double, and still had room for more, the speculative and philosophical were driven, by the multitudinousness of the popular mythology, to the indefinite, formless idea of the divine unity. But the God of natural theology is not an object of religion. The

* "Ignorantia causarum conferre deorum
Cogit ad imperium res, et concedere regnum;
Quorum operum causas nullâ ratione videre
Possunt, ac fieri divino numine rentur."
LUCRETIUS, *De Rerum Natura*, VI. 53–57.

conception, whether detached and isolated from the outward universe, or indissolubly blended with it, is too vague to proffer any hold for the personal relations of trust, homage, or service. Thus theoretical monotheism resolves itself into practical atheism.

Aside from revelation there is no religion. In saying this, we by no means deny the religious character of polytheism; but we believe that its worship was derived, through corrupt channels of tradition, from the primitive epoch of divine communication, and a heaven-appointed ritual. The mythologies that have been subjected to philosophical research, all bear indubitable traces of the events which are represented in sacred history to have been the occasions or means of supernatural revelation to the patriarchs of the earlier ages. The habit of worship survived the knowledge of its one supreme object, and attached itself to what were originally only its exciting causes, its instruments, or the recipients of a secondary homage, as reflecting the attributes of the Creator. But those who cut themselves adrift from tradition, and developed for themselves an independent idea of the Supreme Being, acquiesced in a divine essence, without definite attributes or personal relations. We therefore find the being and nature of God treated by the philosophers of Greece as a subject, not of ethical inquiry or interest, but of speculative reasoning alone. The case has, indeed, been otherwise with modern English Deists, simply because they have borrowed their conceptions of God, and of their obligations to him, from the Bible which they repudiate, and the religion which they deny.

It is in the German philosophy of the last and the present century, that we most clearly perceive the dependence of religion on revelation. The culture of all anterior ages has been forced, as by a condensing pump, into the German mind; while traditionary faith and reverence have grown obsolete. The result has been the origination of numerous abstract formulas for the Divine nature, bristling with indefinable terms and unimaginable abstractions. In one system, God is the plastic principle inherent in self-existent matter; in another, an otiant spectator of a system evolved by an *à priori* necessity. Now, he is a logical terminus, and then, a

metaphor for brute nature. In this philosophy, he is the unconscious totality of being; and in that, he attains a Protean self-consciousness in every human soul. Here, he has no existence apart from the universe, and there, he is the antithesis of the material creation. But in none of these formulas does the Deity present a point of attachment for the soul of man; anchorage for his doubts, fears, or aspirations; holding ground for his faith or trust; the possibility of religion — of a *binding* of the soul to its Author and Father. He is a shoreless ocean, an impenetrable mist, an impalpable ether, an omnipresent nothing, a nowhere present *one and all*, or an incomprehensible *not* ME; but never an all-embracing Providence, an omnipotent Helper, the Hearer of prayer, the Father of all spirits, the "Rock of ages." Devotion, divine service, and retribution are eliminated from the transcendental philosophy, and from the so-called theology — nay, from the Christianity — of which it is the basis.

Religion presupposes absolute being and objective truth. It implies, not a Deity conformed to the individual conception, but a Deity whose revealed attributes are the paradigm for individual conceptions. It presupposes, not truths which derive their validity from the reasonings and convictions of the inquirer, but truths which furnish an immutable standard of validity for those reasonings and convictions. The religious sentiment, so called, when divorced from faith, is in no sense religious, but might proffer no mean claim to the opposite epithet. It deals not with ideas, but with phantasms; not with influential impressions, but with faint glimmerings of impersonal abstractions. It is a vague and aimless wind, moving over the chaos of man's ignorance. It is blind wonder, undirected yearning, shapeless fancy, spiritual self-mesmerism, the spasmodic leap of the soul into the depth and darkness of the unknown, the groping of the inward nature, it knows not where, for it knows not what. Religion craves definite knowledge from authentic sources; and, as it relates to the infinite Being, definite knowledge from Him who alone knows Himself, and can alone teach us of Himself. It does not indeed aspire to the comprehension of the uncreated essence, of the mode of the divine being, of the

full sweep of his power, the depth of his wisdom, or the theory of his administration. It recognizes unfathomable mysteries in Him, whose being comprehends and exceeds immensity, and spans twin eternities. But there is an aspect, in which definite and satisfying knowledge of God is attainable. So far as our self-knowledge extends, we can comprehend his relations to us. So far as we can understand the constitution and condition of our race, we can understand his dispositions and purposes with regard to the human family. Though we may comprehend but an infinitesimal fraction, as it were, of the Divinity, we yet can form adequate conceptions of all that he is to us as Creator, Preserver, Benefactor, Father. These truths, appertaining to the manward aspects of his character and administration, must be not only surmised, but known, to render religion possible. But it is absurd to maintain that they can be known without revelation. Consciousness concerns our own being alone, and, at most, can apprise us only of what we might wish God to be, not of what he is. Our experience embraces phenomena and their proximate causes, without bringing us into direct converse with the Supreme Cause. The focus of the divergent rays of the divine manifestation in nature, is too remote for the access of unaided reason. Nor can any recorded experiences, beliefs, or deductions of preceding generations come to us with authority, unless there have been those who have enjoyed direct communication with the Almighty. It is alone from such communications of this latter class, that we can derive positive knowledge of his attributes, purposes, will, and law.

Religion must then have a historical basis in the supernatural. It must verify the truths to which it attaches itself by authentic records of the divine manifestations and revelations. It must repose on some epoch or epochs, when the ordinary course of nature was superseded, when there was clearer vision than is open to us now, when the divine became incarnate in forms patent to human intercourse and apprehension. It craves reliable scriptures, free from the doubt which must ever rest on oral tradition, and capable of being verified by research and historical criticism.

Religion is social in its very idea. The individual must needs stand in relations to God that are common to him with the race. His relations to his kind are essentially modified by their common relations to their Creator. Men are bound to one another through their common parentage, allegiance, and destiny. In the blessings, needs, desires, aspirations, which are the same to all, there are joint expressions of worship, prayer, gratitude, and trust, which grow out of human society, and which alone can attach society collectively to Him, whose sanction is essential to its integrity, purity, and harmony. Religious ideas, as they rest on an historical basis, can be perpetuated only by an apparatus for their profession, transmission, and propagation. These ends cannot be answered by the spontaneous expression of religious ideas and emotions. In the diversity of tastes, and under the pressure of secular cares, it is impossible that mere instinct or feeling could bring men together, and ensure their mutual consent, in modes of profession or in acts of worship. One man would be moved to pray, when his brethren were too busy to heed his call. Each would have his own choice as to times and forms. Each would aim at haphazard in seeking the consenting expression or action of those around him. The din of toil, the clamor of traffic, would break in upon the retirement where two or three were assembled together for religious purposes; and, were it not so, the harsh forth-puttings of their separate individualities would break up the assembly in Babel-like confusion. From the multiplied intrusions, interferences, discords, impertinences, which would mar every essay at social religious life, the attempt would grow infrequent, and would soon be suspended. New generations and non-religious families and communities would no longer be reached even by the sporadic voice of devotion or instruction. The knowledge which is the basis of religion, the records from which that knowledge is derived, would, in a brief lapse of time, become obsolete and pass into oblivion. Hence the necessity of organization, of set times for worship and instruction, of consecrated places, hallowed forms, and an established ritual. These may, indeed, be so adjusted as still to leave a broad range for individualism. Organization

may be left, in many of its details, to the circumstances or tastes of different bodies of worshippers; and a wide diversity of systems may equally serve the ends proposed, if they be only *systems*, with the functions, rights, and liabilities of officers and members clearly defined. The ritual need only be stringent enough to ensure order and regularity of administration, and may be adapted, in its fulness or paucity of ceremonies, in its prescribed forms of holy words, or in its openness to the inspiration of the moment, to the conservative or progressive spirit, the æsthetic or the iconoclastic tendencies, the more recondite or the simpler culture of different nations, communities, or congregations. The three things needed in the formal part of religion are, the *church*, or a social compact for the orderly performance of the offices of worship and instruction; the *sabbath*, or concerted and regularly recurring reasons for religious observances; and *ordinances*, or universally recognized tokens of religious profession, purpose, and self-consecration.

We have thus defined what Mr. Bartol, in the volume before us, aptly terms "The Christian Body and Form." In a previous volume, which was duly noticed in our pages, he had exhibited, in a series of sermons of rare beauty and eloquence, "The Christian Spirit and Life,"—the subjective part of religion, its emotional and phenomenal developments. The volume now before us is designed as a sequel or counterpart to that previously published. Its purpose is to define and substantiate the objective basis of personal religion. That basis, as we have seen, includes absolute truth concerning God, reliable scriptures, and enough of organization and form to serve for the social recognition, the diffusion and the transmission, of religious belief, reverence and allegiance; but we may better express, in still more comprehensive and in hallowed words, the simplicity of the foundation, — "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." The divine revelations and manifestations all culminate in him, as the representative, the image, of the invisible Creator, so that "God in Christ" comprises all that we do know or can know of God. For this reason is Christ the central subject of the Scriptures, which have a more remote or a nearer interest, a

temporary and local or a universal bearing, according as they describe the isolated acts and experiences of men and nations, or pursue the one line of blended history and prophecy, which stretches on from Eden to "Paradise Regained," — from the first foreshining of the Messiah's advent to the yet distant consummation of his redeeming and renovating ministry. As regards the ritual of religion, in the endless variety of possible forms, and the unbounded dissiliency of individual or national preferences, the show of virtual harmony, or rather compatibility, could never have been preserved, had not Christ sanctioned or prescribed certain modes of religious observance, which could retain their significance, use, and efficacy under a wide diversity of detail. Had not he hallowed the Sabbath, commended public worship by precept and example, prescribed a rite of initiation, and instituted a perpetual memorial of his sacrifice, religion might have had a "spiritual body" of revealed truth; but its visible form, its *epiphany*, its outward manifestation, would have been too vague to attract regard, to express reverence, or to cherish piety. Most aptly, therefore, has Mr. Bartol characterized his book as "on the *Christian* Body and Form."

We are glad that our author has adopted the form of sermons rather than of a set treatise. On an infinite theme, we like not the pretence of a compendious statement or an exhausting division. It seems to imply that the whole can be told. It violates the analogy of scripture and arrogates a comprehensiveness of wisdom superior to that the inspiration of which pervades the sacred record. God would have given us, had we needed it, "a body of divinity." But had the Scriptures been cast in that form, they would have been studied like a schoolbook, and the mind which in the earlier stages of its education had mastered their contents, would have had nothing left to minister or to correspond to its farther progress, and would, in the lapse of time, have outgrown and looked down upon its original conceptions. Whenever a compend of religious doctrine, a technical formulary, is placed between the soul and the Bible, it dwarfs men into theological pigmies, and they describe their subsequent course not even in a self-returning circle, but in a constantly dimi-

nishing spiral. Detached discourses, on single traits of the spirit or members of the "body" of religion, recognize the incomprehensible vastness of the theme, the inexhaustible wealth of the treasury of inspiration, the fragmentary character of our highest attainments, and the spaces still left to be filled by the breaking forth of new light from God's word and spirit in the present state of being, and still more by the revelations of the future life.

We rejoice, too, in the appearance of such volumes of sermons as can reflect credit and honor on that often despised, but inestimably precious, form of literature. We believe that the actual standard of American preaching, as tested by the needs and demands of the people, is far higher than is commonly admitted. The proportion of preachers that edify, instruct, and satisfy their congregations, is very large. But there must needs be many excellent sermons that would not appear so in print. Many preachers, whose talents and endowments are large with reference to their sphere of duty, make but a lame appearance before a more intelligent and exacting public than that to which they minister. Many sermons, too, that demand and manifest a positively high order of ability, are addressed to local and temporary states of feeling, and derive their completeness and unity from their adaptation to existing circumstances. Now it is precisely these, which, because they are the most impressive in the delivery, are the most frequently sought for publication. But occasional sermons (unless the occasion be one of widespread and permanent interest) do their authors exceedingly little credit and the pulpit scanty honor, when read out of the community, or subsequently to the events, which called them forth. And we believe that it is the prolific issue of these ephemeral pamphlets from the press, which, more than all other causes, has brought printed sermons into disrepute. But there are delivered, every Sunday, by devout Christians, able reasoners, and accomplished rhetoricians, numerous sermons, which can bear detachment from their occasions and localities, and are finished monographs on momentous subjects of religious faith and practice. Of this class are the discourses in the volume now under review. While, by their

deep seriousness of spirit, their directness of aim and appeal, their adaptation to the temptations, errors, and sophistries at this present moment rife in New England and its metropolis, they vindicate their claim to have been parish sermons for home use, they relate to truths of universal moment, to duties of unchanging obligation, and to phases of opinion and conduct of perpetual recurrence.

Mr. Bartol's style has none of the flash and glitter of a superinduced polish — none of the smooth and tawdry brilliancy of plating on cheap metals; but wears, throughout, a subdued, but never clouded lustre, as of pure and massive gold. We look in vain for the attempt to exalt or adorn a feeble or trite thought by verbal artifice, — for a showy metaphor, or a burst of declamatory vehemence, employed to replace the meagreness or to clothe the penury of sentiment. His words derive their glow, their beauty, and their force from their being the most simple, natural, and transparent expression of what he believes and feels. Yet his style is marked by striking individualities, because his mind never borrows moulds from another, but conceives of every subject under conditions, aspects, and limitations peculiarly its own. He is fervent, but his fervor is that of profound and ever-conscious conviction and experience, not the self-mesmerism for the occasion close at hand, which characterizes the merely popular orator. His eloquence is not of the *taking*, but of the *holding*, kind. We can conceive that his sermons might fail to attract the omnivorous reader, but they could not otherwise than constrain the lively and continuous interest of one whose spiritual nature has been truly awakened to a sense of its infirmities, its needs, and its destiny. He lacks vivacity in the lowest sense of the term; but of unflagging vitality we hardly know the religious writer that is so full. His periods are heavy, never from dulness, but from the solemn weight with which they are always freighted. He has a marvellous power of condensing thought, without becoming elliptical or obscure. He is highly imaginative, but never fanciful. On the other hand, his imagery furnishes a sign-language for severely logical statement, close reasoning, and cogent demonstration. He often couches a prolonged,

compact, and conclusive train of ratiocination in a comparison or a series of metaphors, which absolutely incarnates the truth under discussion to the conception of his readers, and makes the successive members of the argument move as in visible procession across the mental retina. If we may judge of his intellectual processes from his writings, we should term him preëminently a *seer*. Abstract truth passes before his thought in concrete, embodied forms, becomes impersonated and endowed with vitality, enters into face-to-face converse with him, responds to his interrogations, waits till he can sketch its features, fasten its expression upon the canvas, and portray the very folds of its drapery. We need not say how beautifully appropriate this picture-writing is to Christianity, which is, in itself, an earthly impersonation of the divine, and of which the Author did not point the way, teach the truth, and reveal the life eternal, but could say without a figure, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

The volume under review is prefaced by a brief introduction, vindicating the necessity of the positive and the formal in religion, as that which alone can give fulness to the needy, satisfaction to the seeking, and repose to the aspiring soul. We quote from it a characteristic passage on the ritual of religion.

"Whatever may be the evils in an imposition of exact religious methods, to understand the worth also of such methods, one need only be occasionally in a region where no Christian institutions are observed; but the undiscriminated days glide on in continual attention to worldly cares, while the general tone of thought is unbraced with listlessness, or let down into imbecility; and, with no feet moving or standing in even beauty together to own what is above, the community falls laterally apart, each member to walk in his own separate, uncheered path through the world. It is one thing to be slaves to routine, and another to be animated by a decent order of divine service; one thing to be idolatrous of the letter, and another to be truly evangelical; one thing to be rationalistic schemers, and another to be reasonable men; and Christianity's real proposition to us is of the happy side of every such alternative.

"What may be called the formal part of our religion is, moreover, but a vehicle of the moral and the spiritual. No ritual, of

course, is to be sustained for its own sake, but only in behalf of that spiritual elevation, which is the glory of our nature, and only enchantment of the world; and beside which all that time and space contain is of no account, but as its means. As an ethereal essence is guarded for use in a phial; as the elemental forces of nature, from their diffusion through the universe, are made at special points to strike and flash on our senses; so is it with the divine power through the agency of the Christian services. A lifeless administration or deathly inattention may despoil them of their virtue; but their fit and natural effect is to initiate the mind into a stronger sense of eternal realities than could arise from any ethical teaching. Undoubtedly, such services as at present ordered will at length fall away from the soul in the vast spiritual progress of future stages of his being. Nevertheless they are suited to train successive human generations, and especially to lead on children to their first perceptions of invisible reality, though they would not suffice to conduct one advancing intellect, supposed to remain on earth through all the duration of the church.

"It is to be counted, too, as a great benefit of the rites of religion, that they operate to keep the spiritual in its proper precedence to the merely moral, and thus to insure the best morality on the basis of the noblest sentiments. The soul can no more than the songster, flying yonder in the summer-day, weave its nest out of its own bosom, but only from the material God provides. We must, indeeed, know men by their fruits. But in order to good fruit, the first thing is a good tree. The gardener's anxiety centres primarily on the seed he shall plant, or the slip he shall set out in his nursery. So what is most necessary to our virtue is that germ of a right disposition towards God, which comes from the exercises of his worship." pp. 9 – 11.

On the same subject, the following occurs in a profoundly impressive sermon on "Ordinances."

"Not as a superstition or weakness, then, but among the graces and virtues of the character, may be justly counted a love of holy times and places and things. So, indeed, nature herself, the heart's own instinct, decides. For who esteems a man the more for being destitute of this feeling, and owning no such association as made David's heart yearn for the stones of Zion, and her dust dear unto him; nay, led our Saviour himself, on the sabbath day, as his custom was, into the synagogue, in the town where he had been brought up, to open the book of the law and read? If the royal singer of Israel, and his greater descendant, could light the flame of their aspirations with that ancient

fuel of letter and form and ordinance, — he may be considered a mistaken, vainglorious, or imprudent man, who, from any hatred of old priestly corruptions, or offence at existing clerical pride, or supposition of a personal superiority, not needing foreign influence, loses or throws away the advantage of such habitual suggestives of those invisible and eternal realities, of which we are not too often reminded, and which we do not powerfully enough feel press on the heart and control the life.

"Will any one still say it does not strike him so seriously? Will he allege, that, for his own part, he can afford to be slack on these points; and that he will, for his trust, fare forth into the unbounded freedom of reason and nature? Ah! that measureless field of reason and nature is too large to protect us. We are lost, we perish in it! Just as the whole great ball of the earth, with the vast spread of the atmosphere, is not a shelter for us; but to preserve the body, guard health, and lengthen life, we must build a house on it, against the wildness and the storm: so the house of God is our necessary retreat from the bleakness of an unfathomed universe, from tempests of mortal trial, and the winter of death. As when the first snow falls, and the north wind blows, every one rejoices in his roof and his hearth; so may we in the eaves of the sanctuary, and that fire of the Holy Ghost they cover. To run away from these, relying on nature and reason for a refuge, is like seeking the craggy, icy, and blustering peaks for a dwelling. Some young men lately went forth, thinly clad, and trusting to themselves to reach the summit of one of our loftiest hills. When they started, the sun was warm, the breeze soft, the path grassy, and all was inviting. But soon the zephyr turned to a blast, and the sunshine seemed stiffening to frost, and the way had become flint, and the unmoving granite rocks around them seemed to be terribly working a petrifaction of stupor and death within. Benumbed and overwearied, they sat down to weep, and had not assistance come to them, would have surely died. So is it with solitary wanderers in the light of their own minds through this mysterious creation towards the incomprehensible eternity. The beginning flatters and allures, but the powers of nature fail on the ascent. The progress is deviation; and the end, bewilderment and death. Names from among the living and the departed alike might be given in melancholy illustration of so untoward a destiny." pp. 27 – 29.

But we should do our author atrocious wrong, were we to leave the impression that the prescribed ritual of Christianity holds a sole, or even the chief, place in its "body and form."

With him, the body is Christ, — not the supposititious foundling of rationalism; not the residuum of a heartless and sceptical criticism; but the very God-born and heaven-ascended Christ, whom the prophets saw in vision, whose birth-song was sung by the minstrelsy of heaven, whom disease obeyed, at whose voice the grave yielded up its dead, who had the divine right to be implicitly believed and obeyed, whose continued presence, intercession, and mediation are the trust, hope, and joy of his followers. The whole volume bears marks of the simple faith of childhood, confirmed by searching investigation, matured by ripe experience, rooted deeper by its conflicts with unbelief, and deriving fresh nutriment from the rich and varied culture of the cognitive, imaginative, and spiritual faculties. We believe not Christianity the more for the concurring testimony of others. We think that we have settled the issue so thoroughly for ourselves, that we could not be driven from our ground even by a general defection, like that which has darkened the religious history of Protestant Germany. But in these days, when, in a once Christian pulpit, it can be uttered without rebuke, that "Christ wrought no miracles," that "he is no mediator," and that "an absolute miracle is an absolute impossibility;" when mere sciolists can vent, before once Christian congregations, the boldest sophisms and the boldest blasphemies of Voltaire and Paine, without the reverence of the early English Deists, or the tenderness of Rousseau; when, in our own city, thousands can be convened to listen to the coarsest ribaldry, and to hear the sinless purity of Jesus jeered at as "existing only in the dreams of girls," — it is refreshing and exhilarating to meet such utterances of unshaken confidence in the uncorrupted word and the faultless manifestation of God, as abound in this volume, from one who, with a strong mind and a free heart, has tried for himself the great questions that lie at the basis of Christianity; has sought intimate conversance with these modern (or rather disinterred) forms of infidelity; has thoroughly sifted the popular arguments against revelation and its records; and has entitled himself to the rest of faith, by having "fought the good fight of faith." The following passage most felicitously exhibits the adaptation of the Christian miracles to an essential

element and an undeniable need of human nature, and the tendency of the mind, when deprived in this regard of its God-given aliment, to rush into those delusions, which, in numerous instances, have reached only their fitting climax in madness and suicide.

"They [the Christian miracles] do something to satisfy what may be called our natural longing for the supernatural. This, with some strange exceptions of peculiarly constituted, morally perverted, or logically sophisticated minds, all have felt. It possesses early the hearts of children, in their eagerness for wonderful stories. It appears in almost every form of religious belief and worship. It is manifest in the wellnigh universal impatience of the human soul to get beyond the region of fixed order and monotonous routine. Fair and beautiful as are the uniform shape and regular ongoings of the world, the heart is not content, till, in some way, it escapes from the dominion of its established statutes into the region of original divine activity, and immediate intercourse with the highest, ungovernable, and all-decreeing One. Our very frame is thus built on wonder, and presumes upon some supernatural disclosure. The very make of man's constitution is a signal for the expectation of it, and an argument, not in any case, but in some case, for its reality.

"Yet, because superstition has sometimes fancied miracle, or imposture feigned it, there are those who, in the name of philosophy, would scout the very idea of any such thing, and class the New Testament narratives, and impregnable proofs of it, as no better than priestly frauds and old wives' fables. Philosophy! — pretending to chain the Almighty to his works, forbidding the Creator to interpose among his creatures, branding a fundamental tendency of man's nature as futile, and fixing the stigma of supercilious scorn on facts sustained by all the demonstrations that make history possible, — facts, moreover, whose very intent, while impressing the Omnipotent Hand on the human heart, is to break the otherwise boundless reign of superstition, and to save the human mind from those fictions and absurdities about the supernatural, into which it would otherwise hopelessly run.

"For all experience proves, that something, solid or shadowy, in the shape of the supernatural, human nature must and will have. It craves this, and without it, famishes. To this native appetite, the miracles of Christianity furnish the true and wholesome food. These miracles, being not merely strange signs and astounding portents, but as full of reason and goodness as they are of power, by their pure and lofty character nourish and edify the soul. They who are laboring to

cut off these mighty deeds, and to rob the soul of the nutriment they supply, would, by their success, only plunge it back into all the windy imaginations and poisonous falsehoods, after which, through each system of delusion, credulity ever hankered, and from which it is the Saviour's glory, by his bread of life, to redeem.

"From what a bottomless gulf the hand of Christ hath thus plucked us; over what an abyss of endless error, and devious abandonment to all vagary and deceit, we are, by the verities of his religion, safely suspended, is plain from the exposures of our own days, as well as the wanderings of past ages. The present time, of a somewhat rife scepticism respecting the Christian miracles, — not alone among the ignorant, but with some men of intellectual claims, — is, singularly enough, a time also for the setting up of every vulgar and trivial pretence of miraculous demonstrations. Some, unable to accept Christianity on account of its prodigies, seem to have opened their breast to the fullest admission of the ephemeral stories of preternatural power, and, by a backward way, to be coming round, through the amazement of modern discoveries, to an acceptance of the very religion which they had despised. It is curious, as a striking indication of the original and unalterable fashion of the human heart, to see the Babel tower of wisdom, so laboriously reared to heaven against God's word, shaking and tumbling, as a feather, before the breath of this marvellous rumor.

"It is not time, and here is not place, to pass judgment on the reported facts, doubtless deserving investigation, and perhaps only involving some heretofore unknown law, from which this new supernatural faith has sprung. It may only, in this connection, occur to us to note their vast inferiority, in all dignity and worth, to the miracles which we receive with our religion. In what port of grandeur the deeds of Jesus Christ stand apart from the insignificance or triviality, from the malice or the trickery, of these fresh disclosures! Indeed, these latter, whether offered in the way of an amusement, with noises and motions at a neighboring door, or, under the imposing figure of a whole community, rising out of like assumptions, in a far-off territory of Utah, appear but as a tinsel surface and hollow foil to the solid glory and eternal splendor of those works of Jesus which have brought God and heaven into contact with the human soul. The comparison is nothing but contrast. Until the recent wonders shall fetch us some revelation of truth or moral power or spiritual excellence, or even earthly convenience and comfort; until science or poetry, virtue or earthly utility, are advanced by them; until the angelic visitations, which they would imply, become as precious as mortal and human influence, now at hand and everywhere within our reach; or some of

the very personages called up act at least according to their former wisdom in the flesh, — we may well, with preoccupied attention, continue to feed our aspirations and rejoice our hopes with what is at once so much better and more available to our belief, in the sublime and gracious doings of him who was in all ways approved by God for the Redeemer of the world." pp. 252 – 256.

We have, indeed, no fear of the permanent ascendency of anti-supernaturalism. But there is one aspect of our times which sometimes makes us apprehensive of a temporary eclipse of faith. These are days of hurry and engrossment in secular and material interests. Through the stream-driven lines of daily intercommunication between distant nations and continents, through the continuous pulse of the magnetic wires from the confines of the arctic zone to the Great Southern Gulf, from the Atlantic to the late fabulous "far West," the fortunes of the whole civilized world are brought under the perpetual and exciting cognizance of all its denizens. Rumor treads on the heels of rumor, and yesterday's news is staled by the crowded budget of to-day. In mechanical and industrial agencies, marvel supersedes marvel, and this year's achievements surpass the alleged possibilities of last year. The mind reels and staggers under an incessant avalanche of novelties, speculations, socialistic theories, political overtures, aggressions upon ancestral and time-hallowed beliefs, customs, and habits. He who would not be left stranded by the rapid, eddying current of the world's tumultuous life, must make himself almost exclusively a man of to-day — must so identify himself with the new and the transient, as to find little time or disengaged thought for research, reflection, or introspection, nay, for distinct self-consciousness as a spiritual, accountable, and immortal being.

Now, the canon of infidelity was long since closed. No original argument against historical Christianity or its records has signalized the nineteenth century. Indeed, the purlieus of Antichrist are the only region upon earth in which "there is no new thing under the sun." Every existing form of scepticism and unbelief has been triumphantly vanquished, and the Christian armory is full of thoroughly proved weapons of defence, and fairly captured trophies. Could we have the

patient heed of candid sceptics, (and we say it not without having made the successful experiment,) there is not a proposition or statement alleged on the side of infidelity, which we could not meet with ample refutation from the champions of our faith, whose works are to be found in the library of every theologian. But the suggestion of a doubt is a momentary process; while it may take hours and days of diligent and thoughtful study to rebut it. And of the thousands who will recklessly, and for the mere love of piquant novelty, hear and read the wholesale assaults upon our faith, there is but here and there one who can be prevailed upon to give his diligent study to its evidences. They are too ample and multiform to be presented in brief. It may take volumes to cover with rebutting testimony the ground laid open by a single sneer. Denial is cheap and easy, while proof must work its way up the fountain of truth to its original sources, in dead languages, in an unfamiliar age, and among a denationalized and scattered people. Thus, to take an obvious instance, nothing is easier than to deny the genuineness of the gospels, and to breach the theory of their gradual accretion through the first two or three centuries. But the evidence that they were truly the writings of the men whose names they bear, and that their text has come down to us in almost unprecedented purity, demands (and it amply rewards) conversance with the whole body of Christian antiquity, with the history of versions, with patristical attestations and citations, with a vast amount of ancient lore that has neither interest nor value aside from this end. If, indeed, men were not too busy to know that they have souls capable of perdition, and to become only dimly conscious of their infinite concern in these questions, they would spare neither time nor effort in sifting them to the bottom. But they are often only too glad to be released from the sense of obligation, and to escape the shadow of retribution; and, in the very pretence of rejecting the authority which purports to be divine, they will receive any loose, infidel opinion on the sole authority of any eloquent scorner who may have the fortune to arrest the admiration of an unreasoning public.

It is not on account of our sincere admiration and love for

the author of the volume before us, but because we know of no more timely antidote to the infidel tendencies that we deplore, that we have invited the attention of our readers to this masterly exposition and defence of "the Christian Body and Form." The author has talents and culture that might win for him extensive fame and enduring honor in any department of literature. The offering that he has laid on the altar of faith is of "mind and heart, soul and strength." It is the tribute of well-matured powers, in their deliberate, patient, vigorous exercise. It is worthy of one whose ordination vows have left their ineffaceable impress on his whole mental and spiritual activity. If it shall have, in any quarter, confirmed wavering faith, revived waning reverence, kept the young and impressible fast by the oracles of revealed truth, reclaimed wanderers from the fold of the Divine Shepherd, — this, and not our commendation, will be the reward which these discourses seek and merit — even "a witness in heaven, a record on high."

ART. VIII. — *The Works of* JOHN C. CALHOUN. Vol. I. *A Disquisition on Government, and a Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States.* Edited by RICHARD K. CRALLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 406.

MR. CALHOUN'S works are announced for publication in four volumes, the second of which will contain his Speeches in Congress, the third, his Diplomatic Papers and Correspondence, and the fourth, his Life. Only the first volume has as yet appeared, and this contains two elaborate dissertations that had not before appeared in print. The principal portion of these discourses, if not the entire work, was composed, as the editor believes, "between the adjournment of Congress in the spring of 1848, and its meeting in December, 1849." Mr. Calhoun died on the 31st of March, 1850. This volume, therefore, contains his latest thoughts upon the subject, and has the melancholy interest which attaches to the posthumous

work of so distinguished a statesman. It contains his political legacy to his countrymen, — understanding by that term, however, the inhabitants, not of the whole United States, but of the southern portion of the Union, to the support of whose rights and interests his whole political life was devoted. Mr. Calhoun hardly aspired to be considered as an American statesman, — at least, during the last twenty-five years of his public service; he was content, he was even proud, to be viewed only as a Southern statesman. He was the leader of the party which battled for State Rights, — the foremost champion of those doctrines of constitutional law which have not found much favor of late years in any State north of the Potomac. To these doctrines he adhered with singular tenacity; and this work, to which his last thoughts seem to have been given, is far the ablest and most thorough exposition of them that has yet been published. It is written with great earnestness, and an air of perfect sincerity. As the writer had obtained an advanced age, and the failure of health had already admonished him that the sands of life had nearly run out, the promptings of personal ambition could not have guided his pen. He evidently wrote, not for himself, but for the generation which was to remain upon the stage after he had passed away. The great controversy respecting the admission of slavery into the territories recently acquired from Mexico was in prospect, and had even begun, though it had not reached its crisis, while he was engaged upon this work; but it has no especial reference to that subject, or to any other theme of immediate but temporary interest. The sole purpose of the Discourse is to advocate that theory of the Constitution, which, if it were established, would supersede the discussion, in the national councils, of such questions, by rendering any settlement of them impossible except by the unanimous consent of the States.

The style of this work is characteristic, and its literary merits are considerable. The author was too much in earnest, and too severe a reasoner, both in his speeches and his writings, to pay much attention to the mere garb of his thought. "The eloquence of Mr. Calhoun," said Mr. Webster, in a manly and feeling speech which he made in the

Senate of the United States on the day when the decease of his colleague was announced, "the eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner in which he exhibited his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner." To this felicitous description of the manner of his great rival, Mr. Webster added a just and noble tribute to the uprightness and purity of his public character.

"Mr. President, he had the basis, the indispensable basis of all high character; and that was unspotted integrity and unimpeached honor. If he had aspirations, they were high, and honorable, and noble. There was nothing grovelling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I am sure he was, in the principles that he espoused, and in the measures that he defended, aside from that large regard for the species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive or selfish feeling. However he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions or his political principles, those principles and those opinions will now descend to posterity under the sanction of a great name. He has lived long enough, he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of his country. He is now an historical character. Those of us who have known him here will find that he has left upon our minds and our hearts a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performances, which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection, that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him, and heard him, and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And, when the time shall come that we ourselves must go, one after another, to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism."

As a reasoner, Mr. Calhoun was just, intrepid, and consistent. He traced out his doctrines to their remotest consequences, and shrank from no conclusion that could be legitimately deduced from them, however it might shock the received opinions and common judgments of mankind. Here, indeed, was his great defect as a thinker. He was partially blinded by his own ingenuity and the severity of his logic. The thread of his argument was spun so fine, that ordinary people lost sight of it altogether; his doctrines were pushed so far that they came to be slighted as mere metaphysical refinements. Absorbed in the process of reasoning that led to his result, he could not fairly weigh the practical objections, coming from another quarter, to which his theory was exposed, or he tried to evade them by considerations too subtile to impose on an ordinary understanding. As a statesman, he was deficient in comprehensiveness of view and vigorous common sense. Though he was an active man of business, and sufficiently conversant with the world and the world's affairs, his political speculations had a refined and scholastic air, as if they had emanated from a recluse student or solitary thinker. His arguments, and especially his answers to objections, often appear to be mere logical puzzles, which the reader may not be able to analyze and refute, though they scarcely seem intended to produce conviction.

The excellencies and the defects of Mr. Calhoun's manner and intellectual character are strikingly displayed in this volume. The reasoning in it as refined and subtile as any in Spinoza or Kant; it is nearly as abstract, or as little checked by reference to known facts and previously admitted truths. And the theory of government to which it leads, we had almost said, is as impracticable and incredible as any of their metaphysical speculations. Certainly, the theorist who is obliged to admit, that the form of government which he advocates was never fully exemplified and carried out, except by a confederacy of savages, (that of the Six Nations or Iroquois Indians,) and under the elective monarchy of Poland and the constitution of the Polish Diet, which gave to every member a right to negative any measure, and to stop all proceedings, — such a theorist, we say, has very much the air of

being forced to acknowledge that his doctrine leads to an absurdity. Yet Mr. Calhoun hardily adopts this very conclusion, and has nothing to urge in palliation of it but the statement that "this government lasted, in this form, more than two centuries, embracing the period of Poland's greatest power and renown;" and "the fact that a government, in which the principle was carried to the utmost extreme, not only existed, but existed for so long a period, in great power and splendor, is proof conclusive both of its practicability and its compatibility with the power and permanence of government." Of the Council of the Iroquois Indians, he observes, that, "as in the Polish Diet, each member possessed a veto on its decision, so that nothing could be done without the united consent of all."

"But this, instead of making the Confederacy weak or impracticable, had the opposite effect. It secured harmony in council and action, and with them a great increase of power. The Six Nations, in consequence, became the most powerful of all the Indian tribes within the limits of our country. They carried their conquest and authority far beyond the country they originally occupied."

But where are Poland and the Iroquois Confederacy now? That they once flourished is indisputable; but to maintain that their prosperity arose chiefly from that peculiar feature of their constitutions, which rendered it impossible for any measure to be carried, or any thing to be done, except by unanimous consent, only shows how far a love of paradox, or the slavish adherence to a theory with all its consequences, may blind even an acute mind to the perception of the truth. The Six Nations were indebted for their victories rather to the principle which united them in any sort of a confederacy, however imperfect, than to that which tended to break up their union and expose them separately to all the evils which they brought upon the isolated tribes around them. It is hardly worth while to argue this point; the experience of savages so low in the scale as our North American Indians cannot throw much light upon the principles which ought to govern a confederacy of civilized nations. But let the instance be worth what it may, it is a familiar fact, that the only times when the Indians became really formidable, were

when many of their tribes were united under one able, daring, and politic leader, whose vigor and resolution gave unity to their usually distracted councils. Such leaders were King Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh, Blackhawk, and Oceola.

Poland furnishes a more significant illustration, but not a more fortunate one for Mr. Calhoun's argument. Montesquieu epigrammatically describes the constitution of this unhappy country, by saying that, "through the great care which it took of the liberty of every one, it caused the oppression of all." Lord Brougham expresses the unanimous opinion of it entertained by European historians and statesmen, when he pronounces it to be "the worst, without any exception, that has ever been established for any length of time in any part of the world — the one which most signally, most constantly, and most inevitably failed to bestow upon its subjects the benefit that all government is formed to dispense — internal tranquillity and security from foreign aggression. Whatever we have already seen of misfortune befalling the country, whatever we are yet to observe of tumult and anarchy in the administration of its affairs, all proceeded directly from this fruitful source of public calamity." And of the characteristic feature of this bad constitution, the element in it which Mr. Calhoun most admires, and which he directly commends for our imitation, the famous *liberum veto*, or absolute negative which every member of the diet could put upon the whole proceedings of the session, his Lordship further remarks, — "Surely no human contrivance was ever devised so effectual to tie up the will and paralyze the judgment of any deliberative assembly." True, Poland obtained great prosperity and renown, and held them for two centuries, under the Jagellons, whose energetic sway kept the ill-omened constitution in abeyance, and the nominally elective crown was transmitted from father to son, or to the nearest male heir, with as much regularity as in any hereditary kingdom in Europe. It was not till the splendid Jagellon dynasty became extinct, upon the death of Sigismond Augustus, in 1572, that the elective system, and the other peculiarities of the Polish constitution, the source of all the evils which subsequently befell the country, were completely established in substance as well as in name.

The purpose, for which these instances are adduced in Mr. Calhoun's Discourse is sufficiently obvious. He has found the *liberum veto* where no one formerly suspected its existence, — in the Constitution of the United States. He maintains that the framers of that instrument knowingly placed it there, and that it is the distinctive feature and crowning merit of the system, which, without it, would place all the power in the hands of an absolute and tyrannical majority, that would trample on the rights of the less numerous party, and finally compel the country to seek refuge from the evils of its sway in a military despotism. Give to each State that which the Constitution grants it, an absolute negative on the proceedings of all the other States, and a power of nullifying any law which is distasteful to it, or which it deems unconstitutional, and the proceedings of Congress will necessarily become harmonious. No law can then be passed except by the unanimous consent of the States. Parties will cease to rage; faction and discord will give way to harmony and peace; and the government, instead of falling into weakness and decrepitude, will be one of unequalled firmness and strength. "It is this negative power, — the power of preventing or arresting the action of the government, — be it called by what term it may — veto, interposition, nullification, check, or balance of power — which, in fact, forms the Constitution. They are all but different names for the negative power. Without this, there can be no systematic, peaceful, or effective resistance to the natural tendency of each to come into conflict with the others; and without this, there can be no Constitution."

Said we not well that Mr. Calhoun is an intrepid reasoner, and that he shrinks from no conclusion that can be legitimately deduced from his premises? If he were a statesman of inferior rank or less experience, and if his doctrines were not defended with peculiar ingenuity and force, in an argument almost unrivalled for compactness, method, and severity of logic, we might leave this naked statement of his theory to be rejected, as it surely would be, by every reader with a sound and unprejudiced understanding. But the author of these Discourses is too formidable a dialectician to be treated so

cavalierly. His general reasoning upon the science of government is both plausible and profound. He is an acute commentator upon the Constitution, and many of his incidental remarks upon the past and present state of parties in this country, upon the tendency of our institutions, and upon some evils which are apparent in our habits of political thought and action, are eminently just and forcible. The book is written with more freedom and boldness, more independence and originality of thought, than we are wont to find in the political speculations of our countrymen. Mr. Calhoun seems determined to say, not only what he believes, but *all* that he believes, without that gingerly reference to the demands of party or to the general course of public opinion, and that dread of giving offence, which cause most publications of this sort to appear timid, feeble, and meagre. We are equally pleased with the novelty of his thoughts and the frankness of his expressions; and we shall therefore dwell at some length upon the contents of this volume.

The Disquisition on Government, and the Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States, are parts of one whole, the former part being intended to prove that every form of polity tends to absolutism or abuse, which is not so organized that one or more members of it can check the proceedings of all the others by an absolute negative; and the latter proceeding to demonstrate that the government of the United States is, or ought to be, so organized, under the Constitution, and that all the evils which have resulted, or are in prospect, from the actual operation of the system, have arisen from this essential feature of it being overlooked or suppressed. The argument in the former part, therefore, is general, being designed to establish a fundamental principle in the theory or science of government; in the latter part, it is particular, the object being to show that this principle is embodied in the Constitution of the United States, and was designedly placed there by its framers as the main pillar of the edifice which it is admirably adapted to support. The reasoning in the first Discourse appears to us more satisfactory than in the second. Mr. Calhoun's mind turned more naturally to generalities and abstract speculations, than to details

and the interpretation of a particular instrument. Yet, even here, we must complain of a lack of precision and definiteness in his statement of the point to be established. If he means only that the supreme power, wherever lodged, must be checked or balanced by some independent member of the state, his doctrine is a mere truism. Without such a check, the government becomes a pure despotism; and the despotism of a democracy is just as formidable as that of a monarchy, — perhaps more so. If he means farther, that this limitation of the supreme power, to be effectual, must not merely be expressed in a written Constitution or form of law, but must be lodged in hands powerful and independent enough to preserve and enforce it, still the theory lacks novelty. Absolute governments are not easily found nowadays, among civilized nations; even those of Russia and Turkey have been wittily defined to be "despotisms tempered by assassination." The most effective check on any government is the limit of what its subjects will bear. The most powerful and despotic prince in Europe, on some points, stands in awe of his people. In what manner a check can be devised which shall obviate every possible abuse, and which shall be constant, gentle, and efficient in its operation, is a problem which has exercised the wits of political reformers for centuries. Mr. Calhoun hardly takes a step towards its solution, but only attempts to prove, what no one denies, that such a check is necessary. Surely, it is but a rude and coarse expedient to require that the supreme legislative power in the state shall be so limited that no law can be passed except by the unanimous consent of a large assembly. Such a scheme might be consistently maintained by one who believed all legislation to be an evil, or that it constantly tends to excess. But we do not understand that our author favors so sweeping a doctrine.

Let us try to ascertain what Mr. Calhoun's views are by following his argument somewhat in detail. Beginning with a theory somewhat like that of Hobbes, he shows that men cannot exist except in a social state, and that society cannot exist without a government. The necessity of government arises from the simple fact, that every man naturally prefers his own interest or well-being to that of his fellows;

and from this preference — which ought not to be denominated *selfishness*, as that term implies reproach, or that the feeling exists in excess — endless disputes and conflicts would arise between individuals, if not prevented or controlled by some authority or governing power in the state. Government exists, therefore, for the purpose of restraining its subjects; but as its authority must be lodged in the hands of individuals, who are equally prone to prefer their own interests to those of other people, the question next arises, What shall restrain the government? Whatever exercises this office, whatever keeps the government in check, is properly called a *Constitution*, whether it be a written form or code of law, or a body of immemorial usages, or merely the disposition and ability of the people to bear and to resist.

"Having its origin in the same principle of our nature, *constitution* stands to *government*, as *government* stands to *society;* and, as the end for which society is ordained would be defeated without government, so that for which government is ordained would, in a great measure, be defeated without constitution. But they differ in this striking particular. There is no difficulty in forming government. It is not even a matter of choice, whether there shall be one or not. Like breathing, it is not permitted to depend on our volition. Necessity will force it on all communities in some one form or another. Very different is the case as to constitution. Instead of a matter of necessity, it is one of the most difficult tasks imposed on man to form a constitution worthy of the name; while to form a perfect one, — one that would completely counteract the tendency of government to oppression and abuse, and hold it strictly to the great ends for which it is ordained, — has thus far exceeded human wisdom, and possibly ever will. From this, another striking difference results. Constitution is the contrivance of man, while government is of Divine ordination. Man is left to perfect what the wisdom of the Infinite ordained, as necessary to preserve the race." pp. 7, 8.

The difficulty of forming a Constitution which shall effectually restrain the tendency of the government to abuse and excess is strongly stated. Mr. Calhoun exaggerates the evil, because he wishes to apply a violent remedy. He makes no allowance for the many minor circumstances that concur to mitigate the disease, — for the attachment which may spring

up between the governors and the governed; for the unity of interest which, on many points, binds them together; for the force of association and habit, which tends to limit their wandering; for natural deference to justice and established law; for the fact, attested by almost every page of history, that a good government may exist under a bad or imperfect Constitution. It does not suit the purposes of his argument to admit any other truth than this, — that man is prone to evil as the sparks fly upwards. Reasoning under the bias of a preconceived theory, following a narrow line of argument, he rigidly presses every conclusion that follows from his single premise, and rejects every fact or consideration which lies outside of his wilfully circumscribed path. Because every man prefers his own interest to that of his fellows, those who hold authority will seek to aggrandize themselves, instead of endeavoring to protect society. In vain are persons set to watch them, for the guardians of the Constitution will be equally tempted, and by the same cause, to be unfaithful to their trust. Universal suffrage will afford no protection, for the government will then become the mere agent of the majority, and the greater number, from the ineradicable infirmity of human nature already mentioned, will be constantly tempted to oppress the less. "The dominant majority for the time would have the same tendency to oppression and abuse of power, which, without the right of suffrage, irresponsible rulers would have." A written Constitution will not protect us, for the party in power will, "from the same constitution of man which makes government necessary to protect society," be prone to enlarge the powers granted by the Constitution, and to limit its restrictions, and will finally come "to regard these restrictions as unnecessary and improper restraints," which ought to be evaded or done away. A free press affords no safeguard, because, first, "it cannot change that principle of human nature" which makes governments necessary, and constitutions necessary; and because, secondly, it always throws its weight into the heaviest scale, or expresses most strongly "the opinion or voice of the strongest interest or combination of interests." It thus tends rather to exasperate the evil, than to palliate or subdue it.

We need not pause to expose the fallacy of this narrow species of reasoning, however severe and logical it may seem. Starting with the assumption of an original, all-pervading, and ineradicable sin in human nature, it is perfectly easy to show, that all human contrivances to prevent the manifestation of its appropriate effects must be vain. Every political device must be executed by men, — by the very beings whose evil passions or evil tendencies we seek to restrain; and when we have nothing but evil to work with, nothing but evil can result. Accordingly, we shall show the vice of Mr. Calhoun's reasoning, merely by proving that his own panacea, his own grand expedient for keeping the evils of government in check, is just as powerless as any of the methods whose inefficiency he has exposed, — that it either does away with government altogether, or leaves a miserable fraction of it with just as strong a tendency to oppression and injustice as that which operated upon it in its perfect state. He would divide the government and the nation into a number of independent parts, and require the consent of each one of them, taken separately, for the enactment of any law. Obviously, then, very few laws would be passed, as the opinions of men are even more various than their interests. The sphere of governmental action would thus be diminished, and its functions would be imperfectly discharged. The conflicting passions and interests of men, therefore, which government was originally instituted to regulate and control, would have a looser rein and a free development, just in proportion, according to Mr. Calhoun's theory, as the Constitution was perfected. Carry out the system boldly, make the number of parts very great, and the government will be virtually dissolved. Then, indeed, there will be no danger of oppression, but society will fall a prey to anarchy and ruin. If, to avoid this risk, the government is not broken up into small fractions, but only distributed into three or four large Estates, as it is in England, where King, Lords, and Commons have concurrent power, and offset or check each other, an encroaching and tyrannical majority in one of them — the House of Commons, for instance — can still inflict upon the minority the very evils of which Mr. Calhoun complains. So it would be in this

country; the government of the Union may be held in check by allowing a negative to each one of the States. But Mr. Calhoun seems to forget, that his theory, being one of unlimited application, ought to be carried out in reference to each State, as well as to the national government. New York alone now contains nearly as large a population as there was in the whole Union when the Constitution was first adopted. Even our intrepid theorist does not propose that each State should be resolved into a confederation of counties, each county into a confederation of towns, and each town into a confederation of its inhabitants, — every one of the confederates, in each case, being allowed a negative upon the proceedings of all the others. Such an extension of the scheme would nullify all government with a witness. Yet our author is bound to accept and defend it, if he would be consistent. Mr. Calhoun argues that a jury of twelve men are required to be unanimous, and yet that they seldom fail to find a verdict; whence he infers, that it should not be deemed impracticable for the various conflicting interests of a community to adopt any one line of policy without a dissenting voice. They will come to a conclusion, that is, to a compromise, he says, under the pressure of necessity; and the conclusion, because it is a compromise, will be generally acceptable to the community. He forgets that a jury have to pronounce, generally, on but one question, and that one which can usually be answered by yea or nay. Is the defendant guilty or not guilty? Is Charles or William the aggrieved party? If a jury were required to settle all the complicated affairs of state, to adjust both its external and internal policy, it may well be doubted whether they would so often be unanimous in their opinion. Besides, they are always selected with special reference to the fact, that no one of them has any personal interest in the case presented to them for trial. If they were as deeply interested in the issue, as the members of a Congress or other legislative body are in almost every law which they pass, who would expect them to agree on a verdict? It may well be doubted, also, whether a forced verdict, though it be a compromise, is likely to be a just one, or satisfactory to the public. When the decision arises from the

necessity of doing something, and from the fact that entire unanimity is required, the sorrowing and judicious many are more frequently compelled to yield to the factious and obstinate few. The conflict will be no longer one of reason and argument, but of blind strength of will, and a reckless disregard of consequences. It was so in the Polish Diet, the only perfect exemplification of Mr. Calhoun's theory that is recorded in history. A fool can interpose a sullen and unbending negative; a wise man will make concessions, and strive to save a part when he cannot command the whole.

As a general theory of government, then, we must regard Mr. Calhoun's system as impracticable and unsound. In the only case in which it has been fully carried out, it produced a long train of frightful disasters, and ended by destroying the nationality and dividing the inheritance of a most chivalrous and gallant people. To many of his particular remarks and speculations, we not only take no exception, but find them eminently ingenious, striking, and correct. But they are not arguments which tend to support his whole theory; they do not go far enough for that. They amount to nothing more than a justification of such portion of it as, by the confession of all, is actually embodied in the Constitution of the United States. In his preference of the system which requires the assent of several "concurrent majorities," as he calls them, for the passage of a law, over that which trusts the decision in every case to a mere "numerical majority" of the whole people, we heartily agree with him. The former system is exemplified, to a greater or less extent, in every mixed or constitutional government. It is the characteristic feature of the English Constitution, which Mr. Calhoun greatly admires, because every important act of the government "may be fairly considered as the result of the concurrent and joint action of the three estates of the realm." But why does he impliedly give the preference to it, in this respect, over the American Constitution, even as this Constitution is understood and administered at the present day, by the party who are most desirous of enlarging the powers of the general government? Why is it the burden of complaint, throughout his book, that here in the United States, we have departed from the system of "the concurrent majorities," and have perverted

the true meaning and intent of the Constitution, by throwing so much power into the hands of a "numerical majority" of the whole people? Our system, at the worst, is still preferable to that of England, which he praises, — preferable to it in the very point on which he lays so much stress.

According to the American Constitution, at least four concurrent majorities are required for the passage of any law; and the bodies in which these several votes are taken are so artfully composed and set off against each other, — they represent so many distinct interests and exist under such dissimilar circumstances, — that any undue or corrupt influence which may come to sway the deliberations of one of them has little chance of affecting the decision in others. A bill must first be approved by a majority in the lower House of Congress, which, though the most popular branch of the government, still does not represent the opinion of a numerical majority of the whole people, but is an aggregate of 233 separate voices, coming from as many distinct constituencies, the population of which (discarding the slaves, who are represented by their masters,) varies from about 50,000 to more than 100,000 souls. This House is so constituted, that a principle *may* fail to obtain its consent, though it be approved by three fourths of the population of the United States. The bill must next be passed by a majority of the Senate, in which the States are separately and equally represented, *as such*, — in which, Delaware, with a white population of less than 72,000, has a voice as potential as that of New York, with its three millions of inhabitants, — in which, to adopt Mr. Calhoun's own calculation,* "sixteen of the smallest States, — embracing Maryland as the largest, — with a federal population of 3,411,672, have the power of legislating for the other fourteen, with a population of 12,775,932."

The law is now sanctioned by Congress, but it has not yet passed through all its difficulties. It is still subject to the approval or disapproval of the President; and if he vetoes it, it can become a law only if approved by two thirds of the members of both Houses. The vote of eleven States in the

* This calculation is founded on the census of 1840; but the proportions would not be materially changed by the enumeration made in 1850.

Senate may convert the President's refusal of his signature into an absolute negative of the law. The eleven smallest States in the Union contain an aggregate white population of less than 2,200,000; and, practically, the Senators of these States may be chosen by less than a majority of this number. The President, therefore, with the aid of about one twentieth part of the whole people, can defeat any law. There is so little approach to unanimity in the decisions of Congress upon any important measure, that it may be safely said, upon all occasions of any moment, that the President's disapproval will be fatal to the passage of the bill. And if he sanctions it, the law may still be pronounced unconstitutional by a majority of the nine judges of the Supreme Court, who hold their offices for life, and, in every important respect, are alike independent of the government and the people. The decision of this Court, as is well observed by Mr. Calhoun, "operates as an absolute veto, which can only be overruled by an amendment of the Constitution."

Here are fences enough, one would think, against rash or unjust legislation, and against the overwhelming and tyrannical dominion of the mere numerical majority, which Mr. Calhoun so much dreads. And they are so wisely framed, that, while they are almost insuperable obstacles to wrong-doing by the dominant party, they do not put means of aggression or offence into the hands of the smaller number. They are strictly defensive weapons. The President's veto, for instance, is a shield against injurious legislation; but it is not a sword with which he can force Congress to do his bidding, or to pass such laws as he may require. It is mighty to prevent, but it is powerless to compel.

But all these checks are as nothing, or worse than nothing, in Mr. Calhoun's eyes, because his favorite device — the separate and absolute negative of any State upon the passage of a bill — is not reckoned among them. Failing to show the necessity of so extreme a precaution in any other way, he is reduced to the necessity of pointing out the indirect means and practices, which have grown up, so to speak, outside of the Constitution, — not in direct opposition to it, and yet not recognized by it, —through which the encroaching and domineer-

ing influence of the mere numerical majority has made itself felt. But his whole argument on this point is only an instructive commentary on the resistless development of the democratic principle, which is the great characteristic of the present age, though it is not more strongly marked here in America than in most of the monarchies of the Old World. Here, because it has reasonable sway within the limits of the Constitution, it expends little force against it; — there, it is altogether revolutionary and destructive. The theory of the English Constitution, certainly, has not been changed during the last thirty years; but the popular element in it, through the perfected machinery of popular agitation, through Irish Associations for Repeal and Anti-Corn Law Leagues, to say nothing of Parliamentary Reform, has made greater relative progress, than it has in the United States. Its greatest triumph is, that it has effectually cowed its opponents, the most conservative politicians now seeking only to evade its assaults, instead of meeting them with direct opposition. We may admire the boldness of so experienced a statesman as Mr. Calhoun in openly resisting its encroachments, without admitting that there is sufficient reason for the alarm with which he looks forward to its ultimate triumph. His opinions upon this subject are so inwoven with his doctrines respecting the true import of the Constitution, that it is difficult to present them separately. But the following extracts give a correct notion of the tendency of his argument.

"The first and leading error which naturally arises from overlooking the distinction referred to, [the distinction between the numerical or absolute majority, and the concurrent or constitutional majority,] is, to confound the numerical majority with the people; and this so completely as to regard them as identical. This is a consequence that necessarily results from considering the numerical as the only majority. All admit, that a popular government, or democracy, is the government of the people; for the terms imply this. A perfect government of the kind would be one which would embrace the consent of every citizen or member of the community; but as this is impracticable, in the opinion of those who regard the numerical as the only majority, and who can perceive no other way by which the sense of the people can be taken, — they are compelled to adopt this as the only true basis of popular government, in contradistinction

to governments of the aristocratical or monarchical form. Being thus constrained, they are, in the next place, forced to regard the numerical majority, as, in effect, the entire people; that is, the greater part as the whole; and the government of the greater part as the government of the whole. It is thus the two come to be confounded, and a part made identical with the whole. And it is thus, also, that all the rights, powers, and immunities of the whole people come to be attributed to the numerical majority; and, among others, the supreme, sovereign authority of establishing and abolishing governments at pleasure.

"This radical error, the consequence of confounding the two, and of regarding the numerical as the only majority, has contributed more than any other cause, to prevent the formation of popular constitutional governments, — and to destroy them even when they have been formed. It leads to the conclusion that, in their formation and establishment, nothing more is necessary than the right of suffrage, — and the allotment to each division of the community a representation in the government, in proportion to numbers. If the numerical majority were really the people; and if, to take its sense truly, were to take the sense of the people truly, a government so constituted would be a true and perfect model of a popular constitutional government; and every departure from it would detract from its excellence. But, as such is not the case, — as the numerical majority, instead of being the people, is only a portion of them, — such a government, instead of being a true and perfect model of the people's government, that is, a people self-governed, is but the government of a part, over a part, — the major over the minor portion.

"But this misconception of the true elements of constitutional government does not stop here. It leads to others equally false and fatal, in reference to the best means of preserving and perpetuating them, when, from some fortunate combination of circumstances, they are correctly formed. For they who fall into these errors regard the restrictions which organism imposes on the will of the numerical majority as restrictions on the will of the people, and, therefore, as not only useless, but wrongful and mischievous. And hence they endeavor to destroy organism, under the delusive hope of making government more democratic." pp. 29 – 31.

"It is, indeed, the single, or *one power*, which excludes the negative, and constitutes absolute government; and not the *number* in whom the power is vested. The numerical majority is as truly a *single power*, and excludes the negative as completely, as the absolute government of one, or of the few. The former is as much the absolute government

of the democratic, or popular form, as the latter, of the monarchical or aristocratical. It has, accordingly, in common with them, the same tendency to oppression and abuse of power.

"Constitutional governments, of whatever form, are, indeed, much more similar to each other, in their structure and character, than they are, respectively, to the absolute governments, even of their own class. All constitutional governments, of whatever class they may be, take the sense of the community by its parts, — each through its appropriate organ; and regard the sense of all its parts, as the sense of the whole. They all rest on the right of suffrage, and the responsibility of rulers, directly or indirectly. On the contrary, all absolute governments, of whatever form, concentrate power in one uncontrolled and irresponsible individual or body, whose will is regarded as the sense of the community. And, hence, the great and broad distinction between governments is, — not that of the one, the few, or the many, — but of the constitutional and the absolute." pp. 36 – 37.

So far as the theory of the government is concerned, the facts and calculations already cited seem to prove that the Constitution has sufficiently limited the power of the numerical majority. No one complains of these limitations; no attempt is made to shake the basis of representation in the Senate, on the ground that it is not sufficiently democratic. It cannot be denied, however, that the practice under the Constitution, and the usage of parties, have done much to neutralize the effect of these salutary provisions, and to give to the majority of the whole people power far more extensive and immediate than the framers of that instrument ever dreamed of. The war of parties now relates almost exclusively to the quadrennial election of a President. The immense patronage which is concentrated in the hands of this officer, and the manner in which it is dispensed, have given to this occasion a factitious interest and importance. All other political contests are waged with reference to it; parties are organized with a single view to the effect which they may produce at this crisis. An important provision of the Constitution — the establishment of an electoral college — has been practically set aside, for the purpose of throwing the decision directly into the hands of the people. The *form* is preserved, of voting immediately for the electors; but every one knows that this is a mere farce. Every elector is pledged

irretrievably to vote for one out of the two candidates who alone are permitted to appear in the field. If a third candidate is sometimes nominally presented, it is from no expectation that he may possibly be chosen, or even that he may so divide the vote as to throw the decision into the hands of the Representatives in Congress; but from a vague hope, that the party which supports him may thus acquire a prominence and consistency, which shall enable it to select one of the two leading candidates at the next trial. The election being completed, all the efforts of the newly constituted government are immediately turned to the contest which is to recur after four years' interval. The Senate fails to be an efficient check upon the House, and the President is no longer the efficient guardian of the Constitution against both, because every other object is made secondary to the chances of success when this great contest shall recur.

All this, it seems to us, however much it may be deplored, is not an infringement of the Constitution, and cannot be remedied by amending that instrument, or in any other way than by increasing the watchfulness and intelligence of the people. It is a result of the strife of parties; it is caused by political management and intrigue. Demagogues, wire-pullers, and office-seekers have been permitted to usurp the control of the elections, — to devise machinery, and keep it in action, through which, aided by the supineness and neglect of the major and better portion of the community, they have taken the work out of the hands of the population at large, and have performed it in their own way and for their own benefit. The evil is rather a moral one, than an indication of defect in the political fabric. Universal suffrage, it must be admitted, is attended with this inconvenience, that most persons set little store by a privilege which is common to all, and which, after all, is but seldom exercised. Voting day comes round, usually, but once or twice a year; we vote for a President only once in four years. Those who have no personal interest at stake — that is, who are not seekers after office — come to regard the affair with great indifference, and often do not vote at all. As for making preparations beforehand, and selecting the proper persons to be candidates for office, they give them-

sélves no trouble whatever; all this is managed by a few busybodies and a few political aspirants, whose previous action is really decisive of the issue. Casting the actual ballots is a mere form; the choice was really made in the preliminary meetings, — in the previous designation of the candidates. Hardly any one, nowadays, votes for the man of his own choice; he votes for one already chosen by other persons, and often by persons to whose judgment, in any matter which really affected his interest and his feelings, he would disdain to submit. As the system is now arranged, the only freedom of choice which is left to the individual voter, is, to select that one out of two or three persons previously designated, whose elevation to the Presidency he would consider to be least injurious to the country.

Mr. Calhoun saw this evil clearly, and paints it in the darkest colors; but he characteristically attributes it to that amendment of the Constitution which was adopted after the contest between Jefferson and Burr in 1801.

"The first step was, to diminish the number of candidates, from which the selection should be made, from the five, to the three, highest on the list; and, — in order to lessen the chances of a failure to choose by the electoral college, — to provide that the electors, instead of voting for two, without discriminating the offices, should designate which was for the President, and which for the Vice-President. This was effected in the regular way, by an amendment of the constitution. Since then, the constitution, as amended, has been in practice superseded by what is called *the usage of parties;* that is, by each selecting, informally, persons to meet at some central point, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, — with the avowed object of preventing the election from going into the House of Representatives; and, of course, by superseding the eventual choice on the part of this body, to abolish, in effect, one of the two elements of which the government is constituted, so far, at least, as the executive department is concerned. As it now stands, the complex and refined machinery provided by the constitution for the election of the President and Vice-President is virtually superseded. The nomination of the successful party, by irresponsible individuals, makes, in reality, the choice." p. 224.

It is true that the Constitution, as amended, has been practically superseded by the usage of parties; but the same cause would equally have superseded it, if it had remained in its

original state. The usage of designating the candidates in party conventions has sprung up to avoid the inconvenience of a scattered vote and a frequent failure to elect, so that the House of Representatives would generally be required to choose the President. This result has been almost universally deprecated, though it meets with so much favor in the eyes of Mr. Calhoun. As that body is now constituted, it is certainly unfit to exercise this high function. Intrigues and cabals would be rife among the members, and all confidence in the purity of the election would be lost. No judicious friend of his country would wish for a repetition of the scene that was enacted when Mr. Jefferson was chosen.

The decision made in 1789, and which was carried in the Senate only by the casting vote of the Vice-President, that the heads of departments and all inferior officers are removable from office at the mere will of the President, though most of them cannot be appointed by him without the advice and consent of the Senate, was certainly an unfortunate one, and has been followed by a long train of evils. Mr. Madison rightly observed at the time, that the decision "would become the permanent exposition of the Constitution, and on that permanent exposition would depend the genius and character of the whole government." We have the high authority of Mr. Webster, to which is added that of Mr. Calhoun, for saying that, on Constitutional grounds, the decision is indefensible. Its evil consequences were not fully developed till about 1830, when the system of wholesale removal from office, for the purpose of rewarding unscrupulous political partisans with "the spoils," commenced. The following is not too strong a picture of the disastrous result.

"Its effect has been to engender the most corrupting, loathsome, and dangerous disease, that can infect a popular government; — I mean that known by the name of "*the Spoils.*" It is a disease easily contracted under all forms of government; — hard to prevent, and most difficult to cure, when contracted; but of all the forms of government, it is, by far, the most fatal in those of a popular character. The decision, which left the President free to exercise this mighty power, according to his will and pleasure, — uncontrolled and unregulated by Congress, scattered broadcast the seeds of this dangerous disease, throughout the whole system. It might be long before they would germinate; — but that they

would spring up in time; and, if not eradicated, that they would spread over the whole body politic a corrupting and loathsome distemper, was just as certain as any thing in the future. To expect, with its growing influence and patronage, that the honors and emoluments of the government, if left to the free and unchecked will of the Executive, would not be brought, in time, to bear on the presidential election, implies profound ignorance of that constitution of our nature which renders governments necessary to preserve society, and constitutions to prevent the abuses of governments." pp. 347 – 348.

Yet it may be doubted if a different exposition of the Constitution would have removed all the evils which Mr. Calhoun now complains of; and we are quite sure that his great panacea, of allowing each State an absolute negative upon any decision of Congress, would have been wholly inoperative to this end. The power to remove dishonest or incompetent persons from office must be lodged somewhere; the incumbents could not safely be permitted to hold their posts on the same independent tenure as the members of the judiciary. The natural check would be, what was proposed, to make removal from office, as well as appointment to it, dependent upon the advice and consent of the Senate. Yet this check would be insufficient, as can be easily shown. Even now, the removal of the old incumbent takes place only as a consequence of the appointment of a new one; and as the Senate must approve or reject the latter proceeding, it has an opportunity, if it would only exert it, of intimating very significantly its opinion of the former one. It does not use this opportunity, and is consequently participant in the guilt or shame of the whole system. In truth, the source of the evil lies farther back; it consists in the strength of the party ties which bind together so firmly the President and his political supporters both in Congress and out of it. We need not make the offensive supposition that the Senators themselves are influenced by the expectation of office, to be received from the President, as a reward for their confirmation of his other appointments. The position which they already hold is so elevated, that hardly any office in the executive department can appear desirable to them; and many of them are so situated that they could not, or would not, accept such office. It

is not as a matter of personal interest, then, but as one of party interest, as a means of strengthening the political combination to which they belong, that they do not exercise the power which they possess, to overturn the whole shameless system of purchasing and rewarding unscrupulous services, chicanery, and intrigue, by "the spoils." And the measure of blame which is due even to this motive ought to be divided between them and their constituents. By such conduct, they only fulfil the expectations, and even the wishes, of those who gave them their places in the Senate.

The public interest suffers in many ways by this system, apart from the loss of national reputation and dignity by the shameless procedure. Frequent change of the incumbents of office is a wilful sacrifice of all the tact, skill, and knowledge which may be gained from experience. In the management of foreign affairs, for instance, how much injury is likely to result from the removal of every agent as soon as he has had time to qualify himself for the thorough discharge of the duties of his post! This country alone is generally represented at the principal capitals of Europe by persons who speak no other language than their own, who have had no diplomatic training, and who were not selected for the office on account of any peculiar fitness for it which might be supposed to result from character or education, but solely because they had rendered important political services at home, in a very different sphere of action. It is idle to say, that the peculiar principles of our government require this sacrifice of the national interest, or that frequent rotation in office is consonant with the genius of democratic institutions. It is not so; true democracy regards the public officer as a public servant, as appointed not because he has any personal claim to the office, not because the appointment itself is a reward, but because it is for the public interest that he should sustain the burden of the station. The contrary supposition would imply, that the interest of the public must be made subservient to the interest of the individual, or that the individual is entitled to claim a reward for simply doing his duty to the country. At any rate, if such a reward is due, let it be paid by a public pension, by a laurel wreath or an olive crown, and not by

placing the person to be benefited in a situation where he will only cancel the memory of his former services, and injure or disgrace the nation, by his incompetency and his blunders.

It is hardly necessary to say, that these remarks are not designed to censure the conduct of one party more than another. We suppose it is now frankly admitted on all hands, that the practice here complained of has become the established usage of all parties; and we do not care even to inquire with which of them it originated. What is done by the Democrats to-day, was done by the Whigs yesterday, and would be done by any other party that might acquire the ascendency tomorrow. It has become the common law of our political contests. But this fact does not render the usage defensible, — does not even afford a presumption in its favor. At best, the system is one of recent introduction; it did not exist, as a system, under the first five or six presidential terms. But it has been a fungus of rapid growth, and its poisonous exhalations have already infected the whole political atmosphere.

If a remedy is possible, it must be sought for, not in an amendment of the Constitution, but in some modification of the present state of parties. The object would be to inspire the body of the people with more interest in the elections, and thereby to take the exclusive management of them out of the hands of political intriguers and office-seekers. We are not utopian enough to imagine that party spirit in the republic can be done away with, and that all good men can be united in the pursuit of a common spirit. Parties must exist; they would grow out of the diversities of men's characters, if they did not spring from the opposition of their interests. But great benefits may result from breaking up the old organization of them, and allowing new ones to be formed under fresh impulses, and with different ends in view, — accommodated to the altered circumstances of the times. We have gone through such a process once or twice already, since the formation of the Constitution. The old Federal party has long been extinct, though Mr. Calhoun bitterly complains that its principles and policy were never more fully developed, or more completely reduced to practice, than under the administration of General Jackson, whose indomitable will, aided by the

splendid powers of Mr. Webster, effectually crushed the Nullification heresy. At the end of Mr. Monroe's administration, — "the last of the line of Virginia Presidents, — the old State Rights' party [also] ceased to exist as a party, after having held power for twenty-four years." Monroe's administration, indeed, was generally distinguished as "the era of good feelings," on account of the extinction of the old party animosities; he was elected to office for his second term without opposition, receiving every vote but one in the electoral college. The old republican party, which had risen to power under the able guidance of Mr. Jefferson, now changed its name; "it took the title," says Mr. Calhoun, "of the Democratic party, or, more emphatically, the Democracy. The change of name was ominous of a change of policy. It showed much less devotion than before to "the reserved powers" of the States, "and was much more inclined to regard mere numbers as the sole political element, and the numerical majority as entitled to the absolute right to govern. It was, also, much more inclined to adopt the national than the republican creed, as far as the money power was concerned; and, to this extent, much more disposed to act with the advocates of the former than the latter."

What has happened once may happen again. It is time for the old appellations, and the old parties themselves, to die out, when the contest between them, in respect to principles and measures, has virtually ceased, and the opposition is only kept alive as a means of political intrigue, and an avenue for the attainment of office. It is a little remarkable, that the old party lines are beginning to fade out at the same time both in England and this country; and great inconveniences are experienced in both, from the attempt to continue the vitality of the old organisms after their natural life has departed. The Whig and Tory parties in England exist no longer; after the principle of Protection was finally abandoned, the ministry of Earl Derby and Mr. D'Israeli differed from "Her Majesty's opposition" in no other manner whatever, than as those contented politicians who are *in* office, must always differ from the aspiring politicians who are *out* of it. This state of things may be very well in any country where there are statesmen to

spare; but even the nominal difference becomes somewhat inconvenient, when "all the talents" combined, of all the parties, are hardly enough to furnish forth one able administration. Accordingly, the Earl of Aberdeen and Lord John Russell, when both were out of office, found it a very easy matter to form a union, for the purpose of getting in again; and the present patchwork ministry is the result. It is, indeed, "an administration checkered and speckled," — "a cabinet variously inlaid," — "a tessellated pavement," — "patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, Whigs and Tories." But though coalitions are generally, and with good reason, unpopular in England, the present ministry appears to be a strong one, and to stand high in public opinion. The individual members of it had been acting in opposite camps; but they found, to their surprise, that there was no obstacle to their acting in concert, that the grounds of former quarrel had ceased to exist, and that there was no principle to be sacrificed by either party, and no "open questions" to be left, in order to enable them to act together with perfect harmony.

In this country, also, it would be difficult to point out any cause of dissension between the Whigs and Democrats, except that one party has now got all the offices, and the other has recently forfeited them; and this cause, the body of the people, who neither hold office nor wish for it, may be supposed to regard with profound indifference. There are, indeed, questions enough which are fiercely debated in Congress and the newspapers; but they are not questions in respect to which Whigs are separated from Democrats. In relation to a protective tariff, a national bank, the management of the public lands, the improvement of rivers and harbors, State rights, slavery, and all other notorious topics of agitation and dispute, politicians array themselves on opposite sides without the slightest reference to their connection with one or the other of the two great parties, which, for the last twenty years, have contended with each other for the possession of the Presidency, and all the other offices under the national government. Though these two parties had other objects in view when they were first instituted, they have long since lost sight of them, and now continue to exist apparently for

the sole purpose of obtaining a monopoly of the government patronage. We do not mean that they are conscious of this alteration of purpose. Most of those who quietly allow themselves to be counted as Whigs and Democrats, though they never do duty in that capacity except on voting day, and not always then, have a vague apprehension, founded on the recollection of old contests, when principles and measures were really at stake, that the government would be more safely placed in the hands of their own party than in those of their opponents. Perhaps this confidence has been a little shaken by the course of events during the last two or three political campaigns. A good deal of discontent has existed among "the rank and file," as to the conduct and management of their self-appointed commanders, the office-seekers. Those who have nothing to do but to vote, have begun to be worried by the incessant solicitations of their leaders not to omit the performance of this very patriotic duty, in which about as much liberty of choice is left to them, as is given to the convict, who is permitted to say whether he will be shot or hanged. In spite of all this solicitation and drumming, in spite of repeated assurances that "to throw away one's vote," by casting it for the man whom one really prefers, is a crime little short of treason, it frequently happens that nearly half of the population do not vote at all, and many of the others are tempted to exclaim, with honest Mercutio, "A plague on both the houses!"

The present moment seems a favorable one, therefore, for calling attention to the fact, that these party names of Whig and Democrat now mean nothing and point to nothing — that they are only the memorials of a past conflict — that the antagonism which they indicate is with difficulty maintained by the strenuous efforts of a few, who alone have any interest in keeping it alive — and that this factitious hostility, this seeming warfare, is injurious to the best interests, and prejudicial to the good name, of the republic. It is not at all to the purpose to say, that if these two parties are allowed to die out, others will soon arise to take their places. Parties cannot be formed anew, unless some great principle or measure is at stake; men will not rally around a new standard, if

it be not erected for a more creditable motive than a division of the spoils, though their attachment to it may continue long after the motto which it bears has become a meaningless phrase. If but one Presidential election could pass without a contest, as in 1821, this indecent scramble for office could not be renewed for a period of eight years, and might not be repeated for a much longer time. He who was elected with the concurrence of the whole people would have no partisans to reward, and no opponents to punish. He would be relieved from the humiliation of having most of his appointments to office dictated by party considerations, — by the necessity of serving the interests of a faction, instead of consulting the welfare of the state. Legislators would no longer be forced, by the imperative behests of their party leaders, to vote for measures which at heart they condemn. The people might have the satisfaction of selecting, once in a while, their own candidates for office, and thus, perchance, of electing those who had deserved well of the republic, instead of being compelled to "choose" those only who are pointed out to them as the most *available* candidates for party purposes.

Two antagonistic parties mutually exasperate and endanger each other, and thus each becomes an indirect cause of the injudicious and blameworthy measures which it censures in its opponent. Pressed by numerous and watchful adversaries, each is obliged to follow expediency instead of right, to enforce strict discipline in its own ranks, to oblige its adherents to sacrifice, not only their preferences, but their consciences, and to clutch at every measure which may give them a slight accession of strength in a single closely contested district, though the great majority of their own forces come to support it with heartfelt reluctance. True patriotism and elevated statesmanship become impracticable conceptions in this state of things. A generous neophyte in politics, who seeks to keep such lofty ends in view, is told by his more experienced associates, that he is sacrificing a general and immediate good, the continuance of their own party in office, for a remote and doubtful advantage; every minor consideration must be given up in the struggle to keep wicked men and dangerous principles out of power. The welfare of party

is thus established as the sole rule of conduct, and high-minded men become disgusted, and refuse even to enter the arena where so miserable a conflict is waged. Politics have already become a dishonored profession in our land, and the most intelligent and virtuous citizens refuse to expose themselves to its contaminations. The most eminent and deserving find that the vigor of their characters and the splendor of their abilities are the only insuperable obstacles to their success in the general scramble for power. They must be passed over, because their merits have been great and their lives conspicuous, in order that some candidate may be found whose career has been so obscure that nothing can be said against him. We do not fear that this language will seem too strong. There is hardly a citizen of the republic who does not now sincerely grieve, that the three great statesmen whom the country has recently lost were not rewarded, in turn, with the highest honor in her gift. The loss was not theirs, but ours. Widely as they differed from each other in their political views and tendencies, all parties will now admit, not merely that each one of them had fairly earned the Presidency, but that the administration of one or all of them would have been an honor to the country, and would have cast new lustre upon our republican institutions. All will admit, also, that the present organization of parties in the Union was the only insuperable obstacle to their rise to power.

Two of these great men have sanctioned, by their arguments and their names, the views which we have here endeavored to present respecting the consequences of party divisions in the United States; and we gladly borrow their clear and forcible statements, which now come to us with the authority of voices from the tomb. The following is an extract from a speech made by Mr. Webster in Faneuil Hall, April 3d, 1825, at a meeting called for the express purpose of approving a dissolution of the old party ties, and ratifying the nominations that had been made without reference to party.

"He hardly conceived how well disposed and intelligent minds could differ as to the question, whether party contest and party strife, organized, systematic, and continued, were of themselves desirable ingredi-

ents in the composition of society. Difference of opinion on political subjects, honorable competition, and emulous rivalry, may indeed be useful. But these are very different things from organized and systematic party combinations. He admitted, it was true, that party associations were sometimes unavoidable, and perhaps necessary to the accomplishment of other ends and purposes. But this did not prove that, of themselves, they were good; or that they should be continued and preserved for their own sake, when there had ceased to be any object to be effected by them.

"But there were those who supposed, that, whether political party distinctions were or were not useful, it was impossible to abolish them. Now he thought, on the contrary, that, under present circumstances, it was quite impossible to continue them. New parties, indeed, might arise, growing out of new events or new questions; but as to those old parties which had sprung from controversies now no longer pending, or from feelings which time and other causes had now changed, or greatly allayed, he did not believe that they could long remain. Efforts, indeed, made to that end, with zeal and perseverance, might delay their extinction, but, he thought, could not prevent it. There was nothing to keep alive these distinctions in the interests and objects which now engaged society. New questions and new objects arise, having no connection with the subjects of past controversies, and present interest overcomes or absorbs the recollection of former controversies. Those who are united on these existing questions and present interests will not be disposed to weaken their efforts to promote them, by angry reflections on past differences. If there were nothing *in things* to divide about, he thought the people not likely to maintain systematic controversies about *men*. They have no interest in so doing. Associations formed to support *principles* may be called *parties;* but if they have no bond of union but adherence to particular *men*, they become *factions*."

Surely, these words are as applicable at the present hour as when they were first uttered. The circumstances, indeed, are strikingly similar in the two cases. Then, as now, we had as President a New England man, recently elected, who had belonged for many years to that political party which was predominant in the whole Union, though it had been most frequently in the minority in Massachusetts. Opposition to the administration of Mr. Adams, on the old party grounds, was abandoned as meaningless and impolitic.

In the volume of Mr. Calhoun's writings that is now before

us, we find this brief and able exposure of one of the great evils resulting from a division of the whole people into two well organized and almost equally balanced parties. Alluding to the triumph, in 1833, of the Constitutional doctrine, that the national government has the right to judge, in the last resort, of the extent of its own powers, and to use the military and naval forces of the Union to carry its decisions into effect, he says, —

"By the great increase of power and patronage which it conferred on the government, it contributed vastly to increase the concentration and intensity of party struggles, and to make the election of President the all-absorbing question. The effect of this was, to induce both parties to seek the votes of every faction or combination by whose aid they might hope to succeed; — flattering them, in return, with the prospect of establishing the doctrines they professed, or of accomplishing the objects they desired. This state of things could not fail to give importance to any fanatical party, however small, which cared more for the object that united them, than for the success of either party; especially if it should be of a character to accord, in the abstract, with the feeling of that portion of the community generally. Each of the great parties, in order to secure their support, would, in turn, endeavor to conciliate them, by professing a great respect for them, and a disposition to aid in accomplishing the objects they wished to effect. This dangerous system of electioneering could not fail to increase the party, and to give it great additional strength; to be followed, of course, by an increased anxiety on the part of those who desired its aid, to conciliate its favor; thus keeping up the action and reaction of those fatal elements, from day to day, — the one, rising in importance, as its influence extended over the section — the other sinking in subserviency to its principles and purposes." p. 374.

According to Mr. Calhoun's own showing here, it is not so much the Constitutional doctrine respecting the powers of the general government, as the sharp contest between two great parties which are almost equally balanced, that often induces one of them to take into favor opinions which it did not originally share, and which are still distasteful to the great body of its adherents, for the purpose of conciliating the good will and support of a small combination of men, whose weight is just sufficient to turn the political scale.

Hence arises what may be called the paradox of a popular government, — that the opinion or the policy of a feeble minority often comes to sway, with the greatest violence and arbitrariness, the determinations of the majority, and thus to rule in the councils of the nation. Whenever, on the eve of a Presidential election, a small number of persons are found to be banded together with great resoluteness in the pursuit of some one object, the ties which unite them to one or the other of the two great parties being held in comparatively light esteem, a doubt arises whether they do not hold the balance of power at the coming contest; and under the influence of this doubt, the most extravagant concessions are made to them by one or both of the contending parties. Their favorite object is suddenly exalted from its obscure position to a high place in national esteem; it becomes a mark and guide of all political effort. The country appears to be seized with a sudden frenzy; indifference upon this single point is stigmatized as a crime. This was the secret of the sudden but temporary success of the Anti-Masonic and the Native American excitement. Thrice, within the last twelve years, the same cause has brought the country to the brink of a war with England. It is a cheap method of obtaining a little additional popularity, or buying a few extra votes, to vapor about preserving the honor and the interests of the country in its foreign relations. As no one is supposed to be hostile to the successful prosecution even of a doubtful national claim, the good will which is thus conciliated is all clear gain. A bullying assertion of our country's rights, or what are called such, can offend no one, and may afford great delight to a few. Accordingly, the people usually seem to be seized with a war-frenzy just once in every four years. There appeared to be serious danger, at one time, that success in the last Presidential contest might seem to depend on the favor of the little faction which has twice signalized itself by an insane and piratical invasion of Cuba. Fortunately, the number of those who wished to repeat the mad experiment was found to be so contemptibly small, that their votes would not be worth purchasing.

Remove the constant pressure of a formidable opposition,

take away the dread of surrendering any advantage, however slight, to the adverse party, and the dominant party will not feel itself constrained to adopt these extreme measures, to make these disgraceful concessions, or to plunge the country into a war, for the sake of preserving its own superiority at home. Strict party discipline will no longer be enforced; members of Congress will be allowed sometimes to vote according to their consciences; individuals will seek to acquire honor and station by some more creditable means than mere subserviency to the interests of a faction, which has no higher end in view than the attainment of office. To oppose the party which is in possession of the government, whether its conduct be right or wrong, is a sure method of driving it into wrong, in self-defence. So, also, in the Presidential election; if a rival candidate is to take the field at all events, whether the nomination be a good one or not, then the party will feel itself compelled to put forward, not the most capable and deserving person, but the most available one. On the other hand, let it be generally understood that no organized opposition will be made, if one of the more eminent and respectable members of the party should be selected as a candidate, and those who have this selection to make, for the sake of their own credit, will be sure to make a good one. To allow one or more of the elections to pass without a contest, would also be the best policy for those who seek the aid and countenance of the general government for one or more of the great interests of the country, or to advance some scheme of public utility. At present, it is notorious that the attention of Congress cannot be diverted from the discreditable game of party tactics and the indecent scramble for office, to any of the great measures affecting the welfare of the whole country. The greater part of the session is consumed in making speeches avowedly intended to affect the elections, or in calling the yeas and nays, and contesting points of order, in order to stave off a discussion or a vote. Take away party hostility, and these scenes will not be of so frequent occurrence, and perchance a little time may be gained for the consideration of subjects so momentous as the tariff, the currency, the proper disposal of the public lands, the fisheries, and reciprocity of trade with the British Colonies.

But Mr. Calhoun's speculations have already led us farther than we have been accustomed to venture into the discussion of the party politics of the hour. We return to his volume, however, only for the purpose of taking leave of it with an expression of sincere respect for the frankness and ability with which it is written, and for the honesty of the author's purposes, however we may dissent from many of his opinions. We have not even noticed his elaborate argument for the Constitutionality of the doctrine, that every State has the right of interposing an absolute negative upon the proceedings of Congress. It implies no disrespect to his memory to say, that the time for this discussion is past, and that the question has been definitively settled against him. What he could not accomplish when contending, with the whole vigor of his intellect and the great weight of his character, in his favorite arena, the Senate, before a tribunal composed exclusively of representatives of the States, certainly cannot be effected by a posthumous publication, which men may read, though they may not care to answer. The doctrine of Nullification is buried in the grave of its most illustrious defender.

ART. IX. — *Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Depreciation of Gold.* By M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, Member of the Institute of France, &c. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 117.

M. CHEVALIER stands at the head of the political economists of France. He is eminent not only for his thorough knowledge of the theory of the science, but for his familiarity with statistical details, and for the successful manner in which he has applied them to the elucidation and proof of the leading doctrines of political economy. It was, indeed, as a statistical writer that he first became distinguished, and gained the high honor of membership of the French Institute. His work upon the resources of this country, in particular, is an

excellent repertory of carefully observed and well digested facts, which, with the conclusions founded upon them, may yet be studied with interest and profit by the scientific inquirer. During the saturnalia of opinion and action which followed the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848, his writings did much to calm the public mind, and to refute those heresies of Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and others, in economical and political science, which, under the terrible excitement of that epoch, seemed about to plunge the whole country into anarchy and ruin. His demonstration of the folly and wickedness of the theories of these persons, and of the various schemes of Communistic and Socialist philosophy, preceded the decisive refutation of them which soon followed from actual experiment. His opinions, therefore, upon any subject falling within the range of his peculiar studies, are entitled to be received with much respect.

In common with other political economists and statisticians, the attention of M. Chevalier has been specially turned to the great problem which now so deeply interests the whole commercial world, — the probable effect of the immense increase in the annual supply of gold which has proceeded from the discoveries in California and Australia. He is preparing a work upon the subject, and the pamphlet now before us is a translation of a portion of it, which he furnished in manuscript to a friend in London. The translator, himself no mean authority upon such a point, has judiciously added to this fragment two very able and elaborate articles upon the subject, that were published eight or nine months ago in The Times newspaper, and some useful tables in farther illustration of it that appeared in the same journal. It is gratifying to find, that the facts adduced and the opinions expressed by M. Chevalier coincide, in the main, with those which were published in this Review six months since. We recur to the subject at present, not for the purpose of exploring the ground anew, but to give a brief abstract of the views of this eminent economist, and such extracts from his work as tend to corroborate the statements made on the former occasion.

The general conclusion of M. Chevalier is well stated by his translator, — "namely, *that the supplies of gold now pouring*

into Europe must, at an early period, occasion an immense rise in the price of all commodities," or, what is the same thing, a great decline in the value of money. The change is already visible to some extent, though the enhancement of prices hitherto certainly has not kept pace with the increasing abundance of gold. But as soon as the effect becomes strongly marked in the prices of the necessaries of life, "we may expect to see the public suddenly push the advance in prices as much above the point warranted by the augmented supplies of gold, as these prices are now, in my opinion, below that point." There will be an excitement, perhaps a panic, such as naturally arises when the people suddenly learn that they are in the midst of a revolution of unparalleled magnitude in a matter that most nearly concerns their commercial undertakings and their fortunes. But the panic will subside, and the world will slowly come to recognize the fact, supported by indubitable evidence, that the revolution will be for good and not for evil, that it will be uniform and diffused through a long period of years, and that these will be years, on the whole, of increasing industry, enterprise, and prosperity. The opinion that the depreciation will be a benefit to the whole community, is not expressed by M. Chevalier so decidedly as we could wish. Yet he has no gloomy forebodings in relation to it, and he admits enough to prove that he does not regard it as a public calamity. In the first place, he says, "a fall in the value of gold, like that of any other commodity, and *viewed as such*, is a decided benefit; because every commodity that falls in price becomes thereby more accessible, or rather less inaccessible, to the bulk of mankind." So far, however, as gold performs the functions of a standard of value, the change must be injurious to a portion of the community, whose income will no longer bear so high a proportion to their wants. While their income, nominally, will remain the same, it will not suffice to purchase so many of the comforts and luxuries of life as it does at present. Yet in respect to the whole community, the *direct* loss and gain will be exactly balanced; whatever one person may *lose* by the derangement of prices and existing contracts, others must *gain* to the same extent. In this democratic country, also, we may be permitted to con-

sider it as an advantage, that the gain will be very widely diffused — will be shared by the great bulk of the community; while the corresponding loss will fall upon a comparatively small number, and upon those who are best able to bear it. The great inequality in the distribution of wealth is the most frightful social evil that civilized man has to contend with, — an evil which is felt more keenly, because all the remedies which theorists have proposed for it, looking, as they always do, to some infraction of the right of property, would unquestionably tend to an aggravation of the disease. But when human wisdom is most at fault, God's moral government of the world is most effectually vindicated. Who could have foreseen that a famine of unprecedented severity, and the compulsory expatriation of one half of the people of Ireland, would be the means, in the long run, of effecting the regeneration of that unhappy country? Yet who can doubt, after the experience of the last five years, that such will be the ultimate result? In like manner, the discovery of immense deposits of gold in California and Australia is fast relieving Great Britain of her superfluous population, and raising the price of labor, while the effect of that gold upon the prices of all merchantable articles promises to alleviate the burdens of the indebted classes, to lessen the pressure of taxation, and to counteract the inordinate aggregation of the goods of this life in the hands of a few, to a greater extent than the most sanguine philanthropist, till recently, ever dreamed of. The same cause is also operating, and will long continue to operate, as a most effective stimulus to industry and enterprise throughout the world; and this good will not be offset by any corresponding evil.

But we return to the question which is first in order, whether the present influx of gold will cause a certain and early decline in the value of money. M. Chevalier considers at some length the arguments of those who still maintain that any important variation in the exchangeable value of gold is beyond the range of probabilities. These persons insist chiefly on the new and vast outlets which are preparing for the increased supply of gold; on the fact that several nations are now, for the first time, adopting gold as the basis of their currency; on

the rapid increase of population which results from the long continuance of the peace of nations, and on the consequent enlarged demand for coin; on the new colonies formed in the gold-bearing regions themselves, where, for a time at least, a metallic currency will be exclusively used; on the rapidly advancing civilization of Russia and Turkey, and the new demand thus created for coin and for articles of luxury, in the production of which gold is consumed; and on the general progress of mankind, the advancement of wealth, and the illimitable extension of human desires. M. Chevalier admits the presence of all these countervailing causes, and even indicates others, which, he thinks, have escaped notice. Foremost among these is the fact that, as rapidly as the coin is depreciated, more gold is required to be used as coin. It is usually computed, that the metallic currency of Great Britain and Ireland amounts to 60 millions sterling, or about 300 millions of dollars. If this consisted exclusively of gold, its weight would be about 1,176,470 pounds troy. Now suppose a fall of one third to take place in the value of the metal; then the quantity required to effect the same number of exchanges as before would be half as much again, or 1,764,705 pounds troy, being an addition of 588,235 pounds for Great Britain alone. The whole world would require at least ten times as much, or somewhat less than six millions of pounds troy. The whole annual product of California and Australia, taken together, probably does not exceed, as yet, 30 millions of pounds sterling, or about the sum necessary for effecting this reduction in Great Britain alone; so that ten years must elapse before the value of gold can be depreciated to this extent all over the earth, even if the annual product should all be coined into money, — a supposition which is far from being correct. The annual depreciation, therefore, can hardly exceed one thirtieth, or a little more than three per cent. The depreciation must be very gradual, then, but in spite of these counteracting causes, it is inevitable.

"Does it follow, in sound logic, from the above and other facts, which are put forward for the purpose of making any serious fall in the value of gold appear highly improbable — does it, we say, really follow, that gold will remain stationary, or nearly so, even on the supposition, (for, after all, we are dealing with a conjecture, though that

conjecture is every day approaching nearer to a certainty,) that the production will attain, or rather, will maintain, for many years to come, much higher proportions than before the recent discoveries? I confess that I can discover, in all the arguments advanced, nothing more than grounds for anticipating *delay*, or slackened progress, in the depreciation. Nay, I am of opinion, that this delay, or slackened progress, must, *ere long*, cease. Let us examine consecutively the different reasons that have been put forward.

"The United States of America, as well as Russia, we are told, are coining, or storing in their vaults, as security for their paper circulation, large quantities of gold coin. Nothing is more true as regards late years; but for the very reason that this drain has been in operation for a considerable time, it is not destined to be of much longer continuance. If one milliard of francs (forty millions sterling) in gold amply suffices for the monetary wants of England, we may conclude that, for the present, less than one milliard suffices for the United States, because, in the latter country, the practice of private individuals keeping on hand a supply of specie is even more unusual than it is in England. Banking accounts current, which greatly economize the use of coin, are there universally adopted, even in the villages. It must be remarked, too, that, in the United States, bank-notes replace specie, even more extensively than they do in England, inasmuch as the Americans have bank-notes for five dollars in all the States of the Union, and for a still lower denomination, in certain States, and it would be next to impossible to induce them to adopt ten dollars, or fifty-four francs, as the lowest denomination of their notes; whereas, in the United Kingdom, the lowest Bank of England note is for five pounds, and the circulation of small notes in Scotland and Ireland is extremely limited. According to this calculation, the United States, to judge from the quantity of gold coined there since the discovery of the Californian mines, must already be supplied with at least one half of the stock of that metal which is required, at its present value; and we exaggerate somewhat in supposing that, to complete their metallic circulation, they may still require 150,000 kilogrammes of gold. That amount of coin would represent 500 millions of francs, or twenty millions sterling. As regards Russia, we may presume that she is still nearer repletion, since, during many years, the Russian Government has coined, and deposited in the vaults of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Petersburg, a large portion of the gold produced by their own mines, in order that it may serve as security for the paper money which circulates throughout that empire, and answers all the purposes of trade. We will allow a wide margin, and estimate her additional

wants at 150,000 kilogrammes of gold. As for Turkey, without decrying that country, and while paying a due tribute of respect to some of her statesmen who are striving to regenerate its institutions, we must add, with regret, that their progress is slow, and the quantity of gold which that country seems destined to absorb, both for coinage and other wants, appears likely to be very insignificant for a long time to come.

"Unquestionably there are countries where civilization, but recently introduced, is rapidly spreading. Striking examples of this are presented by Australia and her dependencies, as well as by California, Oregon, and several regions of Central America. Of these countries, some will coin gold, and perhaps employ gold exclusively; or, which comes to the same thing, they will receive back from Europe, in the shape of coined money, for the transaction of current business, a fraction of the gold transmitted thence in bars or dust. As regards Australia,* at least, there can be no doubt on the subject. But we shall exceed all the bounds of possibility, if we suppose, for the sake of argument, (what does appear to me to be a great exaggeration,) that, during the next ten years, these countries and Turkey, together, may absorb, for their metallic circulation, gold to the extent of one milliard of francs, (forty millions sterling,) or about 300,000 kilogrammes."

pp. 38 – 42.

With respect to the consumption of gold in gilding and the arts, M. Chevalier finds reason to believe that it is trifling indeed, when compared with the anticipated increase in the production of the metal. Gold leaf is so thin that a pound of it will cover a very large surface; and in the manufacture of lace, as the coating is but one twelfth part as thick as gold leaf, it is found that a piece of gold which is now worth only sixty-five cents will suffice to gild a wire 2,187 yards long. The trinkets and other articles manufactured of gold are usually very light, and the demand even for these is inconsiderable. Jewellers and goldsmiths often remelt old trinkets and coins, not more than half of the metal which they consume being new or unworked. The official returns of the *bureaux de garantie* in France, for the last eleven years, show that the average quantity of gold work annually tested and stamped in that country has not exceeded 5,000 kilogrammes, or about

* It is estimated that, up to the present time, (November, 1852,) Australia has imported from England four millions sterling, in sovereigns. As much more is now on its way out.

£680,000. Corresponding official returns of the gold plate annually manufactured in England, on which duty was paid, show that the average did not exceed 7,000 ounces troy, or about £27,020. Watch-cases, however, and a number of other articles, are exempt from duty, though they would be subject to it in France; and it is probable, also, that a considerable quantity of gold is surreptitiously manufactured and exported to escape the duty. But the quantity on which duty is paid probably maintains about the same proportion to the whole quantity; and the returns of the former quantity for the last fifty years prove that there has been but very little increase in the demand for such articles, notwithstanding the great increase of wealth and of population.

"In England, luxury is assuming the same features as in France. It is less extravagant. People are becoming more economical. The wealthy even calculate more, and spend less for ostentation. True, as Mr. Porter remarks, we now find in the houses of workmen, artisans, and the other lower classes of society, utensils and articles made of the precious metals, which were not formerly to be seen there. Occasionally we meet with silver cups, and sometimes even with articles of silver gilt, and very generally with silver spoons. In the generality of taverns, silver forks have replaced steel ones. *Still, on the whole, the total quantity of silver employed in the manufacture of articles of luxury, is rather diminishing than increasing.* As for gold, its consumption has only begun to rise within the last few years. *No year subsequent to* 1830 *has ever reached the figure of* 1826, *which was* 8,405 *ounces.* pp. 47 – 48.

On the whole, in view of the data already given, and of the fact that the principal manufacture of gold is in England and France, and that at least half of the metal is obtained for this purpose by melting up old articles, we are rather surprised that M. Chevalier allows so large an amount as 20,000 grammes, (£2,720,000,) to "represent the average quantity of new gold which is likely to be annually absorbed by the goldsmiths during the next ten years, on the presumption that gold shall retain its present value." But even this large amount is less than ten per cent. of the present annual product of the metal. Our author makes allowance, with equal liberality, for the other countervailing forces which tend to maintain gold at its present value; and still finds that a surplus of at least 120

millions sterling must be accumulated within the next ten years, the whole effect of which will be felt in diminishing the present relative value of gold to other articles.

"It may be asked, in what way will the fall in the value of the precious metals manifest itself? We might reply, in general terms, that any commodity which is offered pretty continuously in quantities which exceed the demand, must, from that very circumstance, decline in value, and that its fall must continue, if the cost of production be less than it previously was. We will, however, enter into some details on this point, or, at least, cite some examples of the mode in which the redundant production affects the value of the precious metals, and depresses it. When the Spanish colonists of Mexico and Peru had extracted from the mines a considerable quantity of gold and silver, they sent extensive orders to their mother country for such articles as suited their wants and tastes. These extensive orders enhanced the price of these articles at home, and there was no reaction from that higher range of prices, (except occasionally from transient fluctuations of the colonial markets); for the quantities of the precious metals shipped homewards by the colonists did not diminish, but, on the contrary, went on increasing. Again, the inhabitants of the Spanish peninsula, into whose possession the silver and gold passed on very profitable terms, exercised, in their turn, a like vivifying influence on trade in general. By the demand they thus created for articles of consumption, for raw produce destined to be worked up, and for labor, they raised the market price of these articles of consumption, of raw produce, and of money wages of all kinds. Now, to say that the price of a thing has risen, is tantamount to saying that the value of the precious metal which constitutes that price has fallen. At the present hour, as regards the gold imported from California and Australia, the rationale is susceptible of still easier illustration. It is unquestionable that England receives, by the vessels arriving from the above countries, a large portion of that gold, the bulk of which, we know for a fact, finds its way into the vaults of the Bank of England. Accordingly, the stock of bullion of that institution, which used formerly to range from 8 to 9,000,000 sterling, now exceeds 21,000,000. With the view of turning this stock of bullion to account, that Bank has lowered its minimum rate of discount by degrees from three to two and a half, and even two, per cent. The reduction of the rate of discount encourages industrial enterprise, and especially stimulates speculation, which again has a tendency to raise the price of goods. Hence a variety of articles have already experienced a rise which, in process of time, must gradually

spread to all others. Now, in a country where the standard is gold, what else is a general rise of prices but a fall in the value of gold in relation to commodities in general?

"The aim of the Bank of England at present, and of the holders of the precious metals at all times, is to put into circulation the gold or silver in their coffers; but the coin which circulates in a country has natural limits, provided the metal or metals of which it is composed remain unchanged in value. The metallic circulation, practically, bears a certain proportion to the mass of business transacted. All beyond that is redundant, and the current of business throws it back into its natural reservoirs, which, in our days, are the public banks. A fall in the value of the precious metals is the only means by which the augmented mass of them can remain permanently in circulation. And this problem is now about to be solved, before our eyes. Suppose the mass of business transactions to be twenty milliards, and the coin required, therefore, to be only one tenth of that sum; any greater quantity of coin you may put into circulation will not possess, in relation to the mass of exchangeable commodities, a higher value than that now possessed by the two milliards of coin. In vain will you add one half to the circulation, and increase it from two to three milliards, — that is to say, if the coin be silver, from nine million kilogrammes to thirteen and a half million kilogrammes; your thirteen and a half million kilogrammes will only command, in commodities of every kind, the same quantity as was formerly exchanged for nine million kilogrammes. Let us imagine, for example, that, some morning, every housewife, on her way to market, at Paris, were to find in her purse three, instead of the two, five franc pieces with which she had supplied herself for the morning's purchases, and that she proceeded to market resolved to expend the whole; that all of them acted in this respect alike, *and that they found at the market only the usual supply of vegetables and other provisions;* her three pieces would go no farther than the two would have gone; she would be obliged to pay for every thing one half more than usual; and, after having laid out the entire fifteen francs, she would return home with precisely the same quantity of provisions as if no addition had been made to her purse. This familiar illustration conveys a tolerably correct idea of the effect produced when fresh and copious supplies of the precious metals augment the quantity of coin in circulation.

"We must, however, add, that, concurrently with the above phenomenon, another is elicited by the discovery of rich mines and gold fields. A stimulus is thereby given to enterprise, industry, and trade, as we explained when speaking of the effects produced by the supplies drawn

from the mines of America, after the discovery of that continent, and of the gold now flowing into the Bank of England from California and Australia. Under such circumstances, the metallic currency tends to expand, without the value of the precious metal being affected by that expansion, *because it is the result of enlarged business transactions. The two phenomena present countervailing forces, but the latter, though it may delay, cannot neutralize the much stronger and permanent effects of the former phenomenon. The depreciation of the precious metals may be checked, in consequence of the enhanced demand counteracting, to some extent, the augmented supply; but the final result, supposing the production to prove permanent, is nevertheless certain. The value of the precious metals, as compared with that of other commodities, must ultimately depend on the relative cost of production.*" pp. 57 – 61.

Is it probable that the gold-fields of California and Australia, rich as they are at present, will be exhausted before they have produced any material effect on the value of the precious metals? It is admitted, on all hands, that "placers," or gold-deposits, are generally of an alluvial character, and are therefore sooner exhausted than silver, lead, or copper mines. The process of collecting gold, from a larger or smaller extent of surface, is altogether unlike that of following a single vein of silver far into the rock and the bowels of the earth; the latter enterprise, under favorable indications, may be pursued to an unlimited extent and for an unlimited period. Only a given number of workmen, however, depending on the thickness of the vein, can be profitably employed upon it at one time. But as gold exists only in a stratum of no great thickness, either at the surface or near the surface of the earth, any number of persons can work side by side, without interfering with each other's operations; and as soon as a given surface has been dug over, and carefully examined, the product of that spot is exhausted, and nothing remains but to hunt up new localities. It has frequently happened, therefore, that gold-fields of extraordinary promise have been worked to exhaustion without producing any perceptible effect on the bullion market. "Colonel Acosta, in his history of the discovery of New Grenada, adduces several examples of this kind." Notwithstanding the great amount of gold already collected from them, we cannot say positively that the auriferous districts of

Russia, California, and Australia are not of this character. But the evidence all seems to point the other way; in each case, new localities have been found with little difficulty, after those which were first worked had been exhausted. The absolute gains of each miner may be, even now, less than they were at first; but from the greater number of hands employed, the total product is greater. Chevalier's opinion is expressed very decisively on this point.

"The condition of a vast superficies appears to us to be completely fulfilled by the fields which are now being worked. There are an immense number of square myriametres of auriferous soil in California. There is also a vast tract of similar rich soil in the Mexican province of the Sonora, which adjoins California, and which is still all but virgin. It can no longer be doubted, that, in Australia, the gold-fields are of boundless extent; there is even ground for believing that they are much vaster than those of California. In Russia, the auriferous zone extends over an immense surface. There, the gold veins are scattered at intervals, in a line which extends from Kamskatka and the Oudskoi mountains, the feet of which are bathed by the waters of the Pacific Ocean, to the latitude of Perm, that is to say, to the western extremity of the Oural Chain, and that immense auriferous zone is 900 kilometres wide. To adopt the words of M. de Humboldt, the presence of gold nearly continuously throughout that immense tract is one of the most striking phenomena which can be indicated on the globe." pp. 63, 64.

Our author also finds reason to believe, though we do not share his anticipations, that "the process of quartz crushing will yield a large quantity of gold," in addition to that which is washed and sifted out of the soil. Certainly, the quartz was the original matrix of the gold, which can still be found in it, that which is now scattered over alluvial or diluvial tracts having been rubbed or ground out of the rock by the various disintegrating processes of nature through past ages. But the attempts which have thus far been made to obtain the metal from quartz, crushed by powerful stamping machinery, have been signal failures. The rock is too stubborn, and the quantity of gold in it too uncertain, to allow the operation to be pursued with profit. Time enough has also elapsed since this process was first suggested to allow it a fair trial.

When the gold-fields are exhausted, people may try crushing the gold-rock again.

M. Chevalier enters into a cursory examination of the question, whether the whole decline in the value of money will be indicated by the variation in the relative values of gold and silver. As we expected, he answers this question decidedly in the negative. The annual product of silver is increasing, as well as that of gold, though not so rapidly. Humboldt declared, forty years ago, that the mines of New Spain contained silver enough to deluge the world. A recent observer, M. Dupont, who has lately published an excellent work on the production of the precious metals in Mexico, adopts the views of Humboldt, and adduces a considerable amount of additional testimony in confirmation of them. He describes several formations of rock, in which silver is almost sure to be found, and says, that, although these formations are rare in the neighborhood of the city of Mexico, as we travel farther north they become of frequent occurrence, and, on crossing the principal chain of mountains towards the Gulf of California, the whole western slope of the Sonora Cordillera is composed of them. Improved methods of mining, also, have produced great results in some of the old localities, where the work had been given up for years, under the belief that it could not be continued with profit. Thus, the Frasnillo mine, which now yields silver to the amount of two millions of dollars annually, was described by Mr. Ward, the traveller, in 1827, as an abandoned property, on which no hopes could be founded for the future. From another locality in Zacatecas, which was thought to be exhausted towards the close of the last century, "there was extracted, between the years 1827 and 1839, about 150 million francs' worth of silver." If an efficient government and a race of energetic immigrants should ever be introduced into Mexico, a revolution would take place in silver-mining, and a fall in the price of silver would then be inevitable. Meanwhile, the annual product of Mexican silver has been considerably enlarged within the last ten years, and the Chilian mines have also been worked to greater advantage.

The depreciation of gold, moreover, has somewhat affected the value of silver, by throwing a large quantity of it out of

use as coin, and thereby glutting the market with it to some extent for manufacturing purposes. Till within a few years, the metallic currency of the United States was composed in great part of silver, the bank reserves of specie being chiefly in that metal. The currency of France, also, which was almost exclusively metallic, consisted mainly of silver coin. The influx of gold has changed all this, the greater part of the silver coin having left these two countries, and gone abroad in search of a better market. Of course, its value abroad was thereby somewhat diminished; and this effect would have been still more marked, if Holland had not adopted just the opposite policy, and "demonitized" gold, in order to keep the silver at home, Spain and Belgium also partially adopting the same course.

It is probable that the value of silver is a little depreciated already, and a still greater fall is in prospect, though there will be a great apparent rise in its value, when compared with gold. We must not imagine, however, that the absolute value, or purchasing power, of silver will be directly enhanced by the depreciation of gold. Silver will command more gold, but not a larger amount of commodities in general. Mr. Campbell states the principle correctly when he says, that "the working or the abandonment of the silver mines will depend entirely on the cost of extraction, and on the value of the produce extracted, quite irrespective of the supply and value of gold." The variation in the relative value of the two metals will still afford a measure, though an imperfect one, of the decline in the value of money. If regard be not had to the considerations which we have stated, the variation will lead us to underrate this decline.

The fluctuations of the bullion market, especially in the price of silver, during the last three years, have been so irregular that it seems, at first sight, difficult to account for them by the operation of a single cause tending constantly in one direction. But the irregularity may be easily explained with the aid of the facts and principles just mentioned. Two years ago, silver suddenly rose to a considerable premium, from the combined effect of the increased supply of gold, and the demand for silver coin in Holland and Belgium, where the

authorities were endeavoring to "demonitize" gold. But the speculators overrated the importance of the former cause, or rather, they did not make allowance enough for the slowness of its operation; so that the rise was excessive. Then, as the demand for silver coin in the Low Countries was soon satisfied, and, as fast as gold was poured into France and the United States, silver coin was pushed out of them, and had to seek a market in other lands, the price of silver fell again, and many persons began to think that there had been an unfounded panic, and that the influx of gold, after all, was not to affect the value of money. They were soon undeceived. Australia came to the aid of California, gold steadily fell in value, silver rose to a premium again, and to so high a premium that serious inconvenience began to be felt, especially in this country, from the want of small coin for change. Congress tardily came to the rescue, and, after much urging from the very persons who had formerly resisted the measure, passed the bill which, recognizing the depreciation that had taken place in spite of them, diminished the quantity of silver in our small coins nearly seven per cent. This remedy is effectual *for the present;* but the operation must soon be repeated. The *nominal* value of the coin, as established by this law, is not more than three or four per cent. above its present *real* value; and the influx of gold will soon reverse this inequality. Vaticination is hazardous, especially in financial matters; but we will venture to prophesy with great positiveness, that, within three years, the scarcity of silver coin will again be a subject of complaint, and Congress will be again urged to pass a law to diminish still more the amount of silver which now passes for a dollar. When the next reduction is made, we trust it will equal at least ten per cent., so as to obviate the necessity of again altering the standard for some years.

Some persons, who are not much acquainted with the subject, cry out that this is tampering with the currency; that the law just enacted only reverses the operation, and undoes the work, of the Gold Bill of 1834; whence they infer, either that any legislation upon the subject is improper, or that silver should be made the exclusive standard, and, the present weight of the silver dollar remaining fixed, gold should be

used only as merchandise, and sold by the ounce at what may happen to be its market value. It is true that the effect of the Act of 1834 was to lower the nominal value of silver in comparison with gold, while that of the recent law is to raise it; and other changes also are in prospect, which will render necessary further alterations in the coin. But legislators are not to blame for these frequent modifications, which proceed from causes that are beyond their control. The origin of the difficulty is to be found in the fact that this country has a *double* standard, — that both gold and silver are used as currency, and that every man consequently enjoys by law, and, in this country, always has enjoyed, the option whether he will pay his debts in coin of one metal or the other. But we cannot fix by law the relative value of these two metals, which is constantly changing, and, under anomalous circumstances, as at present, may change very rapidly. We might as well enact a law, that no more rain should fall in May than in April, as that silver should never vary its proportionate value to gold. The rain will fall, and the value will alter, in spite of us. After a *double* standard has once been adopted, the most that legislation can do is to follow the variations of relative value, and change the quantity of metal in the gold coins or the silver coins, so that the *nominal* valuation shall always coincide with, or approximate to, the *real* one. If this is not done, after a change has taken place in the market, the metal which is undervalued in the coinage will be driven out of circulation. Before 1834, the law required that 24.75 grains of pure gold should be deemed an equivalent for 371.25 grains of pure silver, — either of these, in the shape of coin, being legal tender for a dollar. It was found that the gold was thus undervalued, and this metal, therefore, disappeared from the currency; whatever gold coins were issued from the mint were melted up or sent out of the country. To remedy this evil, Congress altered the law in 1834, and ordained that only 23.2 grains of pure gold should be exchanged for 371.25 grains of pure silver. For a while, this remedy was effectual, and the gold and silver coins circulated side by side, till the influx of California gold disturbed the market. It was then found that the silver coin was undervalued, and it was sent out of the country to so great an

extent that the community were subjected to great inconvenience from the want of small coins for change. Congress has now again stepped forward, and ordered that 23.2 grains of pure gold shall pass for only 345.6 grains of pure silver; adding a very proper proviso, however, that, as silver has not yet risen to this point of relative value, silver coin shall not be legal tender for more than five dollars. They have thus legislated not only for the necessities of the present moment, but to some extent for the future. The recent Act, therefore, does not vary *in principle* from the Act of 1834; the object, in both cases, was to make the respective weights of the gold and the silver dollar correspond to the values of the two metals in the market. The principle is the same, though the operation of it is now turned the other way.

Those who are in favor of making silver the exclusive standard, really insist upon depriving debtors of a privilege now secured to them by law, and which is implied in every contract — namely, of discharging a debt by paying a gold eagle containing 232 grains of pure gold for every ten dollars which they owe; these persons would force them to pay 250 or 260, perhaps 300, grains of such gold, or their equivalent, for every ten dollars: — an operation very pleasant to the creditor, no doubt, but to which he cannot show the shadow of a claim, either in law or equity. On this point, we are happy to find that M. Chevalier's opinion fully coincides with our own, as appears from a portion of the following extract.

"The depreciation of gold must, in England, where it is the sole standard of value, injuriously affect the recipients of annuities, and of all fixed or deferred payments, and benefit, *pro tanto*, those who have undertaken to provide for them. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that gold should fall to half its present value, in consequence of the influx of the Californian and Australian supplies. It is a supposition which may probably be realized, ere many years. In that case, the interest of the national debt, which amounts to about twenty-eight millions sterling, per annum, would not then press more upon the tax-paying public, than half the amount, or fourteen millions, do at present. The difference of fourteen millions is nearly equal to the entire annual expenditure of Great Britain for her land and sea forces. Such an alleviation of the burdens of taxation would be an immense boon to the community at large, at the expense, however, of the fund-

holder. Yet, the latter could not, with justice, complain that the laws of equity were violated by such treatment of him. The public creditor would merely be incurring the clear and simple application of the law, such as it was passed after grave and conscientious deliberation. *By law, as in equity, the Government is bound to do nothing more than to provide, every year, twenty-eight millions sterling; or, in other terms, twenty-eight million times* 113 *grains Troy, of fine gold, which is equal to* 549,314 *pounds Troy;* to be divided, *pro rata*, among the holders of stock. Had the value of gold risen to such an extent, that the quarter of wheat, which is usually worth fifty shillings, could command, on an average of fifteen or twenty years, only twenty-five shillings, or that a laboring man could only earn, on an average, two shillings a day, instead of four shillings, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would nevertheless have been bound to provide annually the stipulated 549,314 pounds Troy, of fine gold, for *pro rata* distribution among the public creditors. *The two contracting parties, it is plain, ran converse risks; the State, that of an enhancement of the value of gold, the fund-holders, that of its depreciation.* If ever our conjecture be realized, the wheel of fortune will have favored the British treasury. The other party must submit, and will have no right to complain." pp. 73–75.

We have already borrowed so liberally from M. Chevalier's instructive pages, that we can find room but for one extract more, — the following brief sketch of the manner in which different kinds of property will be affected by the depreciation of gold.

"As a general rule, whenever the value of the metal which forms the standard coin is falling, he who lays out money for a long term of years ought to avoid what are termed *cash*, and select *real*, investments. The public funds are of the former category; so, also, are mortgage bonds, bank stock, and the loans raised by railways, canals, and other public companies. True, £100, invested in consols, will still be worth that amount, provided the political and other causes, which influence the price of the funds, have produced no fluctuation.

"But if gold becomes depreciated, £100 will command a smaller quantity of land, real property, and commodities in general; for precisely in proportion as that metal declines, other articles advance in price. The rise of the latter is correlative with the fall of the former, or rather they are two features of the same fact.

"The shares * in railways, canals, bridges, docks, and other similar

* Railway *debentures* [bonds], on the contrary, being cash securities, must deteriorate as gold becomes depreciated.

public undertakings, rank in the category of *real* property; were the currency to fall fifty per cent., the market price of railway shares would double itself, on the supposition that no change for better or worse occurred to the lines, that the traffic remained the same, *and the Companies had the power of proportionally raising* (viz., doubling) *their tariffs.*

"In every case, where a railway or other public company already exacts the maximum rate of charge authorized by Act of Parliament, (unless Parliament should raise the tariff,) the value of the shares must decline; inasmuch as the traffic receipts will remain stationary, while the working expenses will be doubled. It may even come to pass, on certain lines, that the receipts will not cover the cost of working. Without fresh powers from Parliament, the shares would become worthless, and the lines would either be abandoned or ceded to the state." pp. 83–85.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Heaven, and its Scriptural Emblems.* By Rev. Rufus W. Clark. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 269.

This book is well worthy of its attractive title, its beautiful typography, and its rich artistical adornment. The subject belongs not to a sect, but to catholic Christianity; and the author has treated it, not with the narrowness of a partisan, but with the freedom and largeness of spirit which must insure him admiring and edified readers from every portion of the Church. By this, we do not mean to say that he has suppressed all traces of his peculiar opinions in theology; but he has left them in that background in which they fittingly belong, when the Paradise, open to all the good of every name, is the subject of discourse. The volume contains two essays which may properly be termed argumentative, namely, on the "Evidences of a Future Life," and the "Recognition of Friends." The former is a limitless subject in one aspect, while, in another, it may be compressed into a single sentence. As to the proofs of human immortality, aside from revelation, — in the feebleness of single arguments taken separately, and in the multitude of analogies, types, and foreshinings, all more or less noteworthy in making up a cumulative argument, — the task of selection and arrangement is difficult, and it is no small praise that, in the present

instance, it has been concisely and felicitously performed. But the one transcendent evidence, on which Mr. Clark, of course, places chief reliance, is the simple fact of our Saviour's forsaken sepulchre. The "Recognition of Friends" he has treated with all the affluence of analogical and scriptural reasoning of which it admits, and, at the same time, with a tenderness and unction which, with very many of the grief-stricken, will be immeasurably more persuasive than the strongest array of argument. The remaining essays are on various literal and metaphorical traits in the scriptural representations of heaven. They all breathe a spirit in sacred harmony with their theme. They indicate in their author a Christian whose spiritual life has been nourished by the beatitudes and the promises, and whose chosen work it is, not to drive, but to win, men to goodness and piety. They are adapted at once to attract, and to lead to deeper religious convictions, the merely æsthetic reader of well written books, to enlarge and exalt the legitimate scope of a sanctified imagination for the truly devout, and, especially, to discharge the gentlest, holiest ministries of consolation for the desolate, the bereaved, and those passing under the death-shadow. The book is printed and illustrated in the style of the *gift books* of the year, but has no more in its form than in its subject to render it obsolete with the year's wane; and we trust, that, for many years to come, it will continue to diffuse comfort, gladness, and hope among those to whom it is the Christian minister's privilege to "cry peace," and may help to guide more than one generation to the realization of those "Scriptural Emblems" which it has so lucidly and impressively expounded.

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2. *Essays and Tales in Prose.* By BARRY CORNWALL. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 2 vols. 12mo.

WE think it would have been quite as well for the fame of Mr. Procter, if a considerable portion of these two pretty volumes had never been printed. Many of the "Tales" are as commonplace, and as destitute of life and invention, as the second-rate stories of second-rate magazines. We are sorry to say this, for we have a kind remembrance of the songs and dramatic sketches of the author, and dislike, as much as any one, to have our preconceptions disappointed. But, though a portion of these miscellanies are of so ordinary a stamp, there are good things among them. The writer is a sensible and genial critic, and a still better poet, in that sphere of poetry — the lyric — which he has

most cultivated. The best article in these volumes is the essay on Shakspeare. Though not equal, in our estimation, to the criticisms of De Quincey or Lord Jeffrey, it is written with a quiet and thoughtful spirit, and is evidently a result of independent thought, deep feeling, and thorough sympathy.

We cannot do a more friendly office for the author or his book than to quote a passage or two. We select what he says of "Othello."

"In Othello, on the other hand," (he is contrasting this play with Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear,) "there are seven characters completely and thoroughly distinguished. There are Brabantio, (the model of Priuli,) Cassio, Roderigo, Iago, Emilia, Desdemona, 'the gentle lady married to the Moor,' and finally, Othello, the Moor, himself; and to these must be superadded the most absorbing human interest, remarkable variety in the characters, and the most compact and natural story of any within the compass of the English drama. Shakspeare has drawn the Moor with great magnanimity. He has disdained the ordinary notes of preparation, and has gone at once to the main purpose of the play. At first view, nothing appears more unskilful and hopeless than to attempt to extract great interest from Othello. The qualities of the Moor seem precisely those which are opposed to the results which are afterwards so clearly derived from them. What is to be done with a man of extreme simplicity? — one who is brave, honest, tranquil, generous, confiding, free from jealousy, ('not easily jealous,') and little else? — one whose perilous paths and romantic adventures are already traversed? The period of his wooing (always a great refuge for the dramatist) is over, and he comes quietly before us, without any obvious impediment in his way, from which we can foresee a tragic result. He has been moderate in his attachment; and his love, crowned with success, is a principle, rather than a sentiment. It is a manifestation of his opinion, the assent of his mind to the high deserts of his bride, and not a humor, the quality of which is determined by the ebb or flow of his blood. He loved Desdemona, not for her beauty, but for her gentleness, her pity, her virtues. She felt compassion for his toils and dangers; and he 'loved her *that she did pity them.*' His love, accordingly, is not like common love, which is a wilful passion, subject to all 'the skiey influences,' but is a tranquil, contented affection. Apparently, it is quite secure; sheltered, by his own nature and her truth, from all accidents. But wait! there is still one point from which it is assailable, and there Shakspeare, in his penetration, has struck. He sees the seeds of trouble in Othello; the 'color burned upon him.' He sees that his tranquillity arises not from temperament, but education. He has been transplanted into the camp, and tamed, ever since he was seven years' old —

('Since these arms of mine had seven years' pith.')

by the habits of military obedience. But he is still the son of a burning soil. The Moor, indeed, is a person of great energy; not showing itself in impetuous sallies, but in the grave and decisive conduct of a man accustomed to command. It is only when he quits this character, and loses all self-control, that

his African blood boils over and consumes him. It is then that his passions rise up in rebellion against him. He has lost, as he imagines, not a phantasm, conceived in imagination, or a dream, but a wife unequalled, on whom his soul was set, and whom his deliberate judgment entirely approved. His admiration was not a fancy, but a conviction, resting upon the intrinsic worth of her he loved. All, therefore, — affection, judgment, the grave opinion of a cautious mind, the hopes and habits of a life now settled down into happiness, — are torn up by the roots, and overset. We behold his mind utterly wrecked; and the spirit, which fretfulness and impatience never weakened, now rages without check, and uncontrollable.

"One of the characteristic marks of Othello is his language. Shakspeare forgot nothing. Othello is exhibited not only as a soldier, a tender husband, and a jealous man, but also *as a Moor*. As the drama proceeds, we see the Moorish blood running through and coloring every thing he utters, as the red dawn flows in upon and illuminates the eastern sky. His words are as Oriental as his dress — ample, picturesque, and magnificent."

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The History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France. By Alphonse De Lamartine. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. 12mo.

History of the State of New York. By John Romeyn Brodhead. First Period: 1609 – 1664. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 801.

Pauperism and Poor Laws. By Robert Pashley, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Longmans. 1852. 8vo. pp. 428.

A Digest of the Laws, Customs, Manners, and Institutions of the Ancient and Modern Nations. By Thomas Dew, late President of the College of William and Mary. New York. 1853. 8vo. pp. 662.

American Missionary Memorial; including Biographical and Historical Sketches. Edited by H. W. Pierson, A. M. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 504.

English Items; or Microscopic Views of England and Englishmen. By Matt. F. Ward. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 351.

Cosmography; or Philosophical Views of the Universe. By Charles F. Winslow, M. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 174.

Villette. By Currer Bell, Author of "Shirley," "Jane Eyre," &c. New York: Harpers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 184.

Ruth: a Novel. By the Author of "Mary Barton." Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 12mo. pp. 400.

Money and Morals: a Book for the Times. By John Lalor. London: John Chapman. 1853. 8vo. pp. 328.

Interviews Memorable and Useful; from Diary and Memory reproduced. By Samuel Hansom Cox, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 320.

Obituary Addresses on the Occasion of the Death of the Hon. Henry Clay, a Senator of the United States from the State of Kentucky, delivered in the Senate and in the House of Representatives of the United States, June 30, 1852; and the Funeral Sermon of the Rev. C. M. Butler, Chaplain of the Senate; preached in the Senate July 1, 1852. Washington: Robert Armstrong. 1852. 8vo. pp. 135.

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Spain, her Institutions, Politics, and Public Men. By S. T. Wallis, Author of "Glimpses of Spain." Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 12mo. pp. 399.

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The Vale of Lanhern and other Poems. By H. Sewell Stokes. A New Edition, with Additions, and Illustrations drawn on Stone, by C. Haghe, from Designs by J. G. Philp. London: Longmans. 1853. 8vo. pp. 160.

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My Life and Acts in Hungary, in the years 1848 and 1849. By Arthur Görgei. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 616.

Outlines of Astronomy. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart. A New Edition, with Numerous Plates and Wood Cuts. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1852. 8vo. pp. 557.

Corneille and His Times. By M. Guizot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 395.

Memoirs of the Queens of Henry VIII., and of his Mother, Elizabeth of York. By Agnes Strickland. Complete in one Volume. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1853. 8vo. pp. 420.

The Chapel of the Hermits, and other Poems. By John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 12mo. pp. 118.

Elements of Geology. By Alonzo Gray, A. M., Author of "Elements of Chemistry," and C. B. Adams, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 354.

Shakspeare and his Times. By M. Guizot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1852. 12mo. pp. 360.

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Annual of Scientific Discovery; or Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1853. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Chemistry, Astronomy, &c. Together with a List of Recent Scientific Publications; a Classified List of Patents; Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men; Notes on the Progress of Science during the Year 1852, &c. &c. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 12mo. pp. 398.

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Spirits of the Past, an Historical Poem, in Three Books. By Nicholas Michell, Author of "Ruins of Many Lands," &c. London: William Tegg & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 388.

Rodolphus: a Franconia Story. By the Author of the Rollo Books. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 227.

Virginalia; or Songs of My Summer Nights. A Gift of Love for the Beautiful. By T. H. Chivers, M. D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 132.

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Centennial Celebration, at Danvers, Mass., June 16, 1852. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1852. 8vo. pp. 206.

The Law of Commandatary and Limited Partnership in the United States. By Francis J. Troubat, of the Bar of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: James Kay Jr., & Brother. 1853. 8vo. pp. 728.

A Guide to Roman History, from the Earliest Period, to the Close of the Western Empire. By the Rev. Dr. Brewer, Author of "Guide to Science," &c., &c. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1852. 16mo. pp. 474.

The Complete Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Vol. II.: The Friend. Vol. III.: Biographia Literaria. Vol. IV.: Lectures upon Shakspeare and other Dramatists. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 8vo.

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The Emperor of China *v.* The Queen of England. A refutation of the Arguments contained in the Seven Official Documents, transmitted by her Majesty's Government at Hong-Kong. By P. P. Thoms, Author of the "History of Sun-King." London: P. P. Thoms. 1853. 12mo. pp. 67.

A Second Letter to the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D. D. on the Genuineness of the Writings ascribed to Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage. By Edward John Shepherd, A. M., Rector of Luddesdown. London: Longmans. 1353. 12mo. pp. 84.

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A Discourse Commemorative of Professor James L. Kingsley: delivered by Request of the Faculty, in the Chapel of Yale College, October 29, 1852. By Thomas A. Thacher, Professor of Latin. To which is prefixed the Address at the Funeral, September 1, 1852. By Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D. New York: Baker, Godwin, & Co. 1852. 12mo. pp. 60.

American Agriculture: an Address delivered before the Bristol County

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Reprint of the Original Letters from Washington to Joseph Reed, during the American Revolution. Referred to in the pamphlets of Lord Mahon and Mr. Sparks. By William B. Reed. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1852. 8vo. pp. 154.

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Suggestions in Mental Philosophy. By Abel B. Jacocks. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 63.

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